

AQUAMAN • JIM GAFFIGAN • AVENGERS



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MAD

NO. 7 JUNE 2019

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THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS

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INSIDE BACK COVER A Controversial Fold-In by Al Jaffee

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER IDEA Lars Kenseth **COVER ARTIST** Chris Wahl

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Captain America got his superpowers by volunteering to test a super-soldier serum so he could fight Nazis. Superman got his powers from the effect of the Earth's sun on his alien anatomy. As for this hero? Er, well... um...he got his powers from his mom hooking up with a sailor. That's...

AWKWARD, MAN!

WRITER DESMOND DEVLIN ARTIST TOM RICHMOND

Our son has the strength of a whale, the fury of a shark, and the brains of a jellyfish! The other day he asked how to spell "H₂O!"

I fled my arranged royal wedding in Wetlandis to shack up with this relatively short glass of water, and I don't regret it! Eloping is so much cheaper!

I have to ask myself which is **crueler**: the sea or the land? I say **Hollywood**! In real life, I'm only **six years** older than the actor who plays my other son!

Behold, a DC hero who enjoys himself once in a while! That's why I've got my own **billion-dollar franchise**, despite seeming like I'm no higher than middle of the card at **WWE Hell in a Cell**!

My tattoos are a **bitchin'** update on the traditional tribal fish scale, so you won't mistake me for **Khal Drogo**. Or **Adam Levine**!

Wetlanteans know me as **King Porn**! Humans have **desecrated** the oceans, my **mother-killing half-brother** gets to rule the sea despite being under qualified, and yet **I'm the bad guy**.

I, **Volvo**, am Porn's official advisor, yet nobody listens to my advice. I'm like **Trump's** first three chiefs of staff! I suspect they keep me around because I look like a fish!

COD PEICE!

STARBUCKS

EELS
WILL NOT
REPLACE
US!

Awkwardman thinks he's the ultimate badass, but I can control liquid with my **mind**! Check it out, I can push these stupid turtles around wherever I want!

Meanwhile, his big power is telepathically communicating with fish. Can you imagine how **boring** that would be? Those poor fish!

I am **King Tedious**. This undersea world looks lush and beautiful, but don't let that fool you. The ocean has a **kajillion** sea creatures... and **zero toilets**!

They call me **Black Mylanta**! Why do black characters have to have the word "black" in their names? **Black Panther**, **Black Lightning**...Why no **White Flash** or **White Thor**?

Woo hoo! Damn right!

That is NOT what I meant.

This huge helmet gives me optic blast power, as well as a weekly appointment with my chiropractor!

I'm director **James Wan**. You may have thought my **Saw** films gave audiences the ultimate in terror and pain, but wait until you hear the dialogue in **this one**!

DADDY?

DIRECTOR



Sheesh, Amazon is getting real reckless with their deliveries!

Where am I? I don't care, I'll stay forever!



Our child is a son of the land and the sea. He's the first surf 'n' turf baby!

Is that why you treat his diaper rash with tartar sauce?

Y'all nasty!

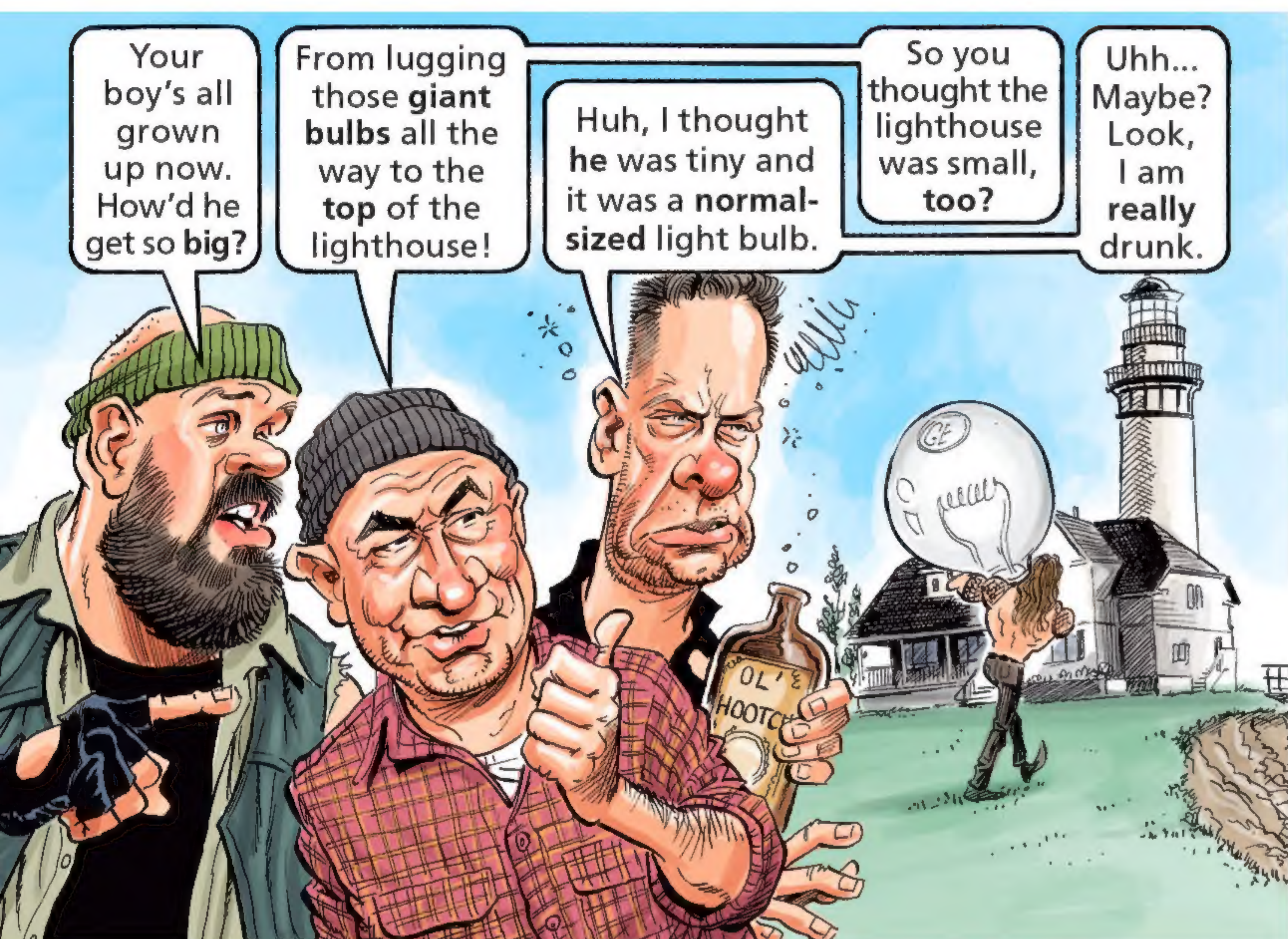


Wait, how come you can breathe air but they can't?

Only the highborn can breathe! Plus, they're not SAG.

LIVE LAUGH LURES

FISHSTICK!



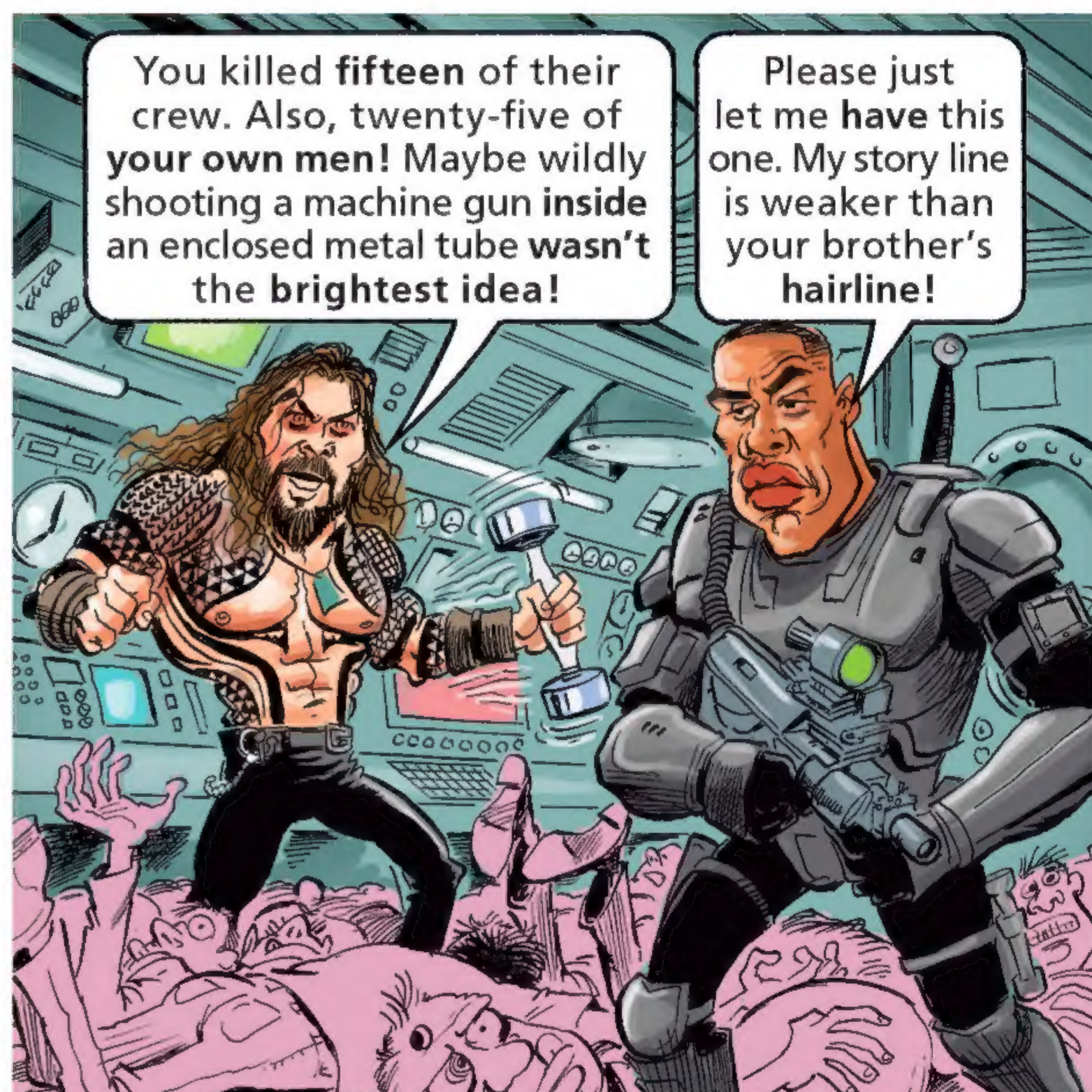
Your boy's all grown up now. How'd he get so big?

From lugging those giant bulbs all the way to the top of the lighthouse!

Huh, I thought he was tiny and it was a normal-sized light bulb.

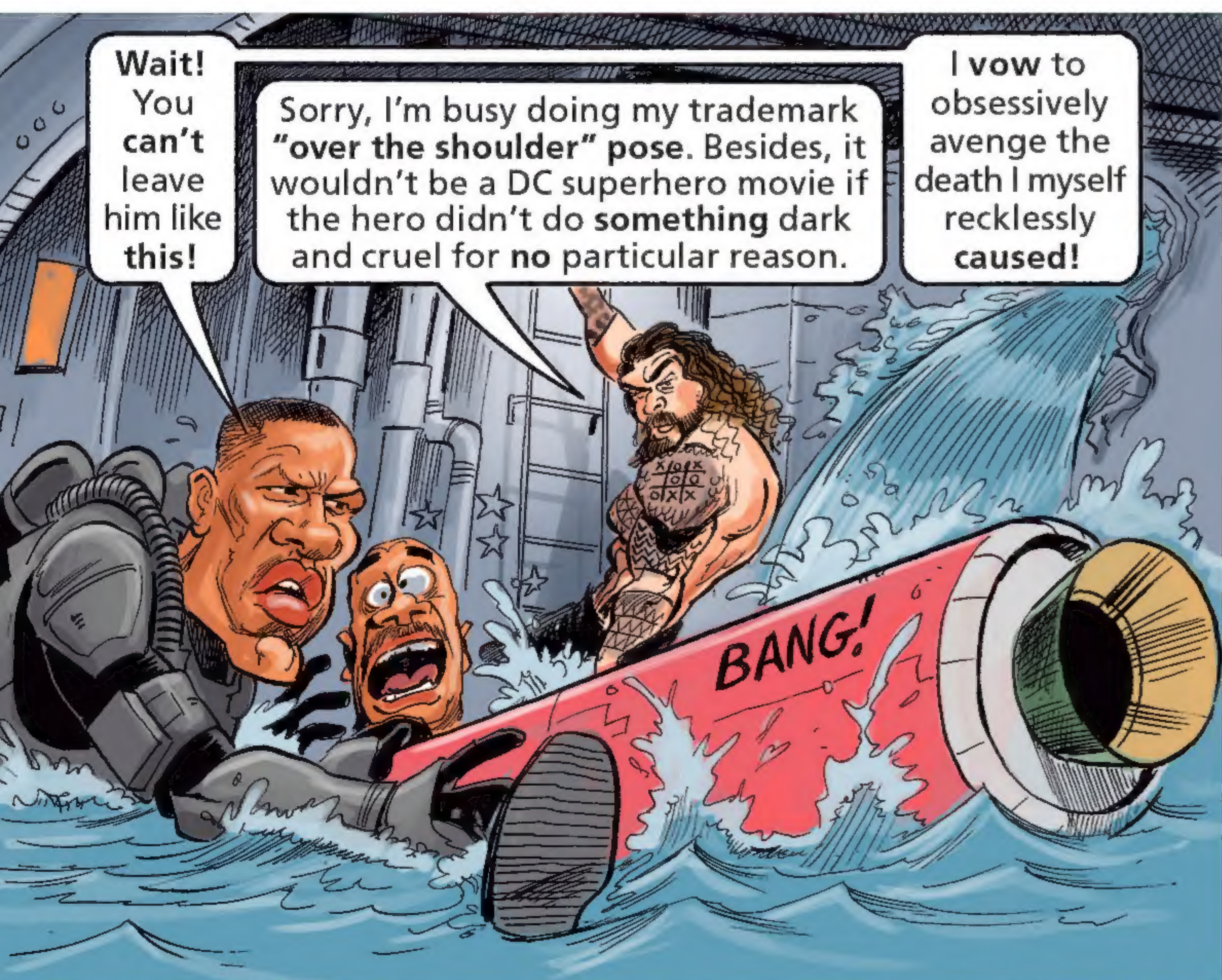
So you thought the lighthouse was small, too?

Uhh... Maybe? Look, I am really drunk.



You killed fifteen of their crew. Also, twenty-five of your own men! Maybe wildly shooting a machine gun inside an enclosed metal tube wasn't the brightest idea!

Please just let me have this one. My story line is weaker than your brother's hairline!

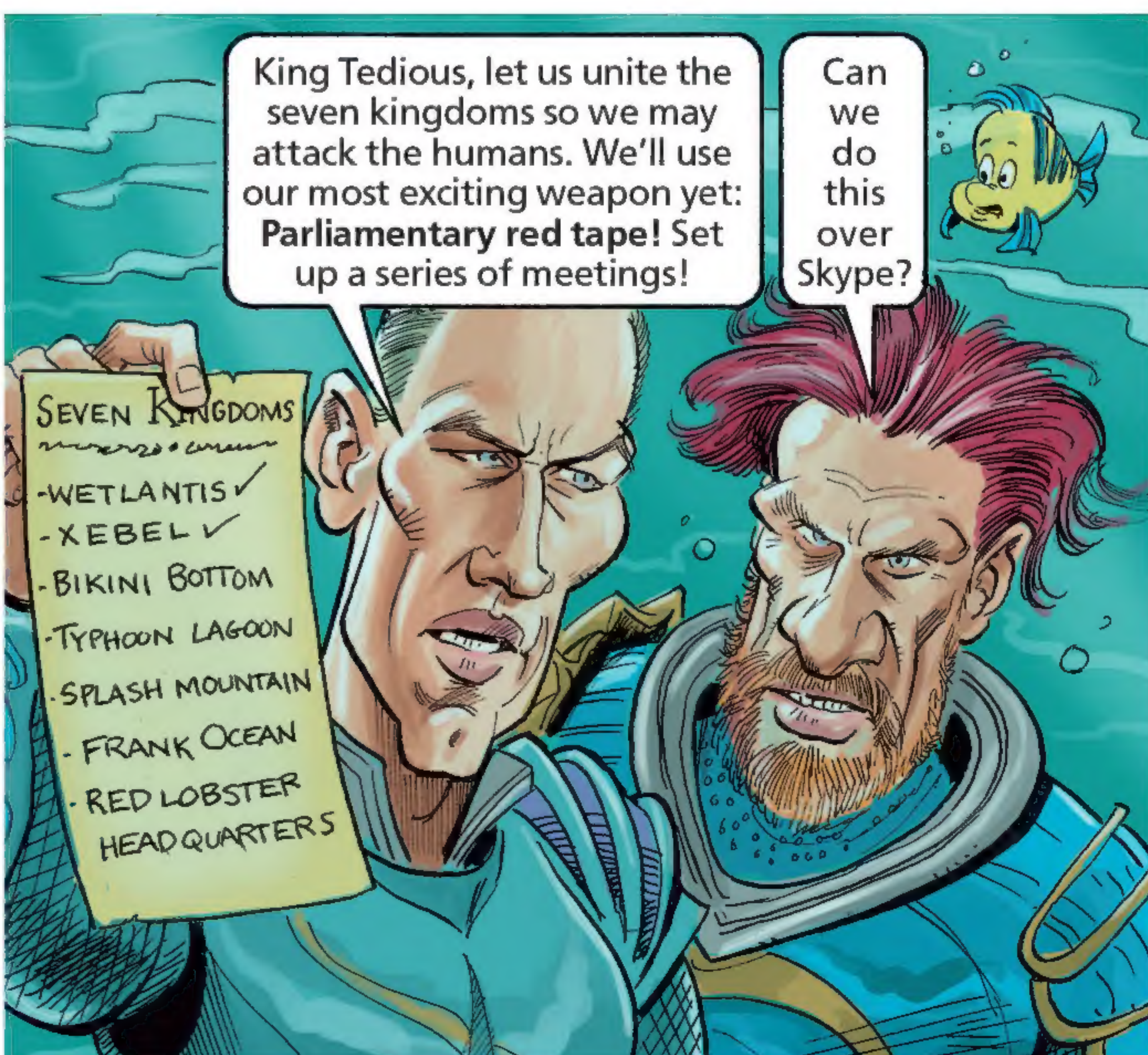


Wait! You can't leave him like this!

Sorry, I'm busy doing my trademark "over the shoulder" pose. Besides, it wouldn't be a DC superhero movie if the hero didn't do something dark and cruel for no particular reason.

I vow to obsessively avenge the death I myself recklessly caused!

BANG!



King Tedious, let us unite the seven kingdoms so we may attack the humans. We'll use our most exciting weapon yet: Parliamentary red tape! Set up a series of meetings!

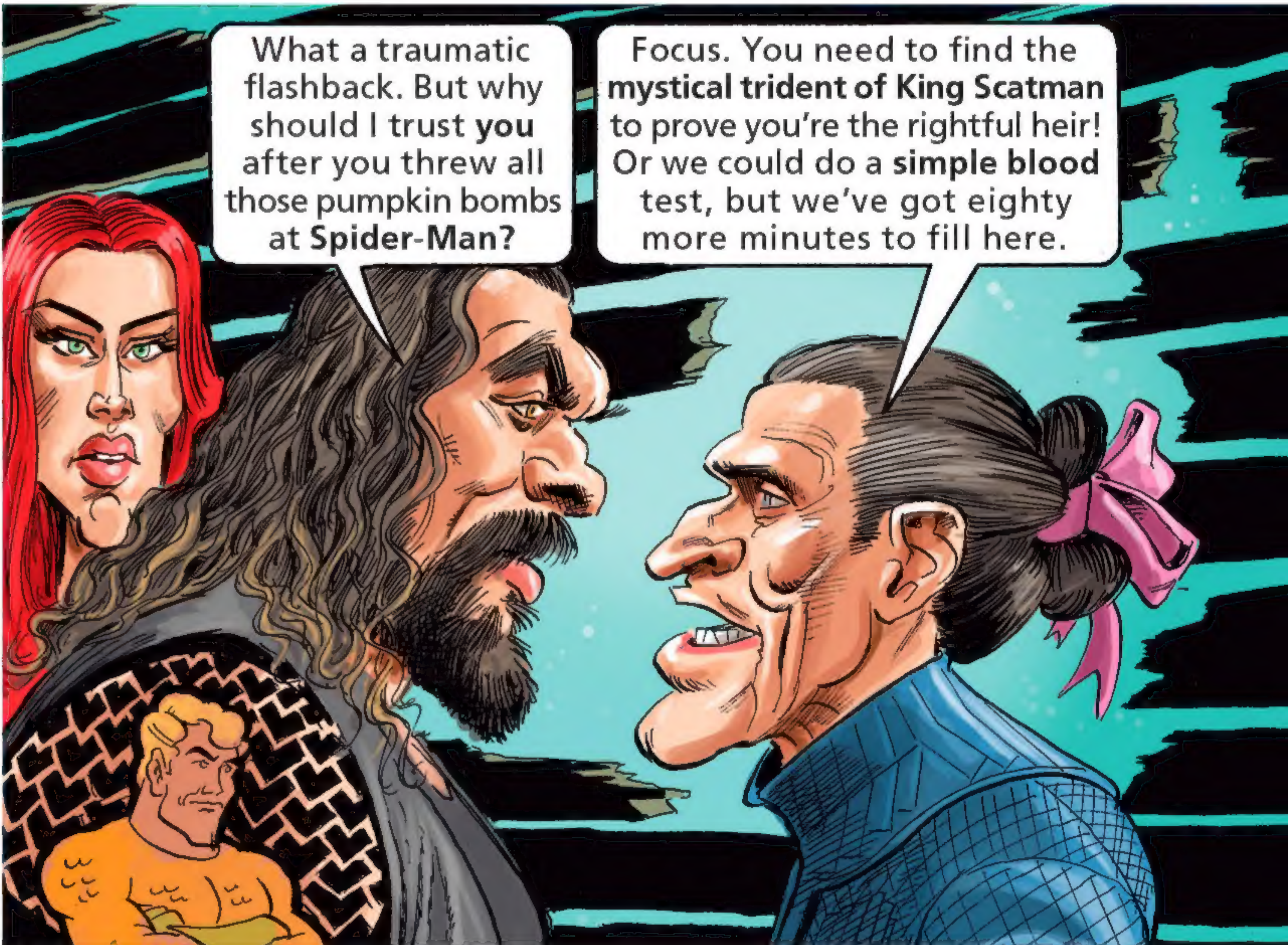
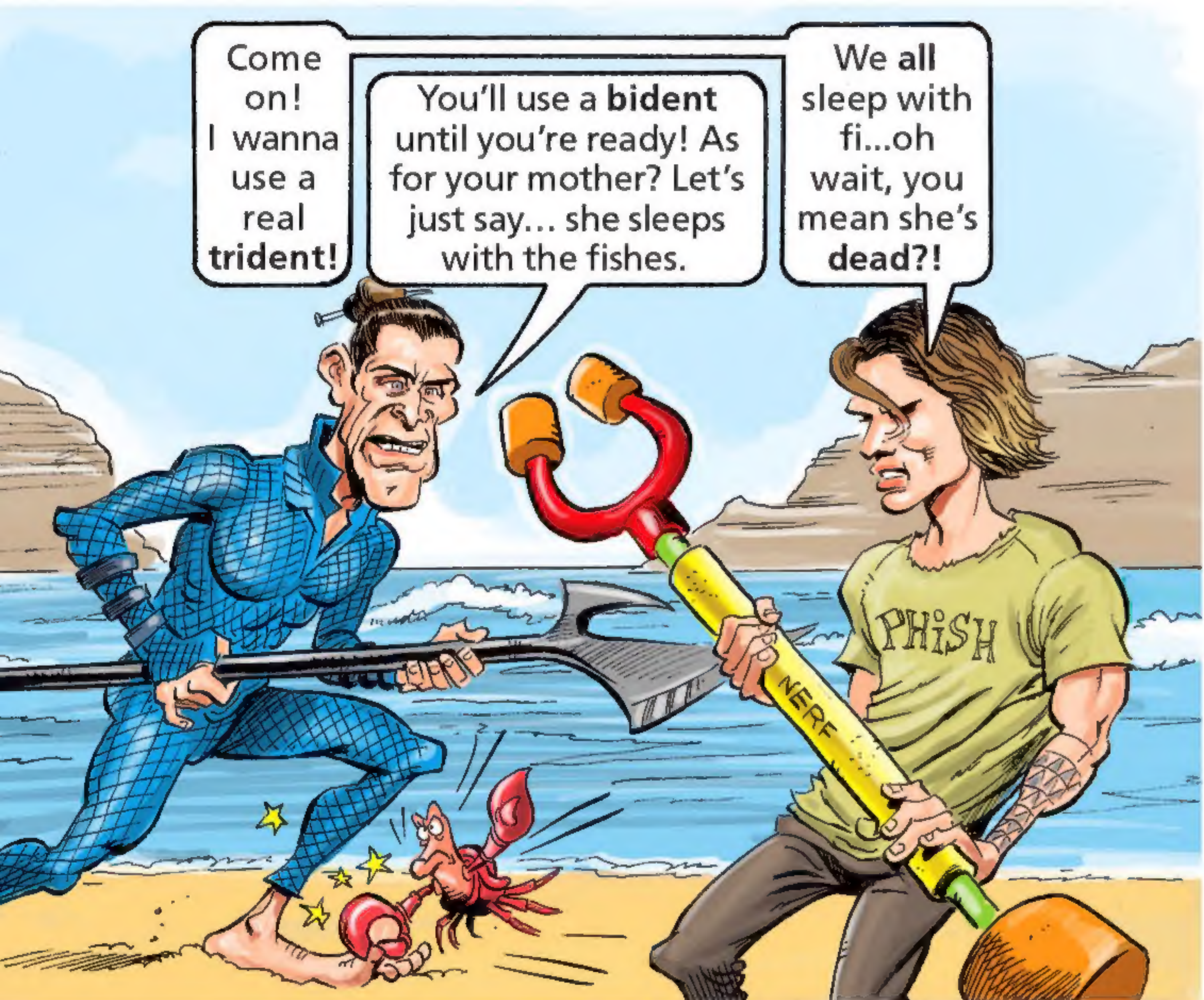
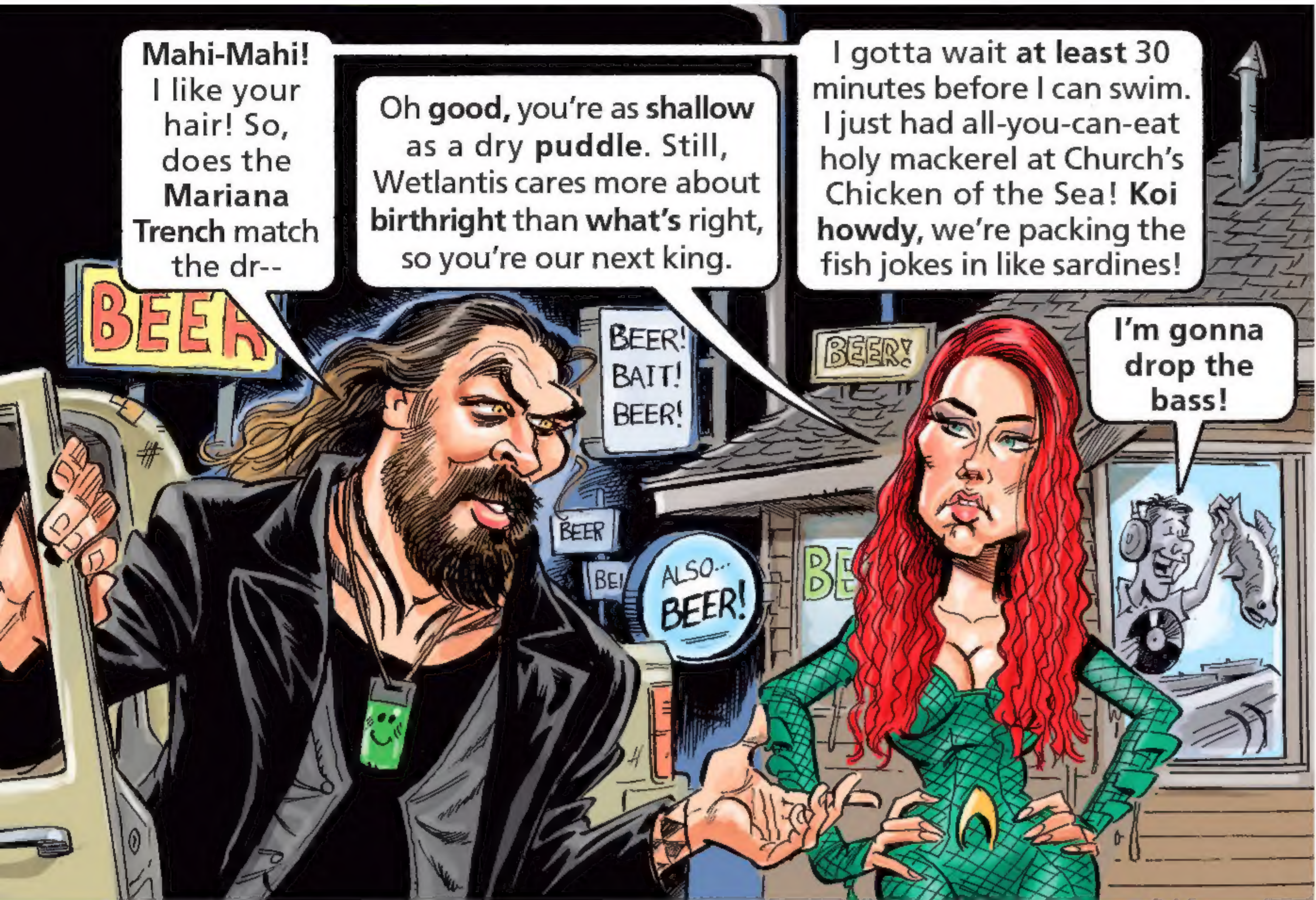
Can we do this over Skype?

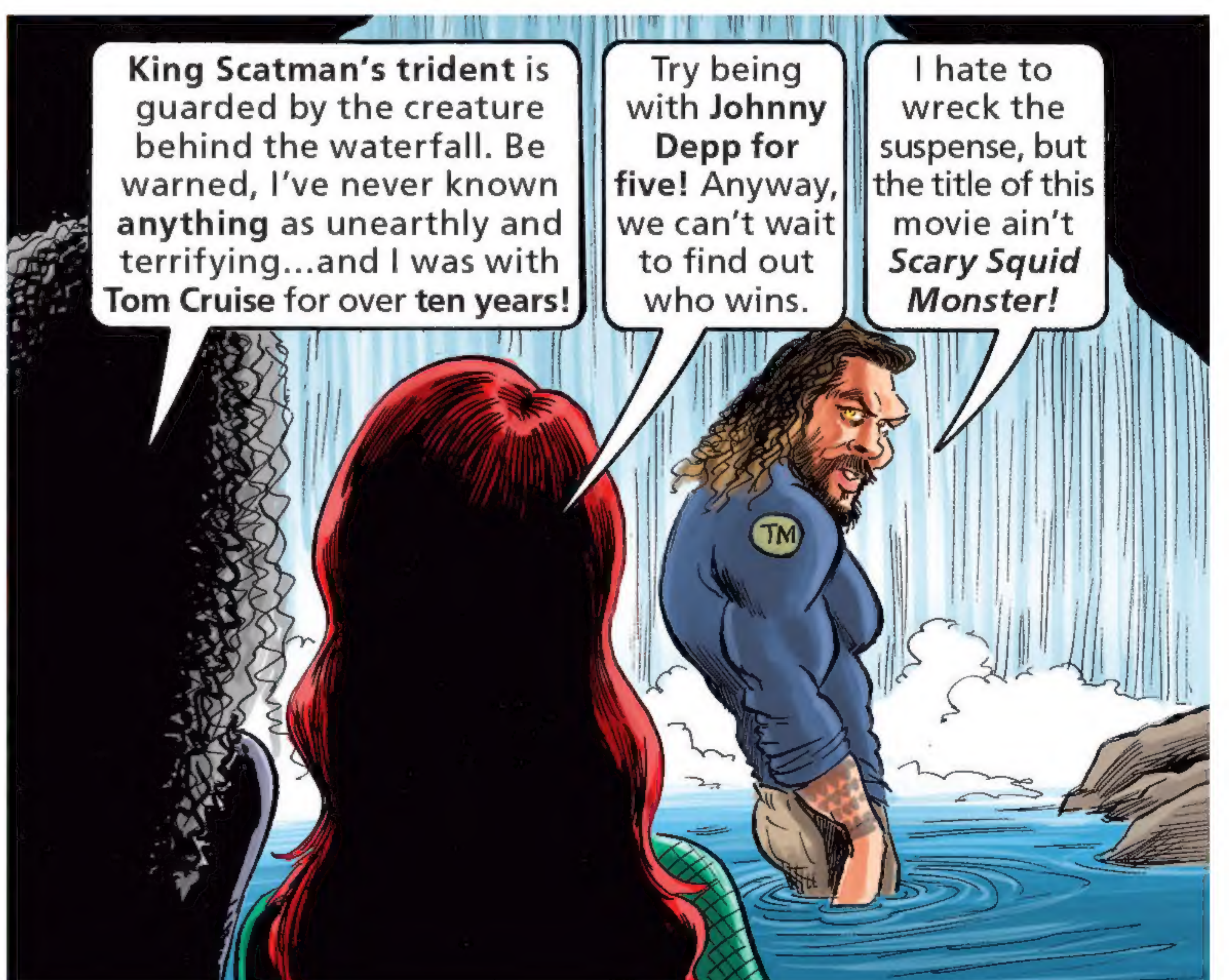
SEVEN KINGDOMS
-WETLANTIS ✓
-XEBEL ✓
-BIKINI BOTTOM
-TYPHOON LAGOON
-SPASH MOUNTAIN
-FRANK OCEAN
-RED LOBSTER HEADQUARTERS

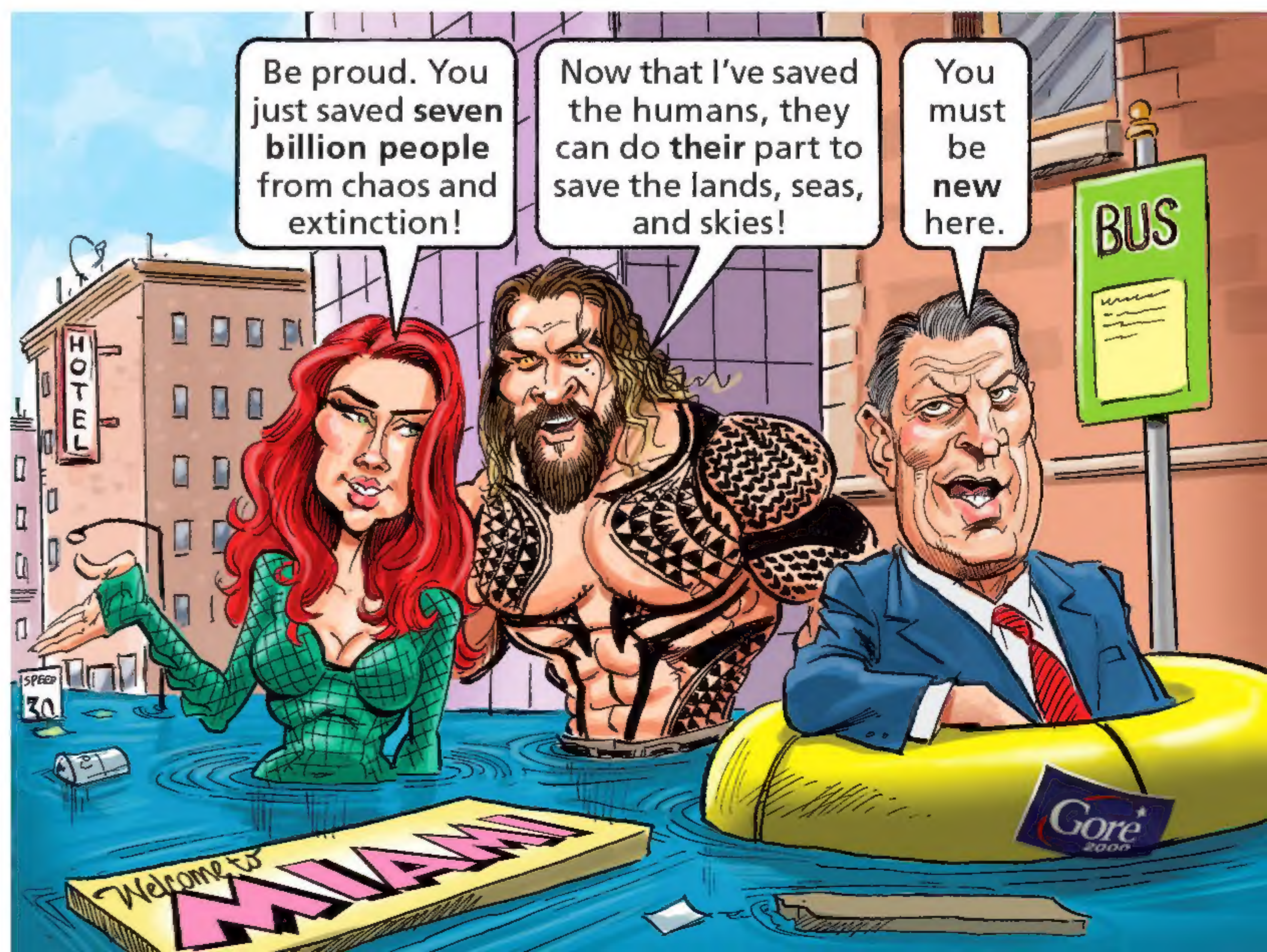
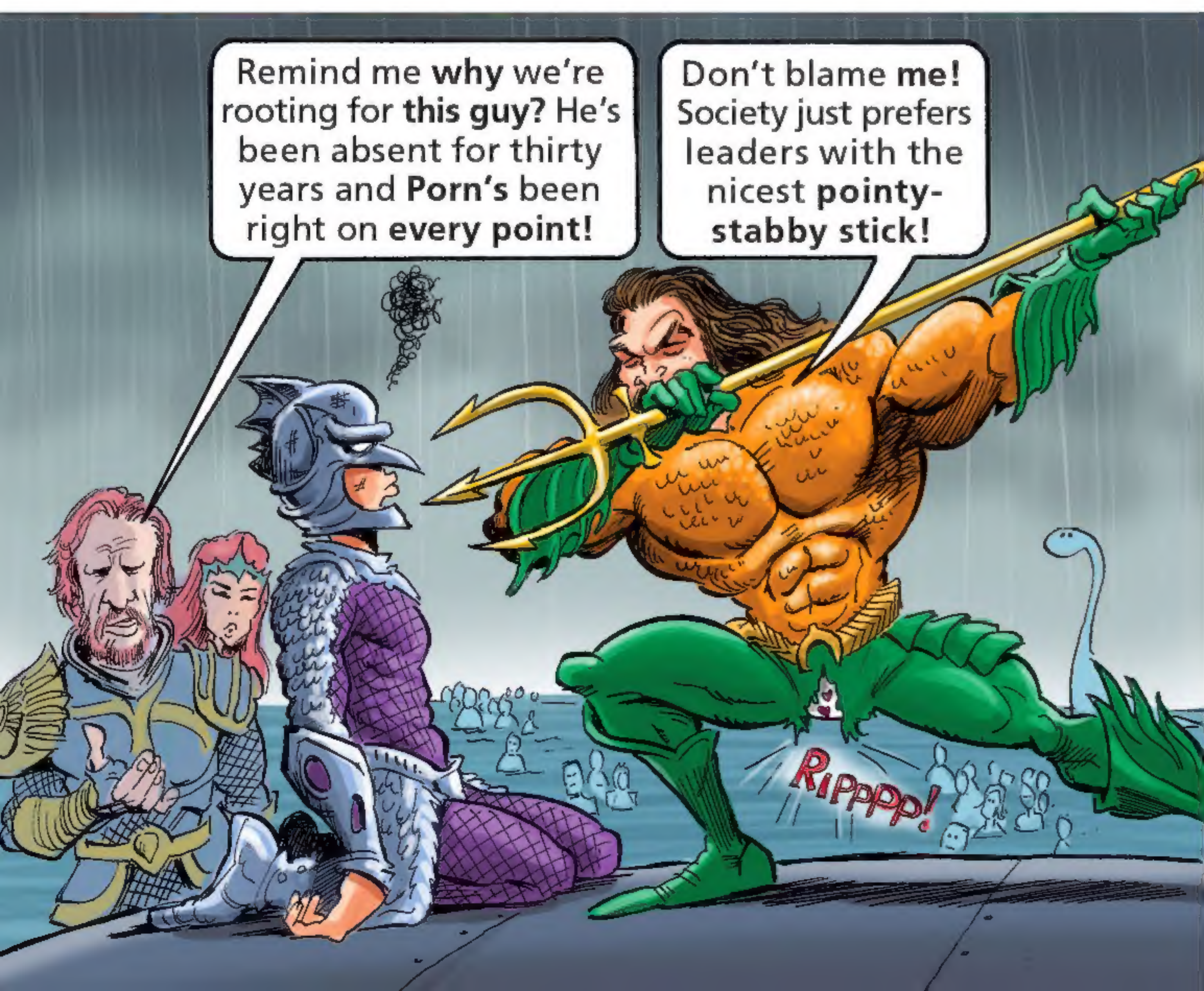
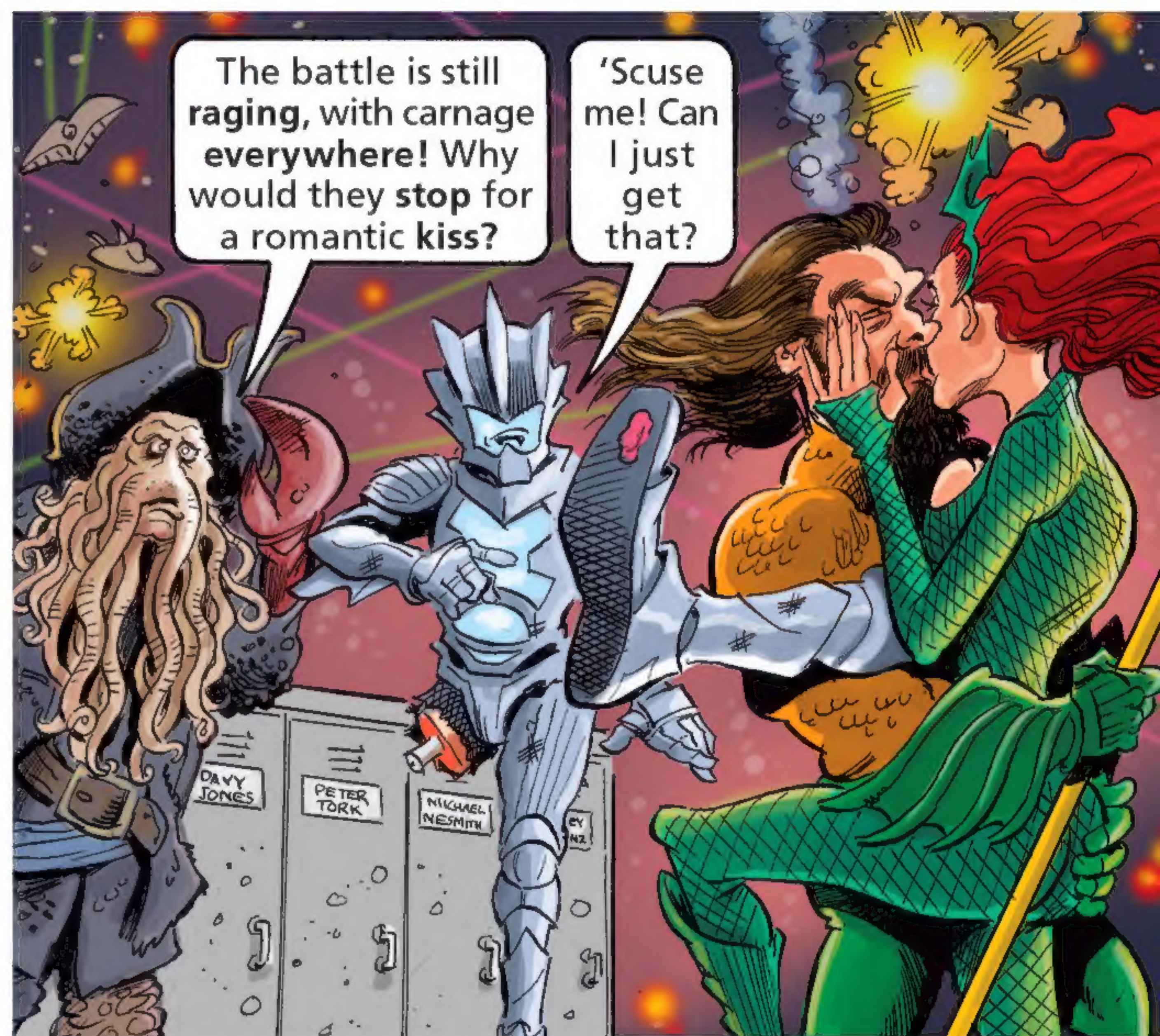
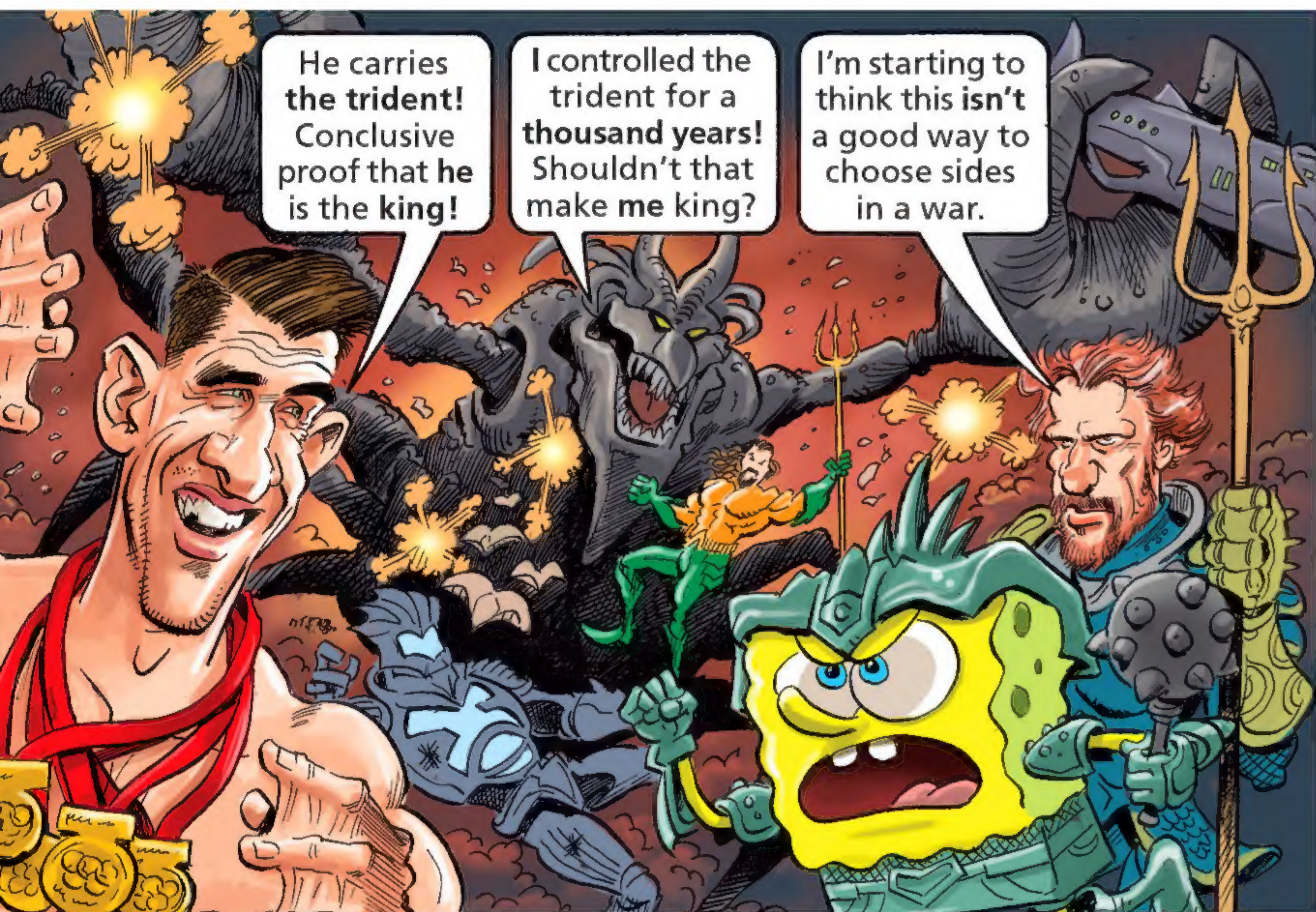


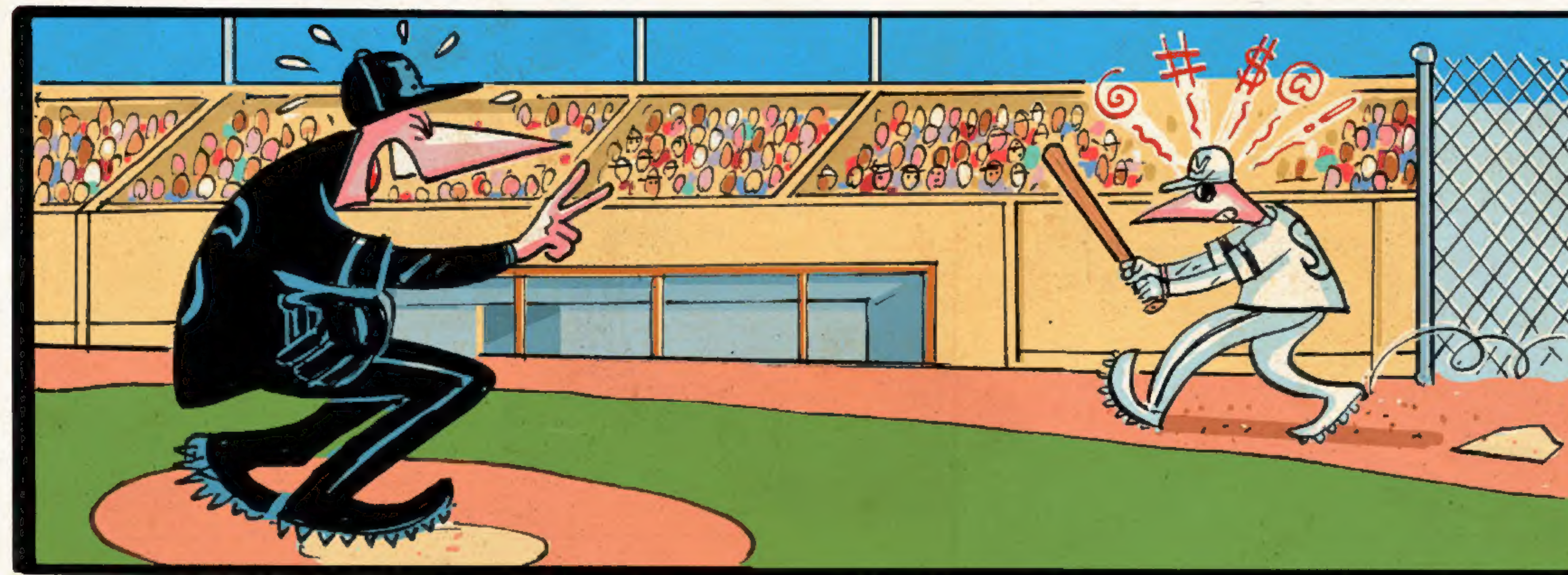
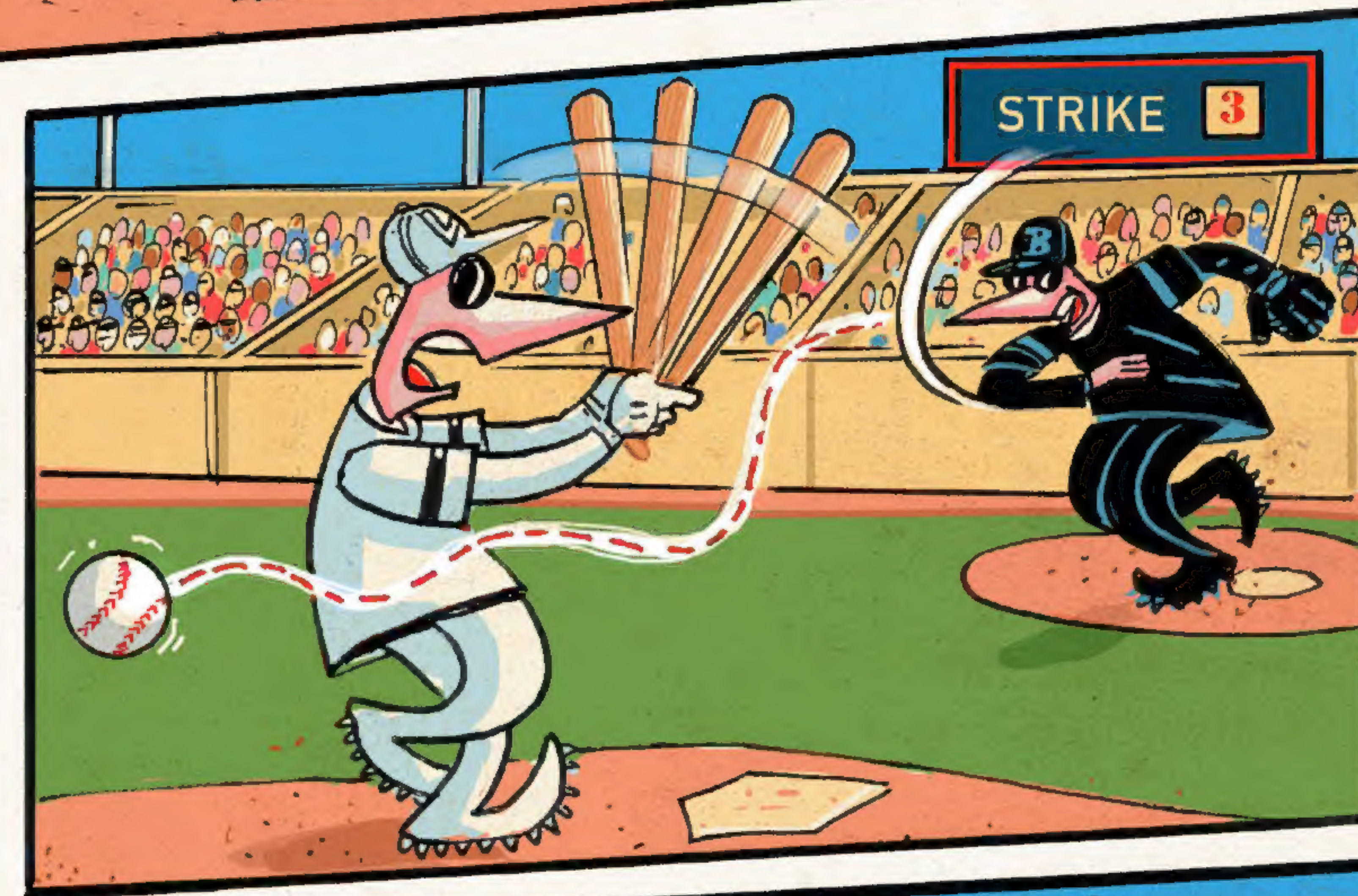
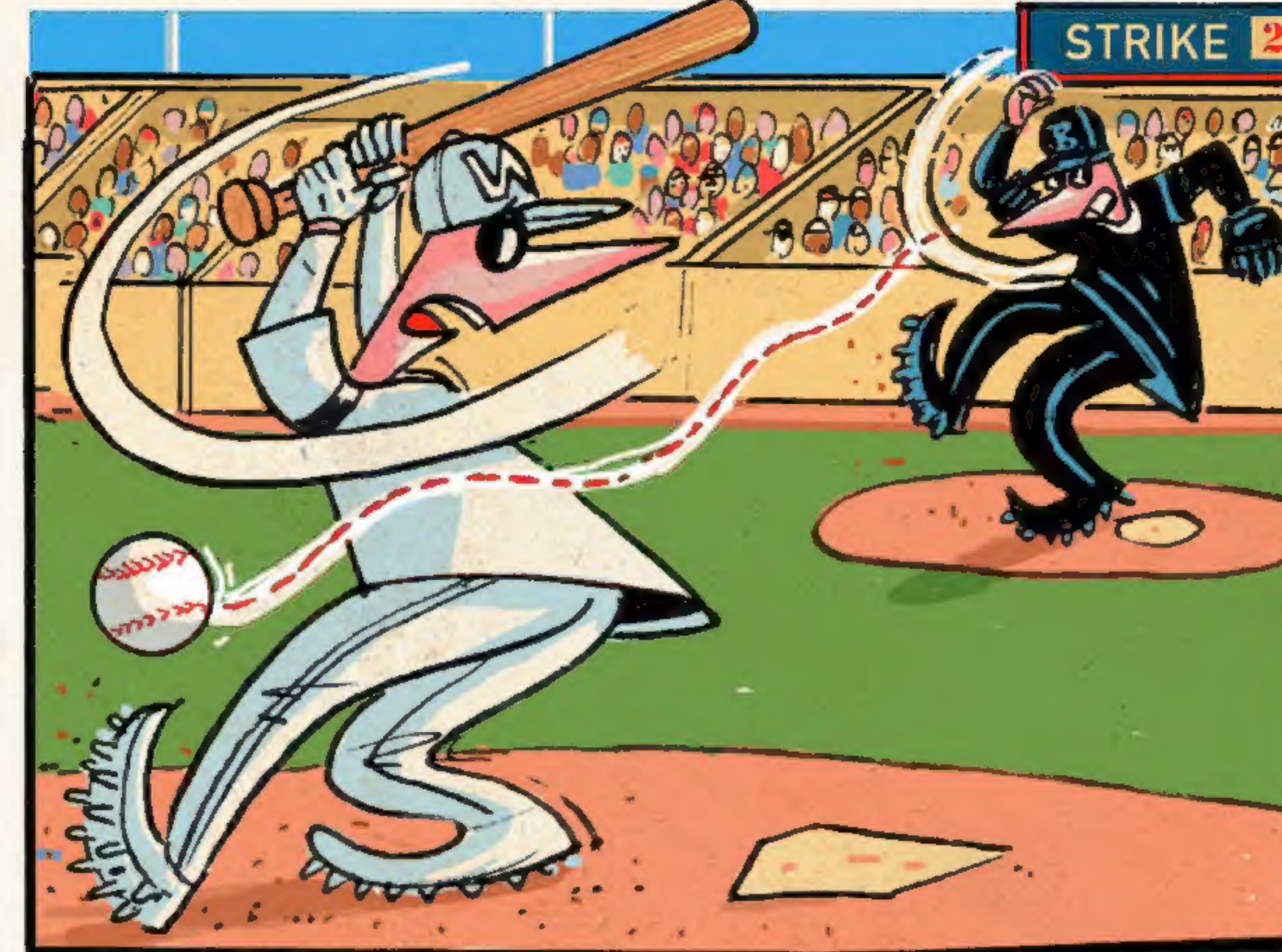
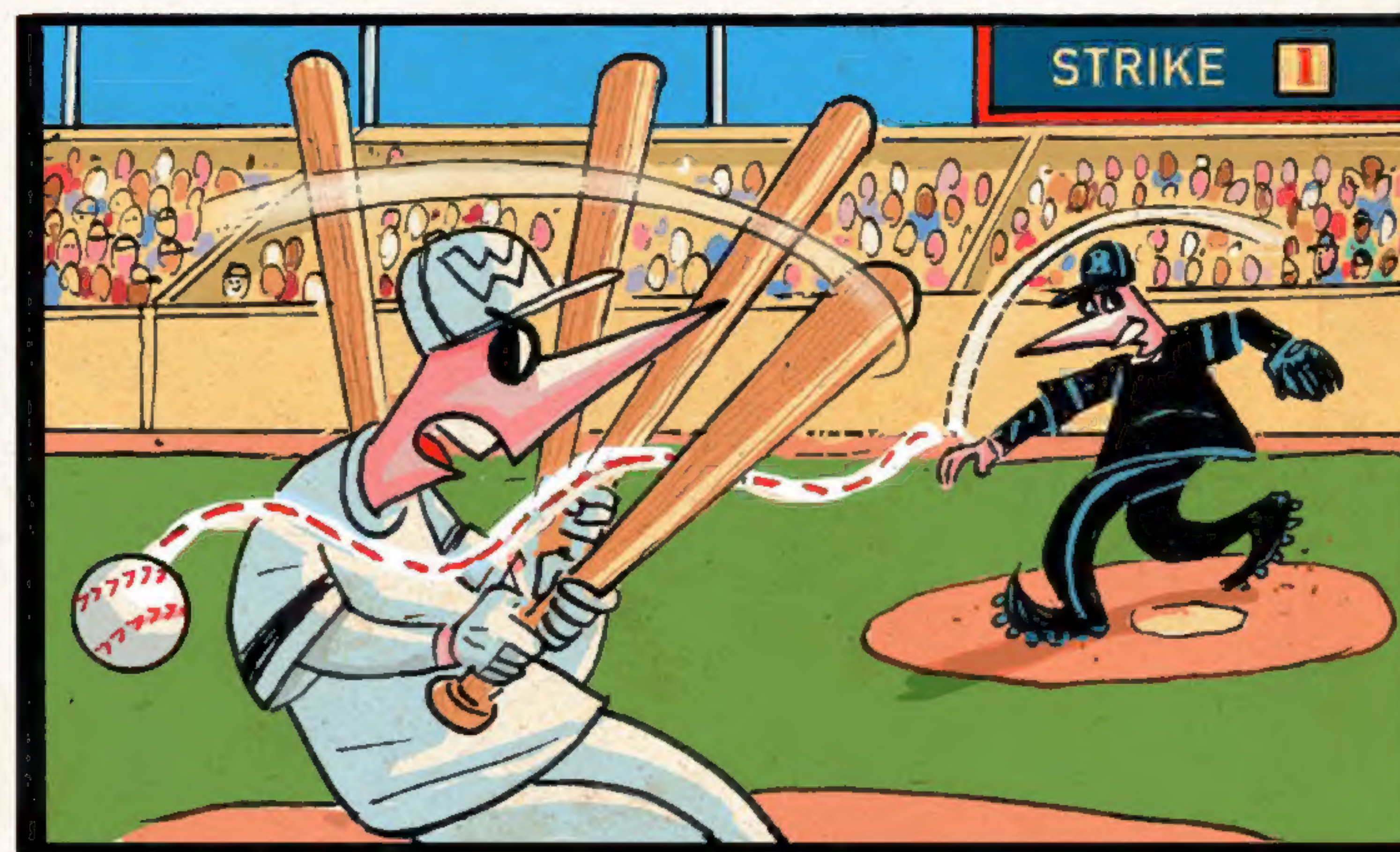
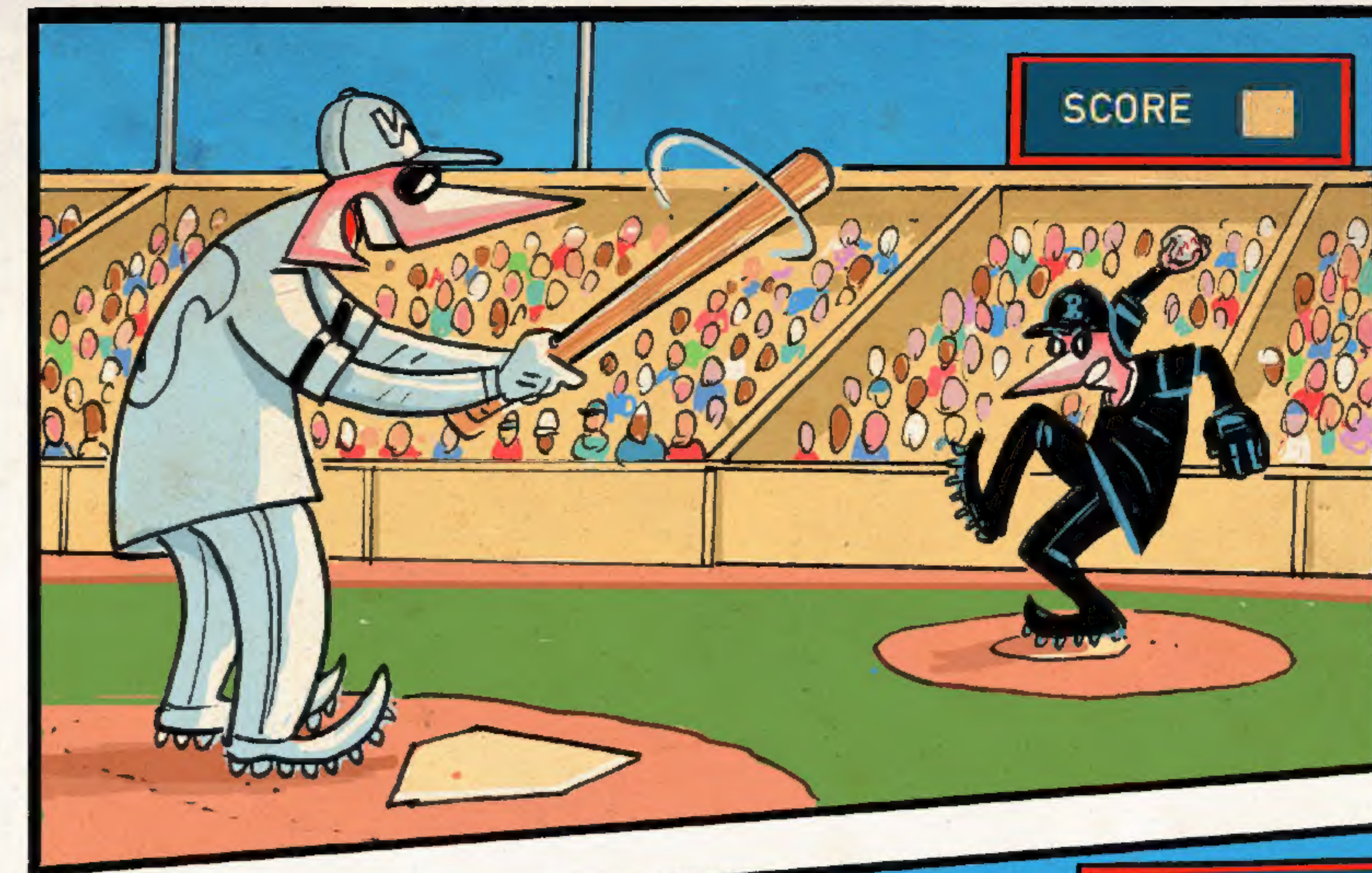
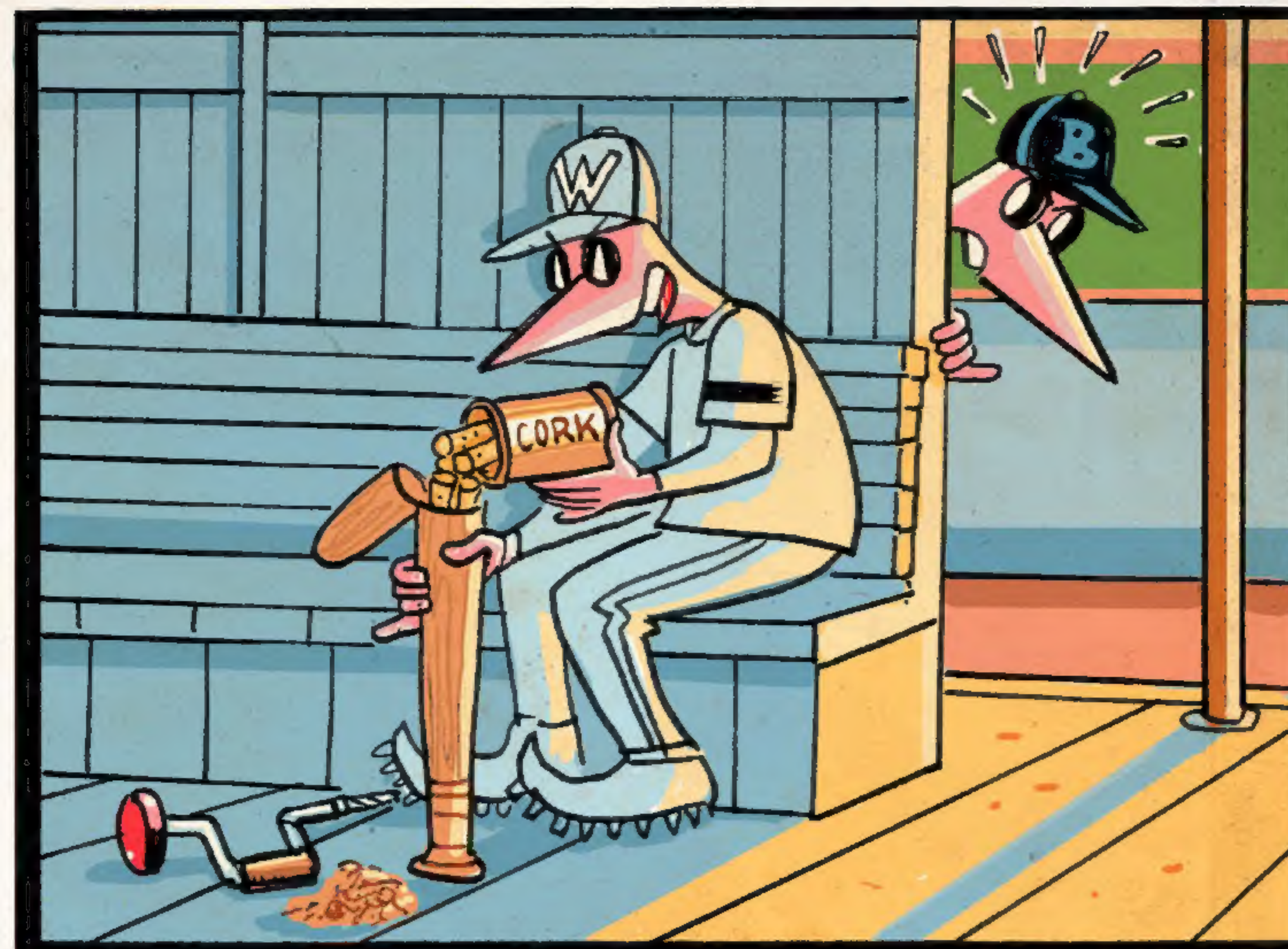


The end of a vacation is like a thirsty tick:
It sucks. Unless the vacation was full of ticks.

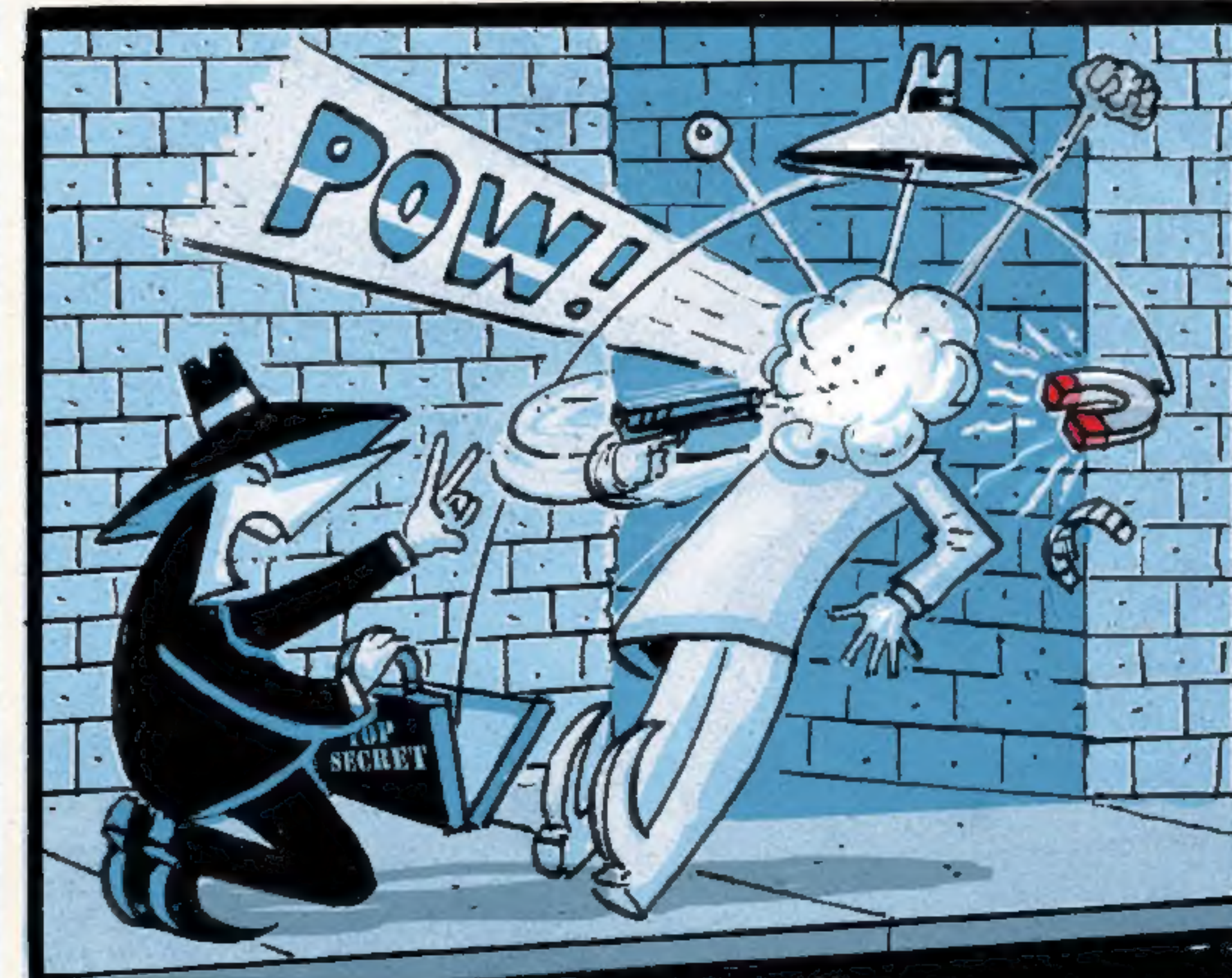








SPY VS SPY



WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER

KUPER



TILL DEBT DO US PART DEPT.

Your credit cards being **maxed out** doesn't mean YOU should be **stressed out**. It's a problem, but **you'll** take care of it...eventually. Someday. Probably. **Right?!** In the meantime, consider yourself richer because you've got your hands on another installment of MAD's tips for making the best out of the worst. Now...

LET'S HAVE

FUN

WITH YOUR STAGGERING DEBT!

WRITER & ARTIST
TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

Alleviate debtor's guilt by remembering that living with a financial deficit is the American way!



Turn the public humiliation of having your card declined into a public performance.



Blast "No Money Mo Problems" into creditors ears until they stop calling.



Use your pile of collection agency documents to make a beautiful origami sculpture garden.



Put together your own out-of-control-spending support group.



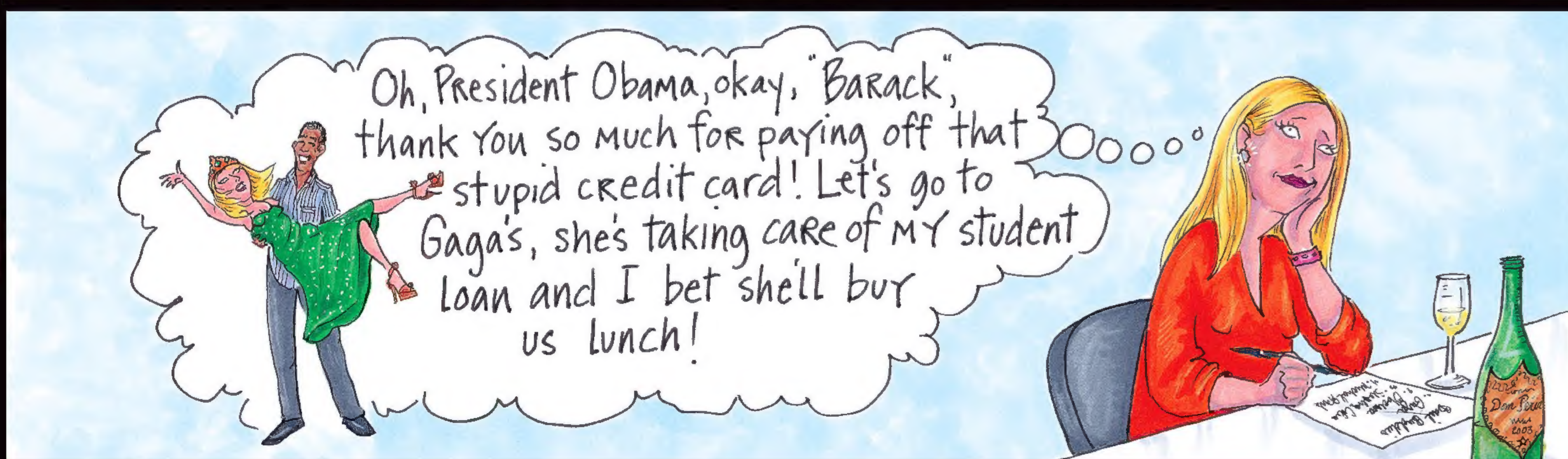
Invite friends over for a "fright night" every four months when you check your bank balance.



Now that you're back to living with your parents, make your old room look like a *real* apartment.



Create a bucket list of all the people you dream could bail you out.



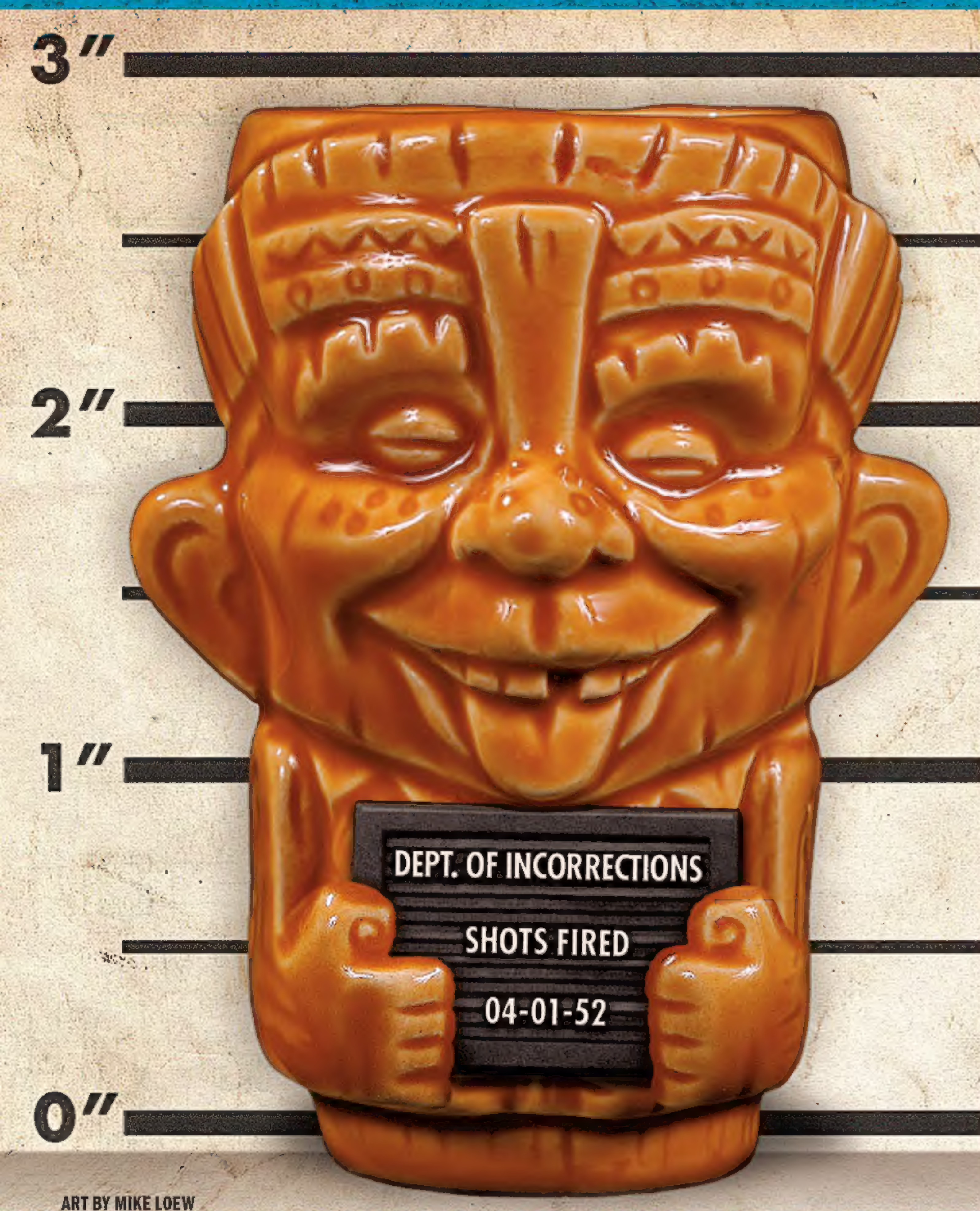
Throw a going away party for each of the items you have to pawn off.



Just to be ironic, name your new ferret (which you can't afford) Bankruptcy.



A MUGSHOT YOU WON'T REGRET TAKING!



ART BY MIKE LOEW



GeekyTIKIS

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We here at MAD keep a keen eye on trends, constantly surveying the pop culture landscape for inspiration. Whether it's movies, television, literature, or music, we stay on the cutting edge and we cut deep! We could have given Cardi B the business, cut Royce da 5'9" down to size, or yanked on 2 Chainz' chains. Instead, we're skewering the pop duo that kids today can't stop talking about: Gilbert & Sullivan!

MODERN GIG ECONOMIST

Sung to the tune of
"Modern Major-General's Song"

I am the very model of a Modern Gig Economist
 My problems are pervasive, no escaping, they're the commonest
 I work an 80-hour week and still I live in poverty
 So any bootstraps you could spare would really mean a lot to me
 My studio apartment is the size of a VW
 And it would still look tiny if you saw it through the Hubble-view
 A cost of one-point-seven K a month is how my pay is spent
 And I sublet the closet to a stranger just to make the rent

I'm very good at Photoshop and Final Cut and InDesign
 I've got a shop on Etsy, you can buy the art I make online
 And pay me in exposure for a bracelet you put on the wrist
 I am the very model of a Modern Gig Economist

When I completed high school, I continued academia
 And puked 100 grand like I had Student Loan Bulimia
 I studied journalism with a passion hitherto unseen
 With plans to blast "The Institution" into tiny smithereens
 Who knew The Institution had composed its own catastrophes
 The only job available was hostess at an Applebee's
 The Baby Boomers say that I'm a slacker and a wannabe
 But, really I'm a victim of the Modern Gig Economy

I'm Ubering and Lyfting and I'm harvesting my arteries
 For plasma I can sell downtown, 'cause times are getting hard for me
 I really should have trained to be a certified phlebotomist
 I hear they rake it in, unlike a Modern Gig Economist

My checking's overdrafted so they're charging me a service fee
 I haven't got a penny and they're taking 20 bucks from me
 They're cutting off the gas, the power, water and the Internet
 I really, most sincerely, truly wish it wasn't winter yet
 I've had to sell my laptop and my cell phone just to buy some food
 I'm freezing in my car and they complain about my attitude
 I whisper as the icy hand extracts the final breath of me
 They paid me in exposure and exposure is the death of me

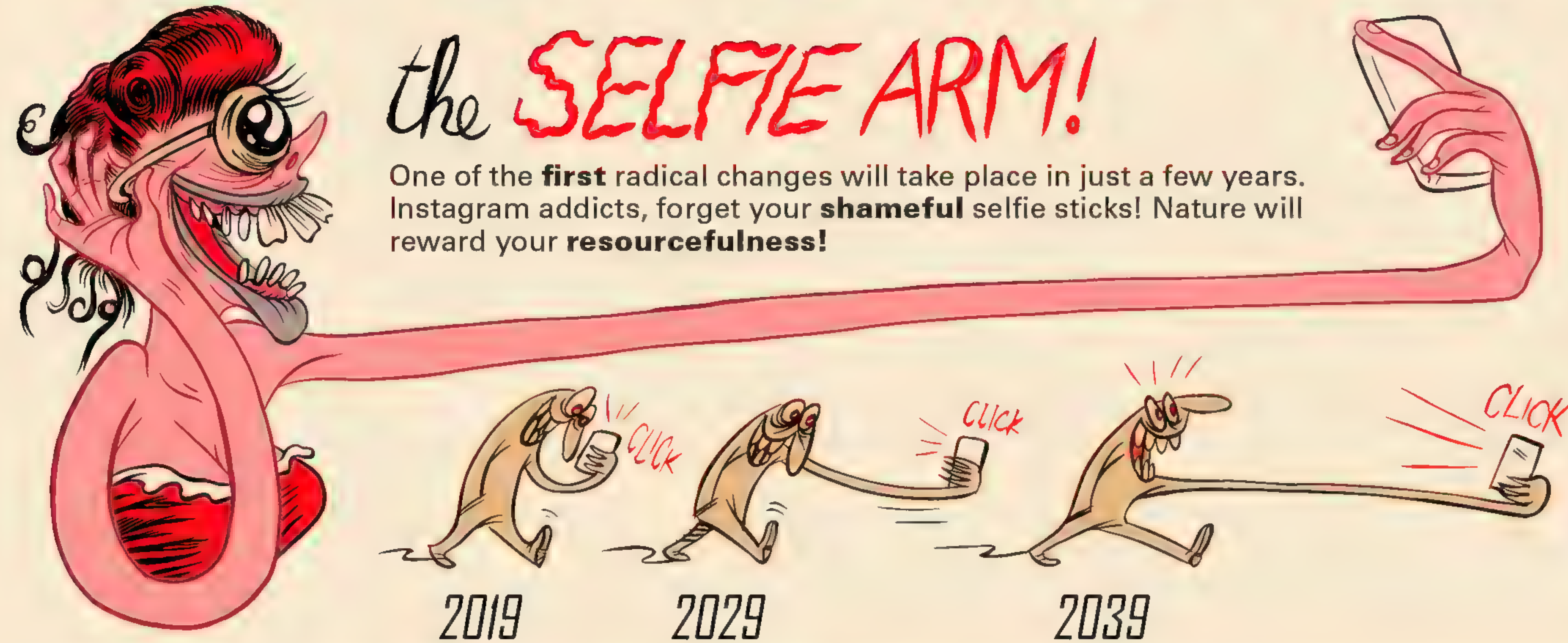
Now, I'm up in heaven with Saint Peter at the pearly door
 He says they haven't got a room and asks me what I'm early for
 There is a closet I could rent, but God is gonna charge a fee
 I guess there's no escaping from this Modern Gig Economy



How will the human race evolve with technological advances?
We present to the MAD reader these inspiring prophecies of...

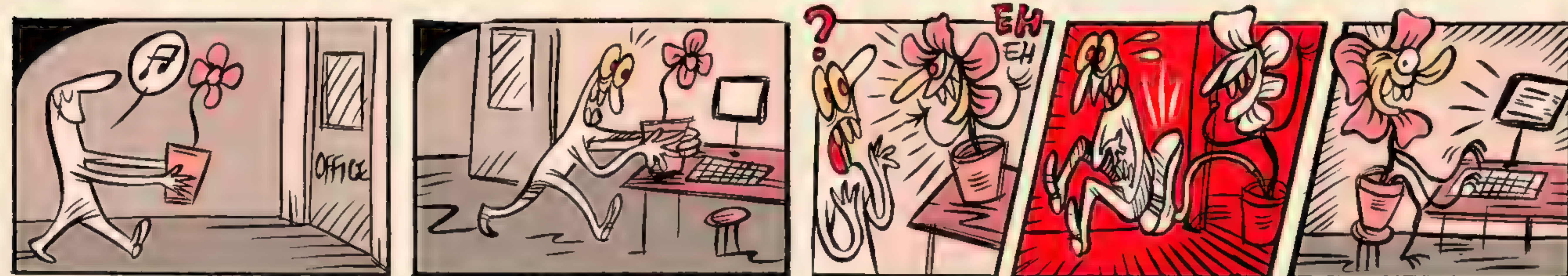
NEW EVOLUTIONISM!

WRITER & ARTIST HURRICANE IVAN



the **JOB STEALER!**

As **everyone** knows, in the future humans will lose their jobs to **robots**. Another cruel career predator will be this morphing **monster**, able to blend into even the most **mundane** of places!



the **HUMAN KITTENS!**

After years of dominating social networks, human **influencers** and cute **kittens** will finally **unite**. They shall lord over all other species, colonizing Earth with a glamorous new **mutant pedigree**!



GENTRIFICATION INTERNALIZATION!

To cope with rising rent prices, the **people of the future** will learn to live **within** themselves!



the **LITERAL HUMAN RECESSION!**

Unemployed persons will no longer have to fear starvation **nor** dehydration! The **wage gap** between rich and poor will be so great as to create an **evolutionary disparity** even in their **physical size**!



Cheer up! In your new **small size**, you will need **fewer resources**!



STEP 1

BUY AN AVOCADO!



STEP 2

COMPLETE THE BREAD CYCLE:
SWITCH FROM EATING
WHITE BREAD TOAST

TO WHEAT BREAD TOAST

TO 32-GRAIN BREAD TOAST

TO GLUTEN-FREE TOAST

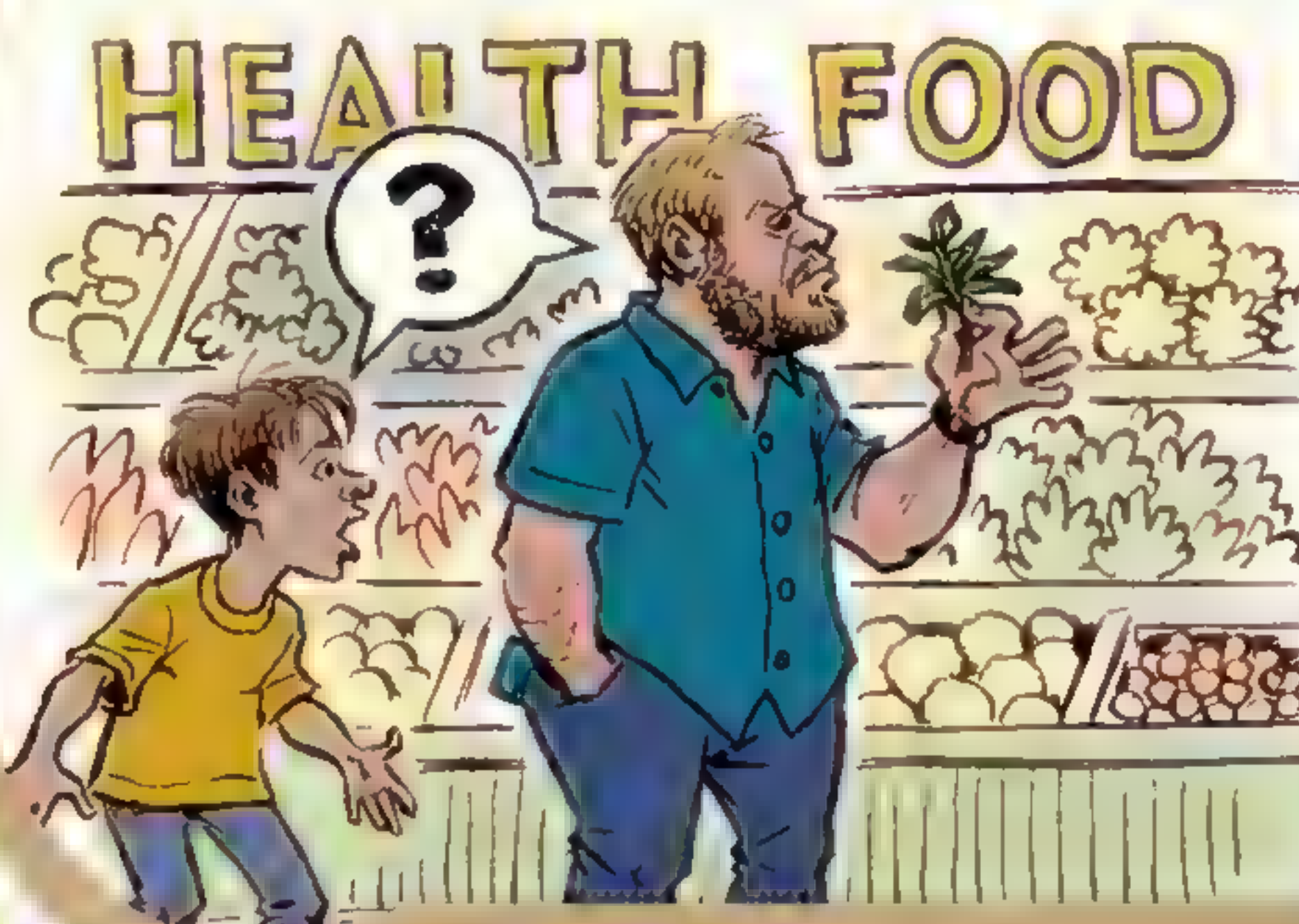
TO USING LETTUCE AS BREAD

TO SAWDUST TOAST

TO WHITE BREAD TOAST,
IRONICALLY.

STEP 3

GIVE UP CHEESE, BUTTER, DAIRY, AND OVERALL
HAPPINESS. BEGIN SAMPLING VEGETABLES,
SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING RESEMBLING
A CONSISTENCY TO FOOD THAT HUMANS EAT.



GUAC OF SHAME DEPT.

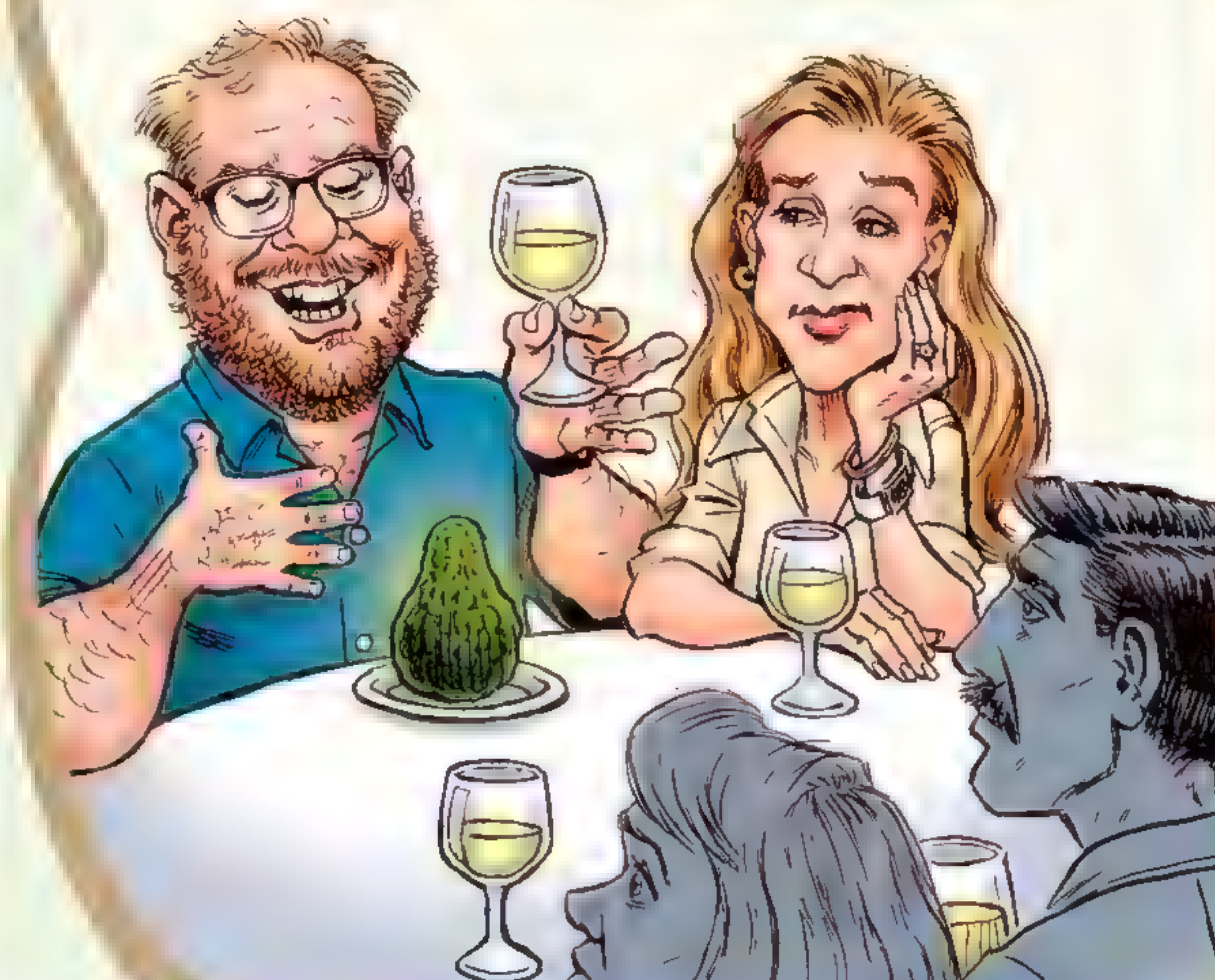
Hey, everyone! I'm Jack Gaffigan, and I'm 13 years old. My evil, bald, obese dad, Jim Gaffigan, forces me to make him breakfast every morning! Then I have to watch him eat it! GROSS! Actually, one morning my fat dad (note: he is fat!) and I were laughing about how trendy and ridiculous avocado toast is, so we thought we'd pull together this recipe for you...

STEP 4

BECOME SO
RICH AND
WHITE
THAT YOU
"DISCOVER"
AVOCADOS
AS A NEW
VEGETABLE!

STEP 5

TELL RICH FRIENDS OVER A GLASS OF WHITE
WINE THAT YOU "LOOOOOOVE AVOCADOS!!!"



STEP 6

TOSS OVERRIPE, ROTTEN AVOCADO
YOU PURCHASED FROM STEP 1.



STEP 7

BUY ANOTHER AVOCADO!



STEP 8

MOVE INTO A SINGLE-ROOM HALFWAY HOUSE THAT
ONLY ALLOWS HOT PLATES AND TOASTERS.

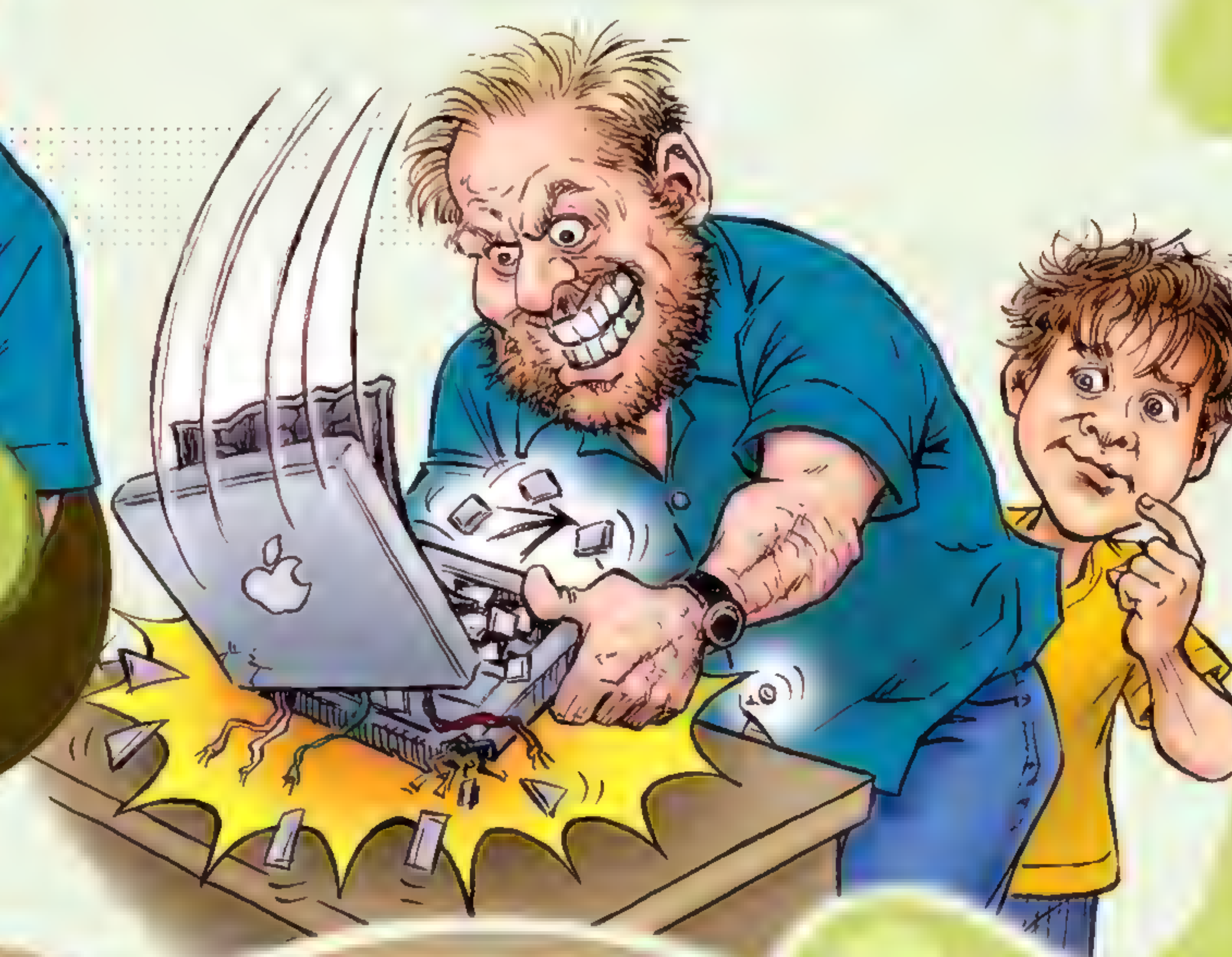


JACK & JIM GAFFIGAN'S EASY 15-STEP RECIPE FOR AVOCADO TOAST

WRITERS JACK & JIM GAFFIGAN
ARTIST SAM VIVIANO

STEP 9

GET ANGRY ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S SPELLING
ERRORS ON TWITTER AND FACEBOOK. LASH
OUT AT THEM FOR NO REASON AT ALL.

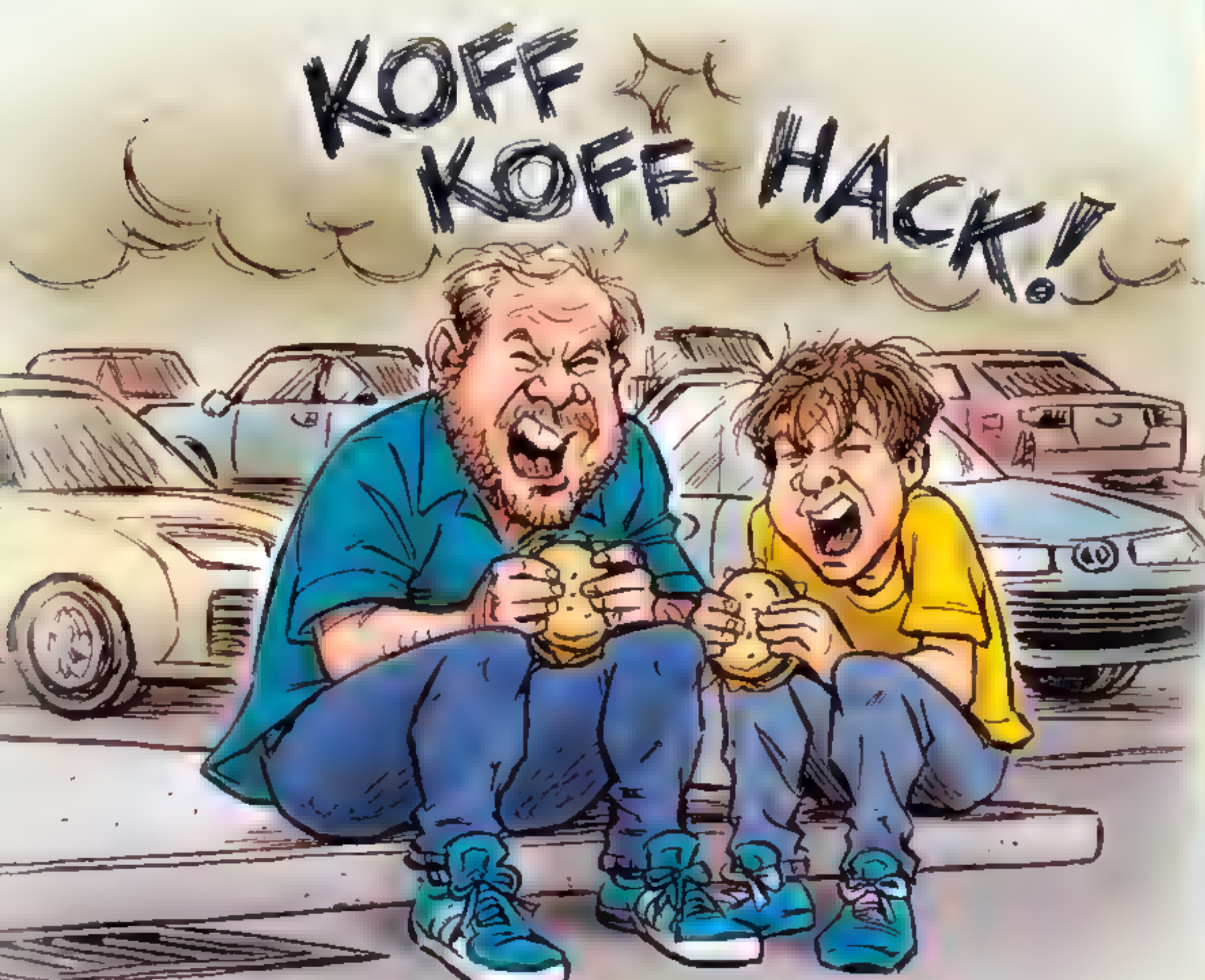


STEP 10

START USING
THE TERM
"BRUNCH"
IN A SINCERE,
NON-SARCASTIC
WAY!

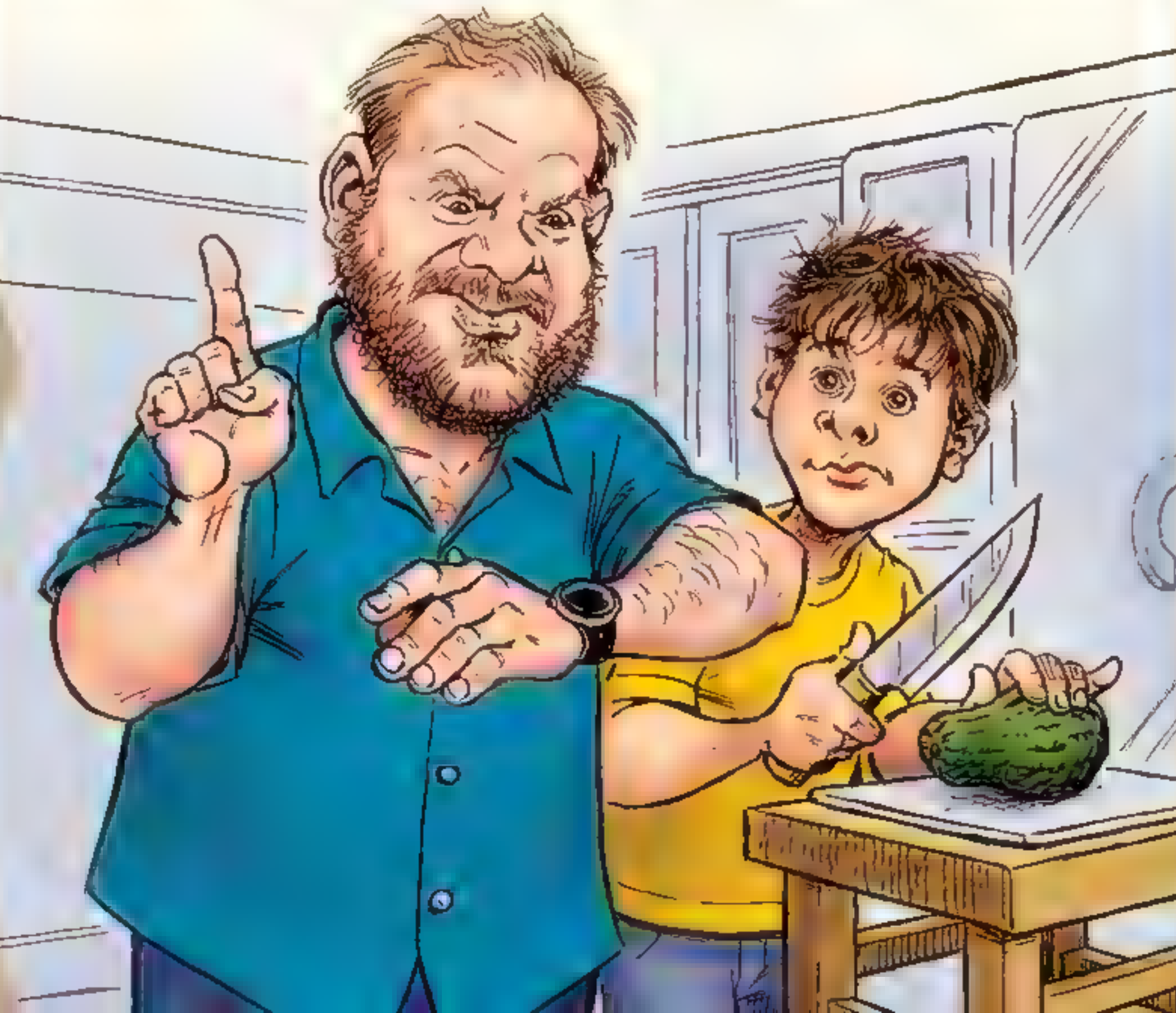
STEP 11

DECIDE YOU ENJOY EATING OUTSIDE
ON SIDEWALKS NEAR MOVING
TRAFFIC AND CAR EXHAUST.



STEP 12

TRY TIMING A MEAL AROUND THAT RANDOM MINUTE
THAT THE AVOCADO FROM STEP 7 IS NOT HARD AS A
BASEBALL, NOR SOFT AS A PLASTIC BAG OF DOG POO.



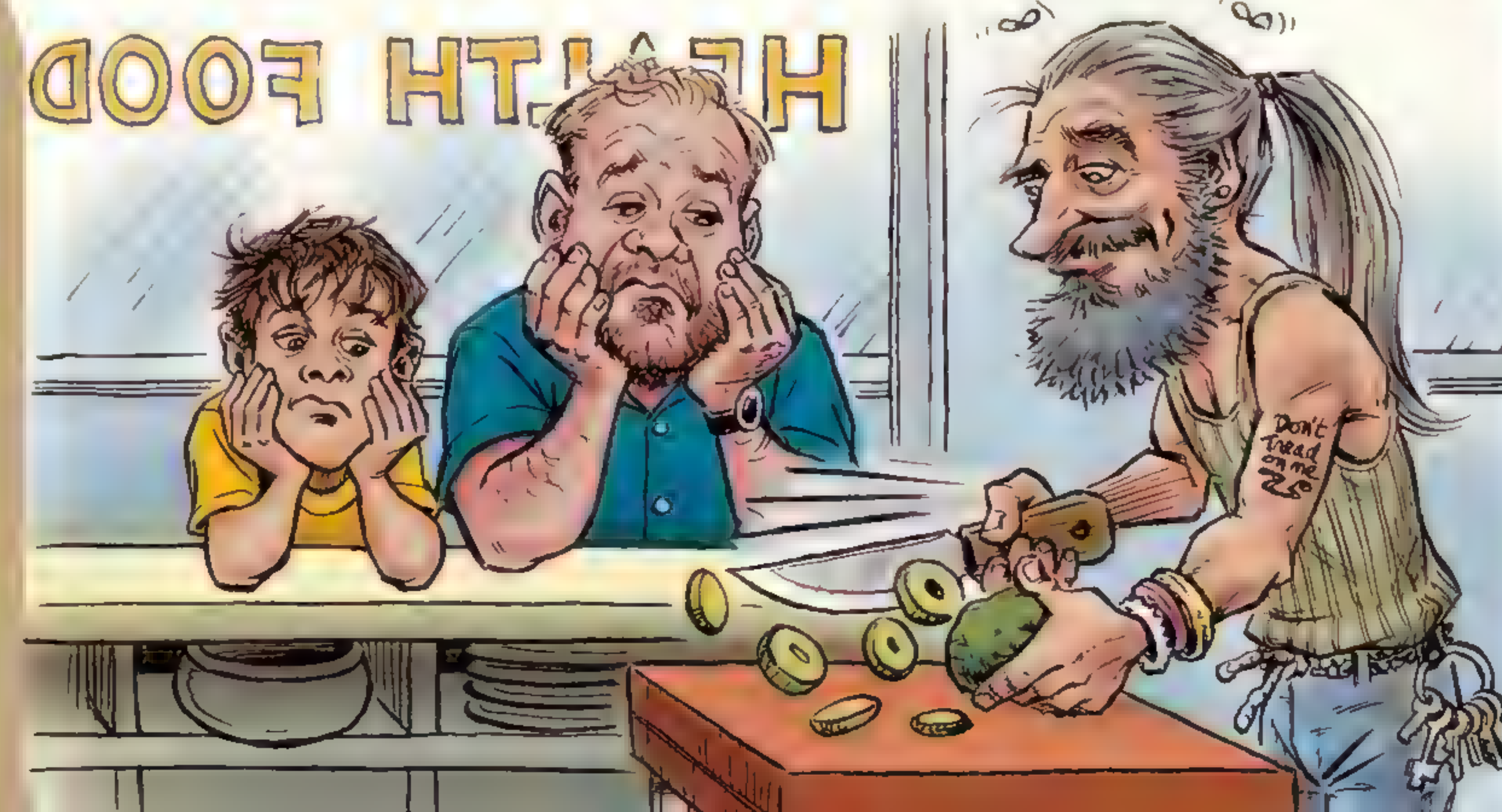
STEP 13

GIVE UP. TOSS AVOCADO FROM STEP 7.



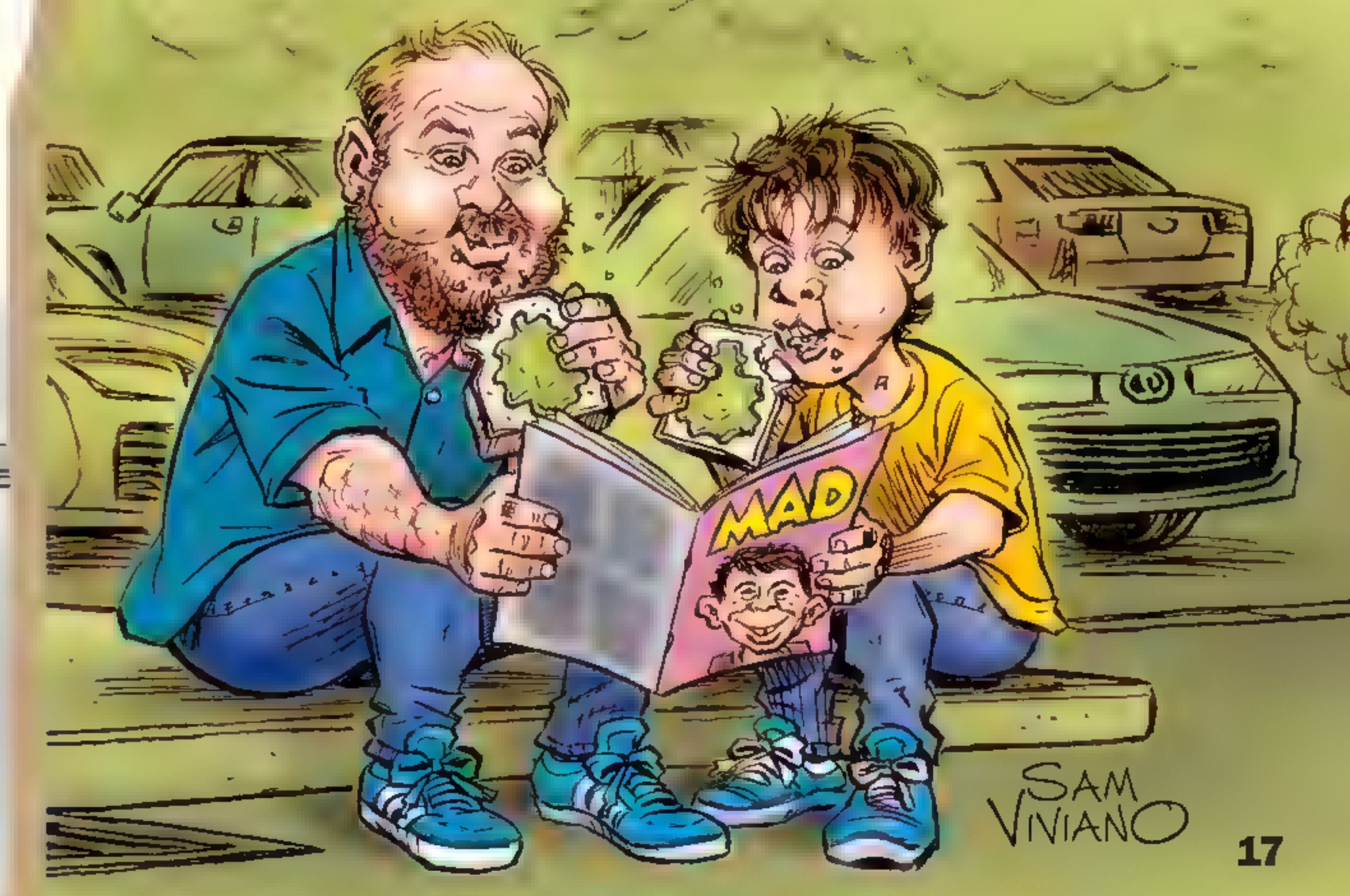
STEP 14

GO TO A RESTAURANT AND PAY SOME GUY WHO WAS FIRED FROM STARBUCKS FOR NOT
WASHING HIS HANDS \$20 TO CUT UP AN AVOCADO AND PUT IT ON A PIECE OF WHITE TOAST.



STEP 15

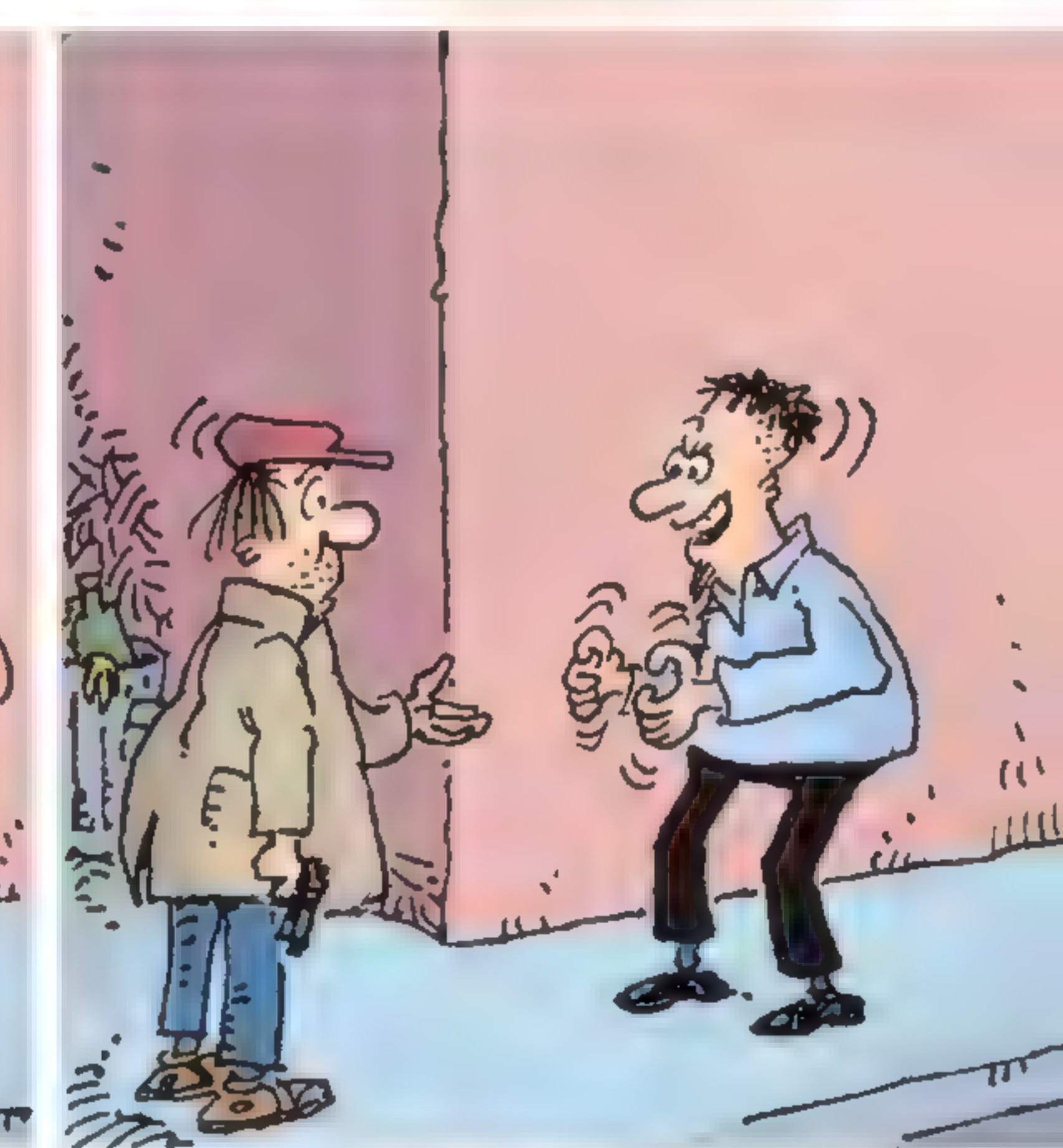
SMUGLY EAT YOUR AVOCADO TOAST
OUTSIDE ON A SIDEWALK NEAR MOVING TRAFFIC AND
CAR EXHAUST WHILE READING MAD MAGAZINE.



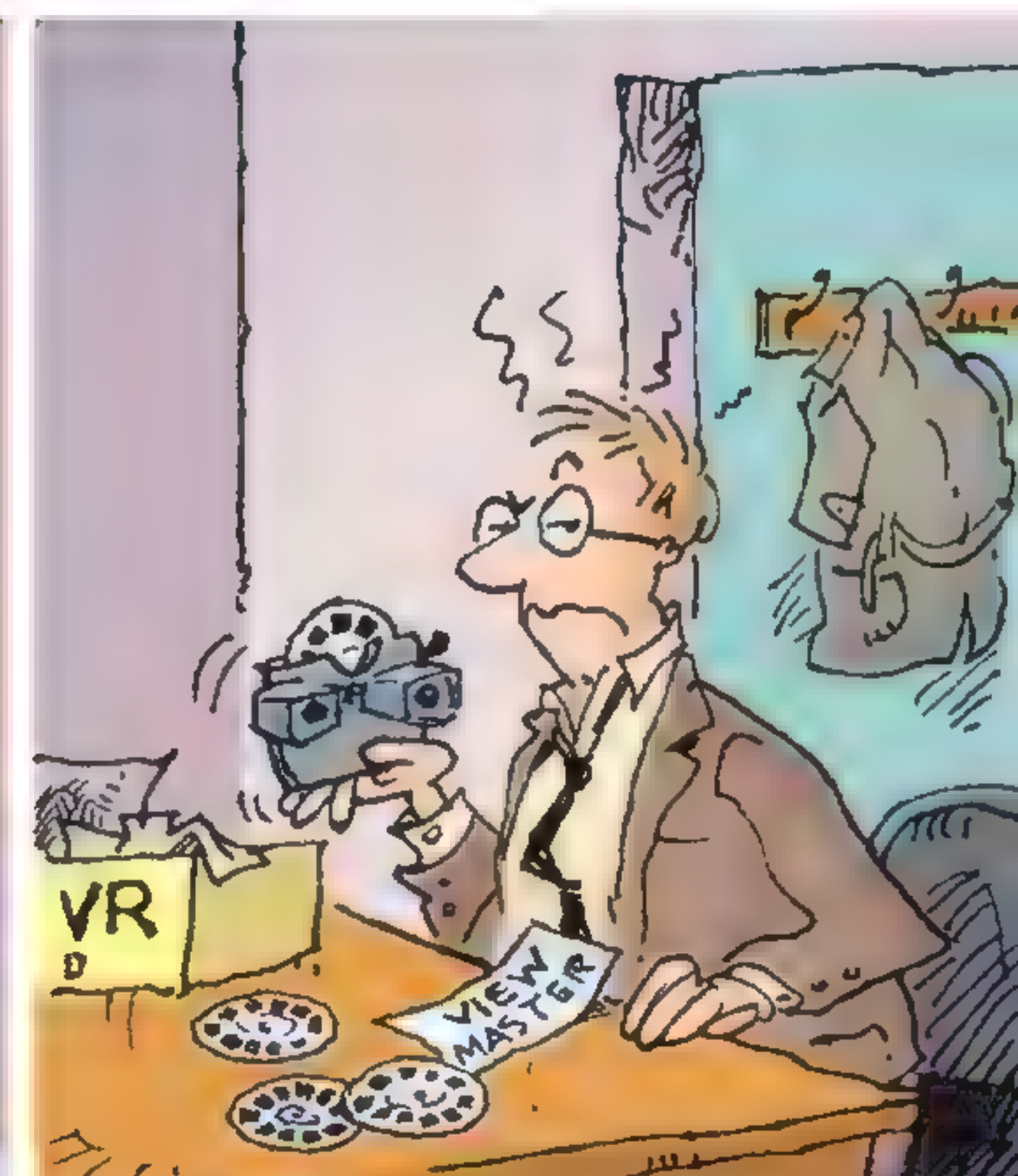
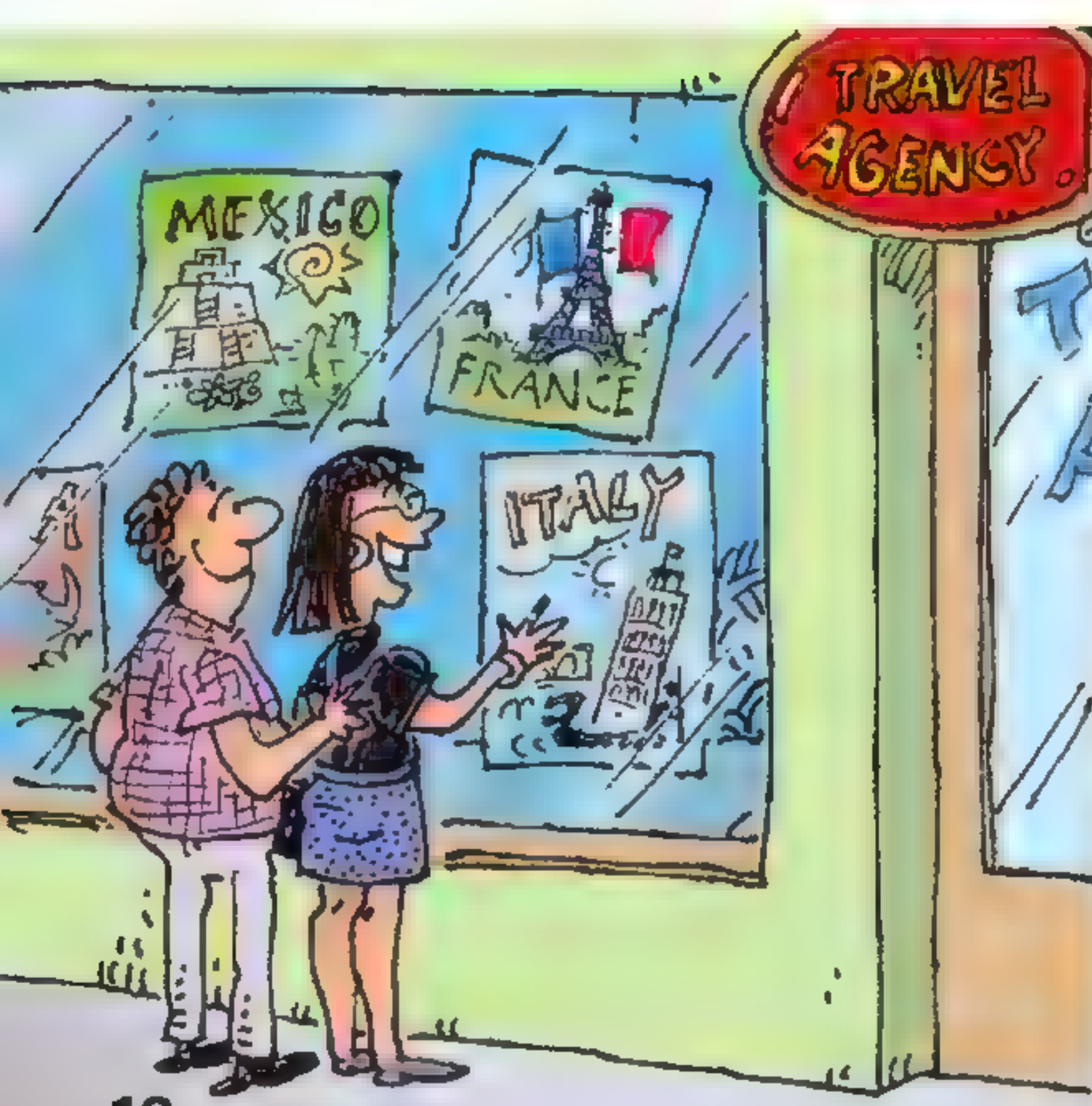
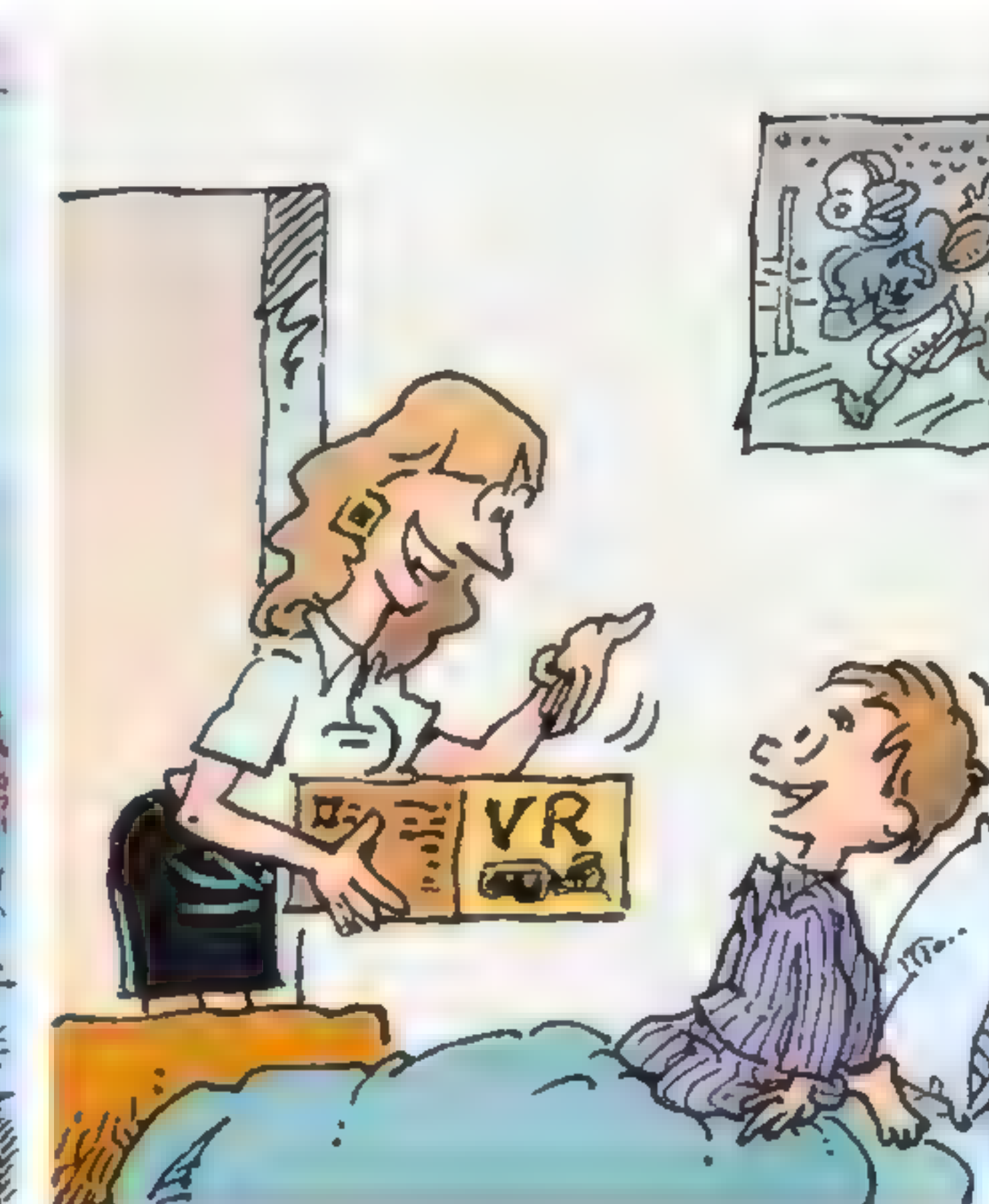
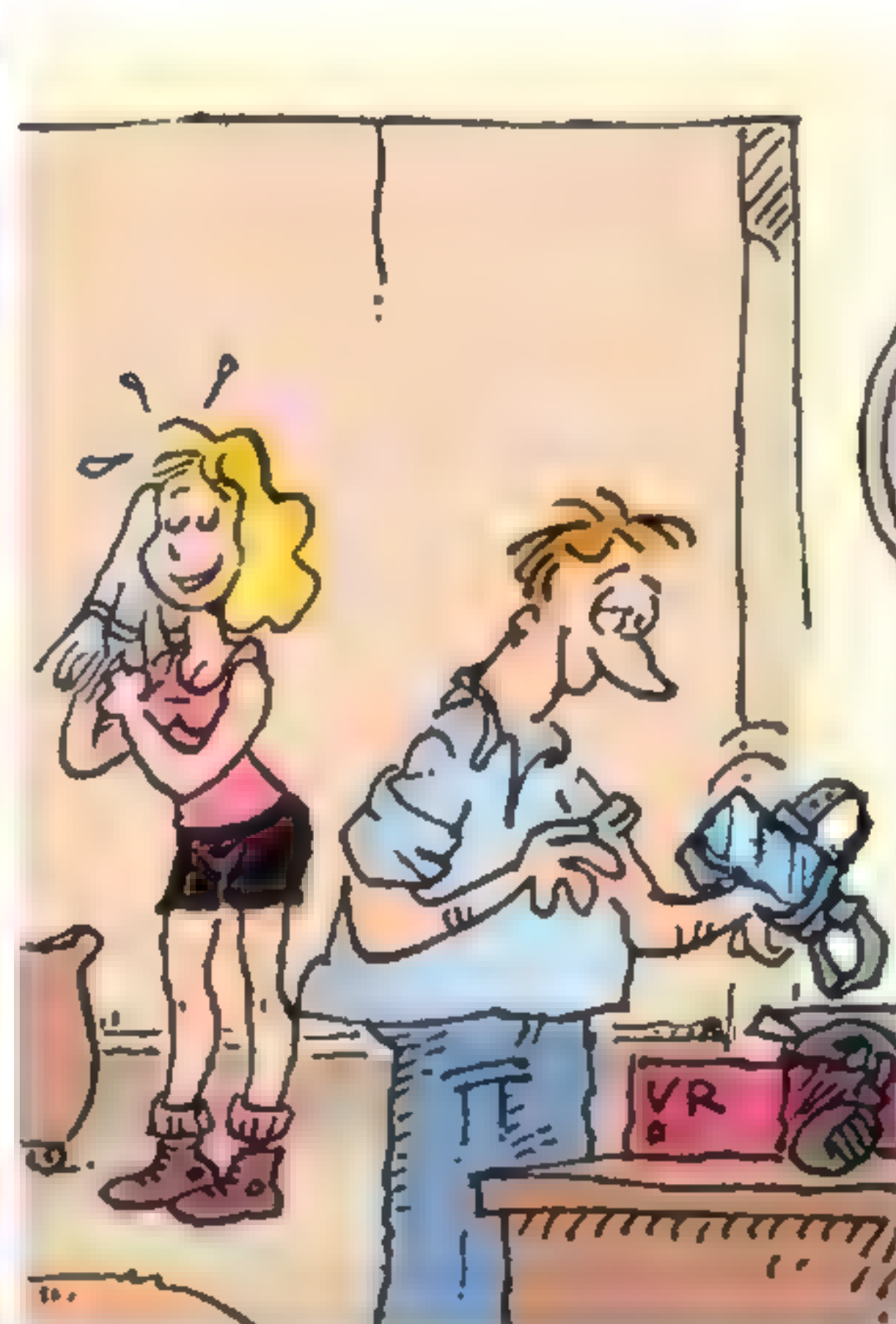
SAM
VIVIANO

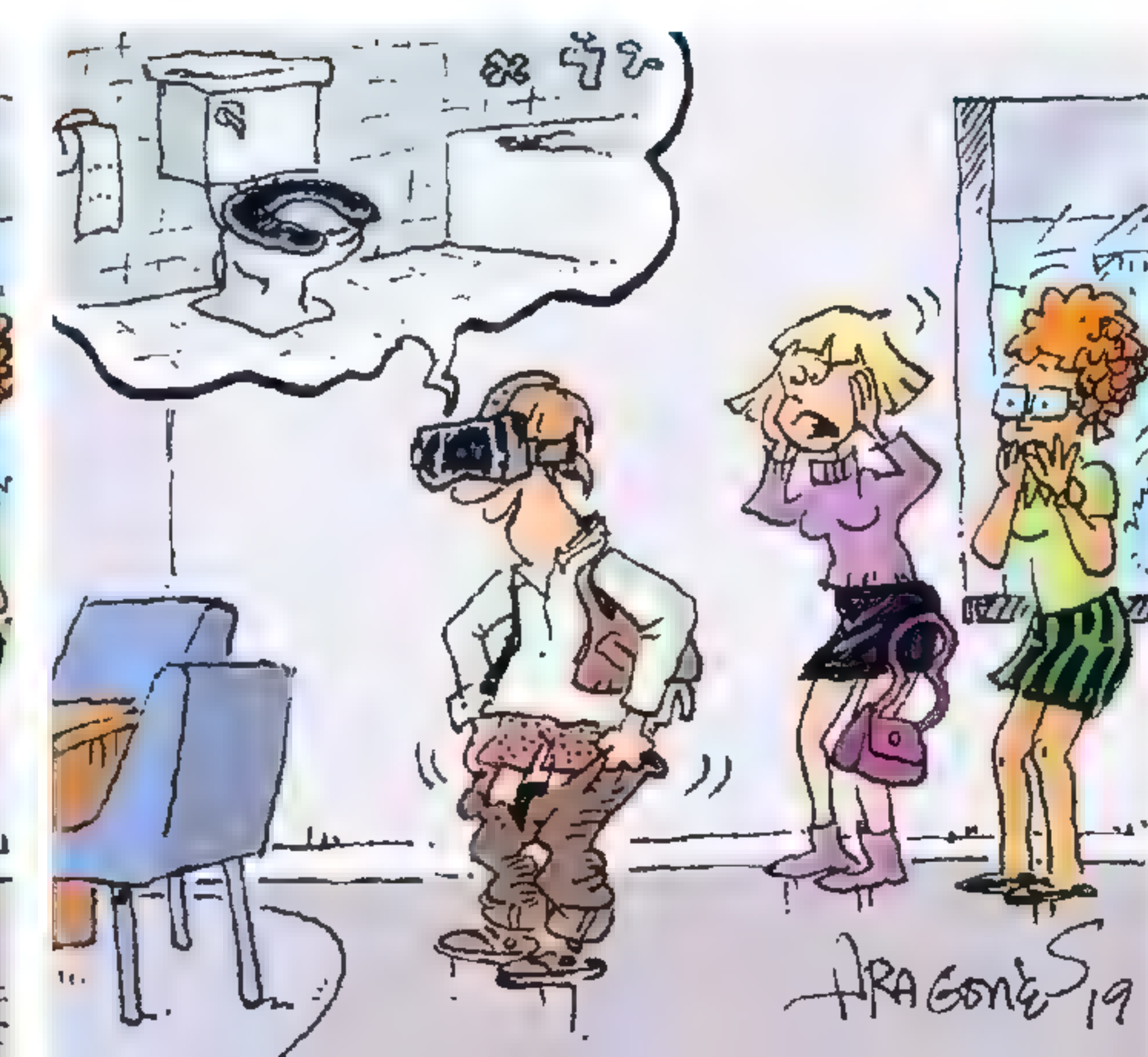
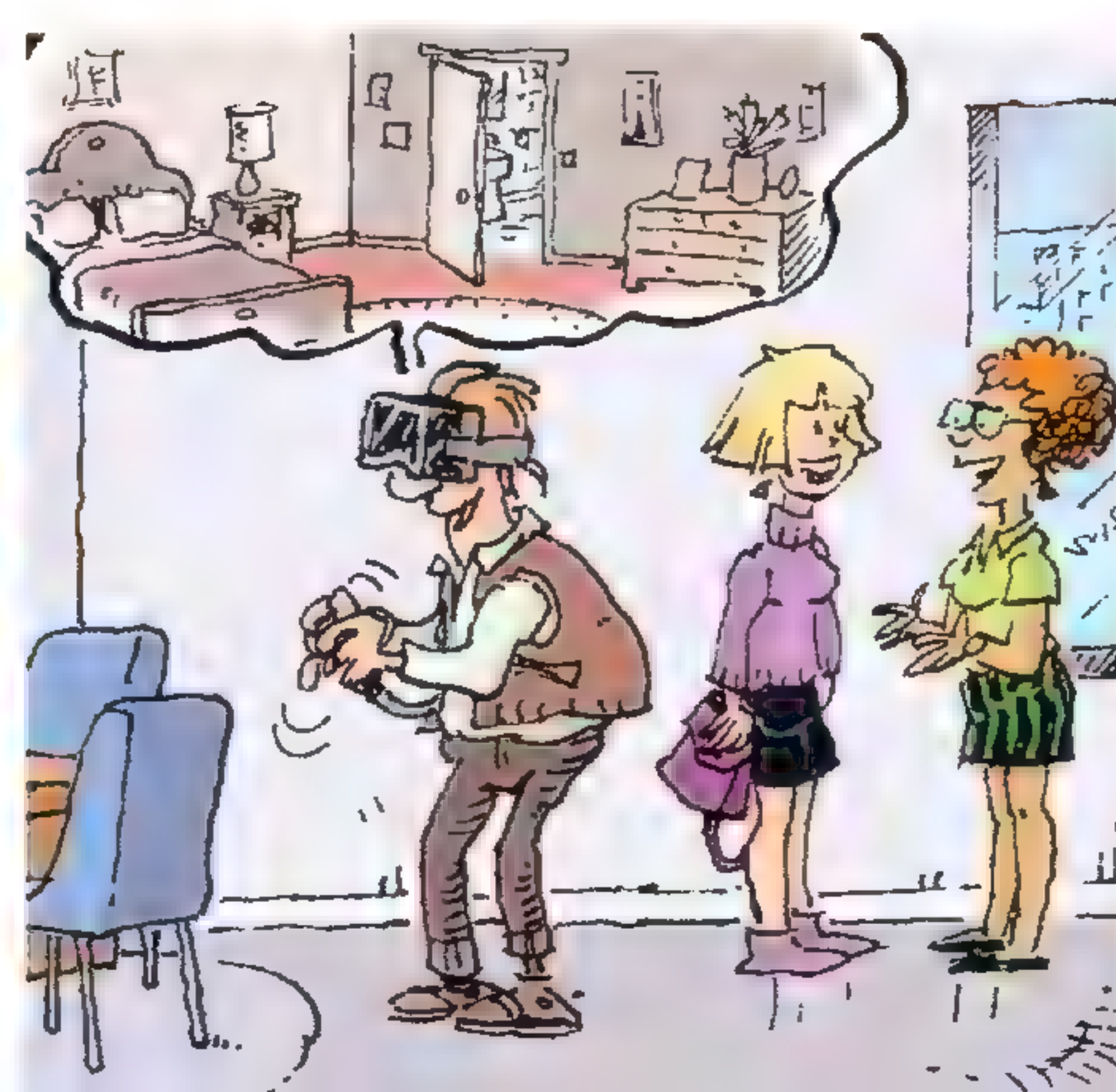
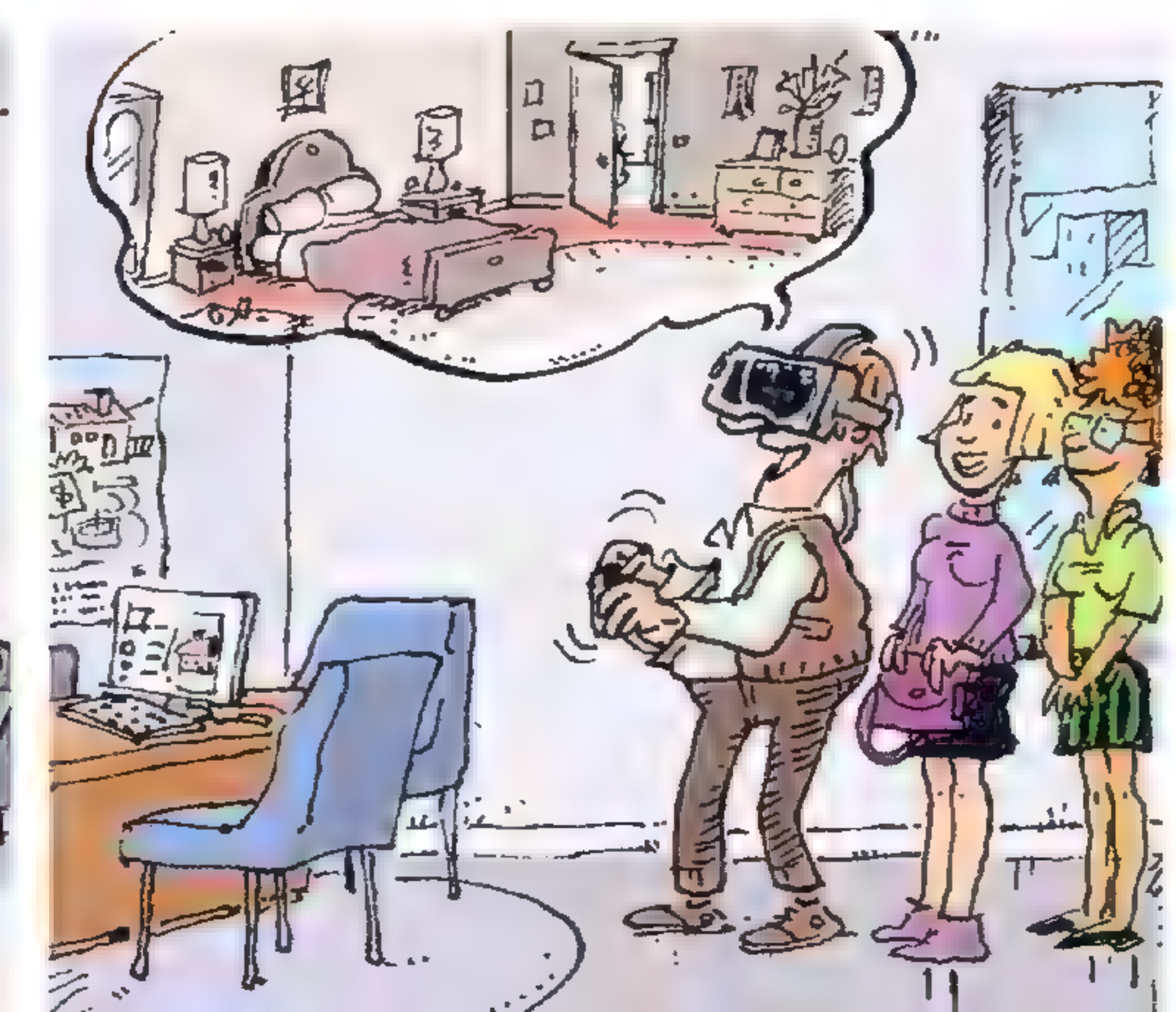
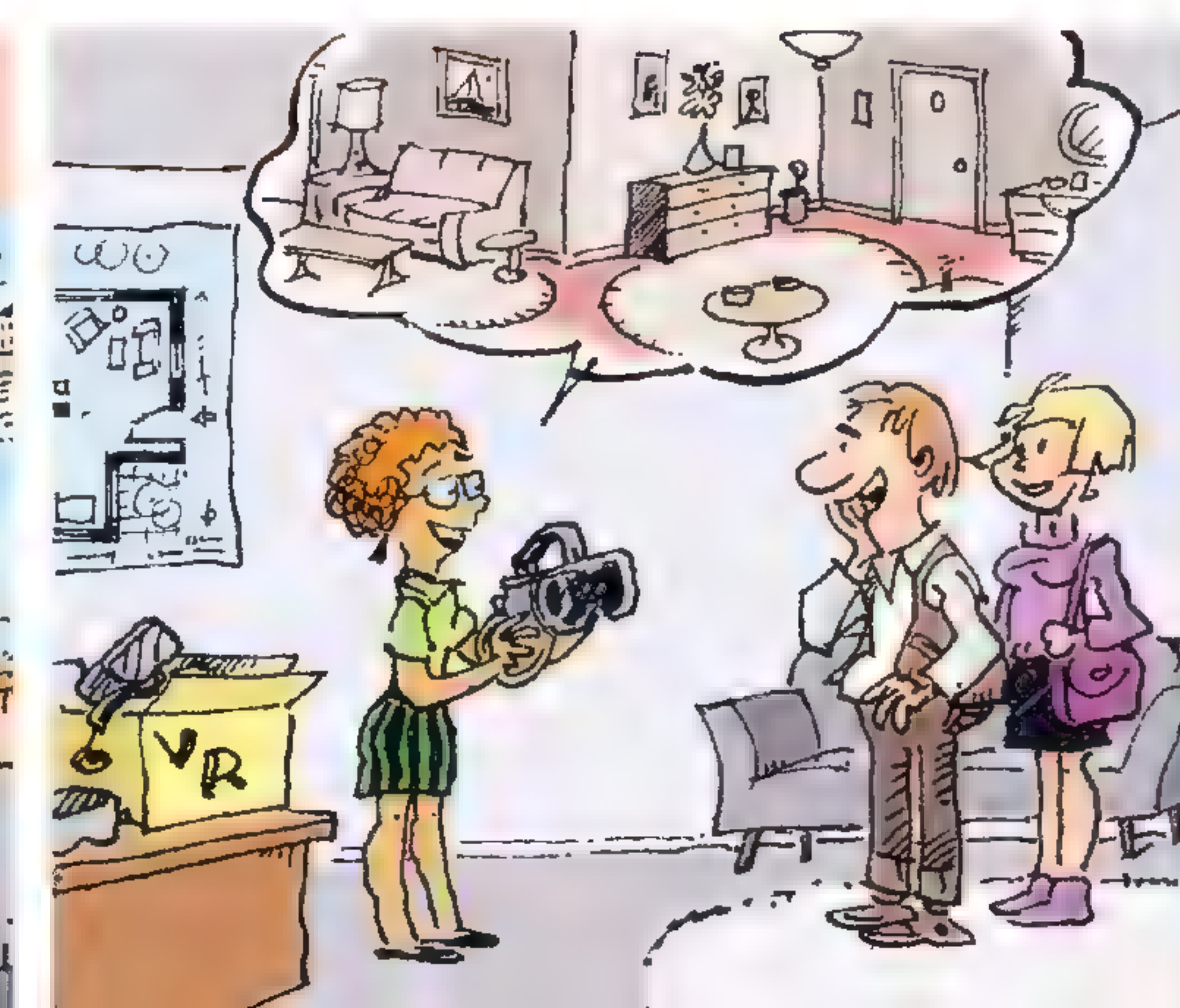
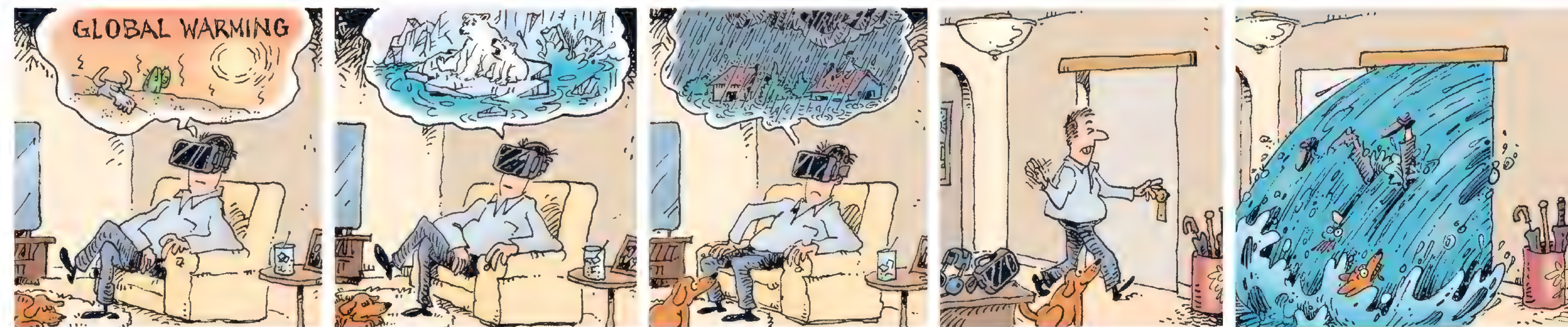
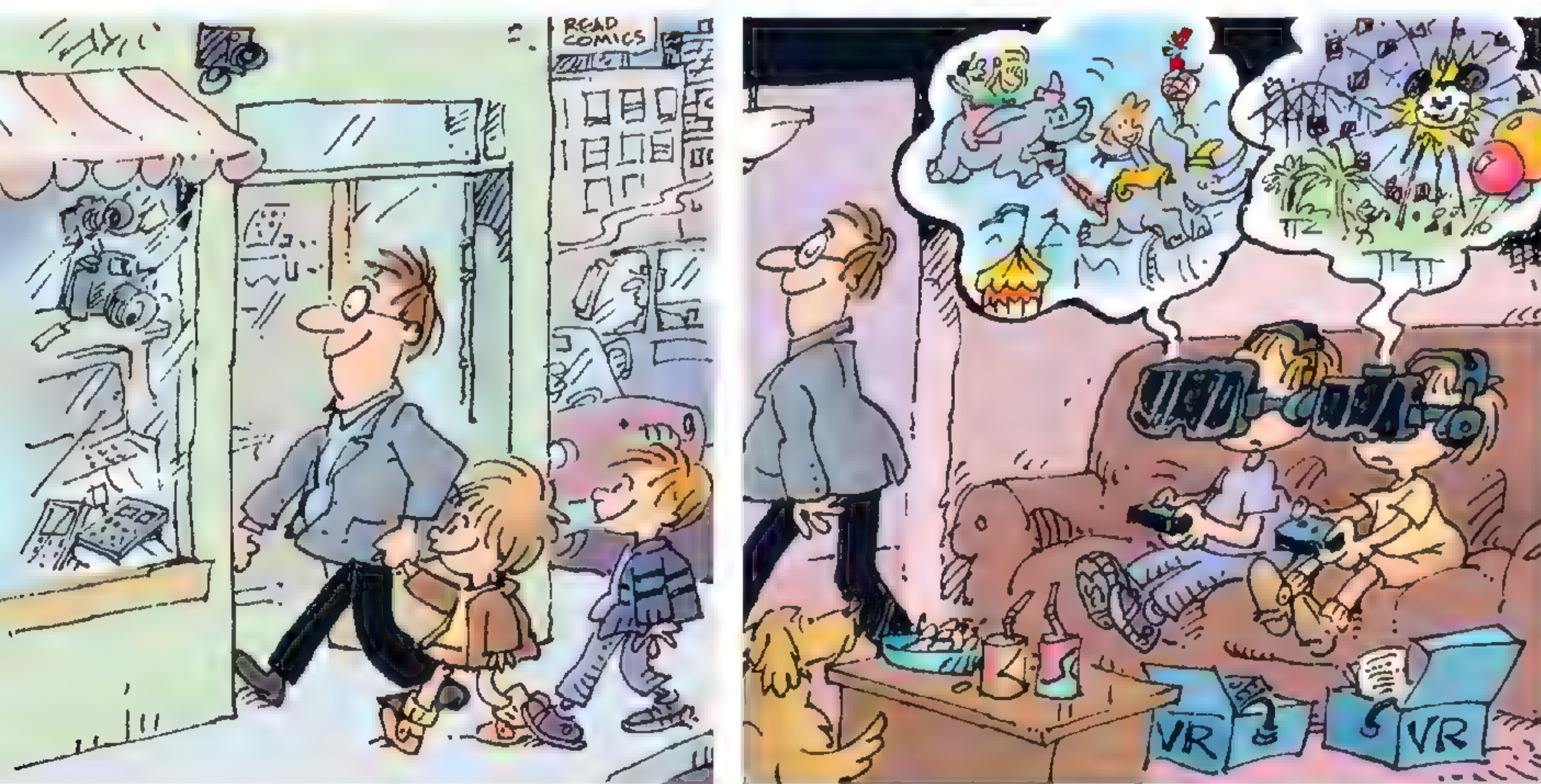
A MAD

LOOK AT VIRTUAL REALITY!



WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **TOM LUTH**







THE FOLD STANDARD DEPT.

If you're an **Al Jaffee** fan (and let's face it, you are), you know his signature is a drawing of a face instead your classic loop-di-loos. But where in the world did that face **come** from? We asked the man himself, and he presented us with these incredible origin stories!

Events That Inspired **AL JAFFEE'S** Iconic Signature

PART ONE



WRITER & ARTIST
AL JAFFEE

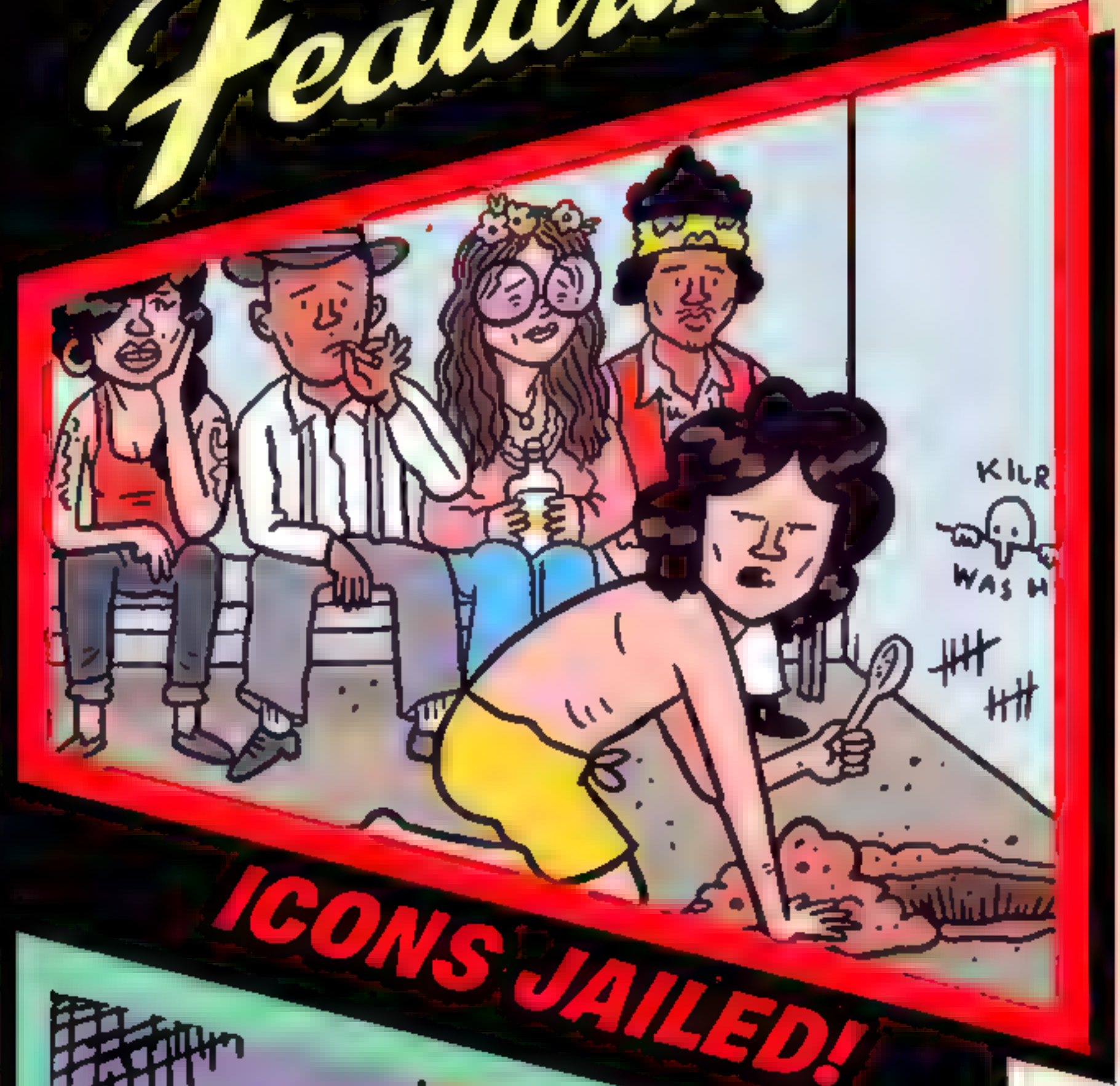
52¢

AVOIDED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

POTRZEBIE

COMICS

Featuring



ICONS JAILED!



HEADS IMPALED!



OPOSSUMS NAILED!



NOT FUNNY, BRUCE.



Welcome to METROPOLIS
HOME of SUPERMAN

CALLAN

WRITER & ARTIST: KERRY CALLAN

Plus

DR. SPANKENSTEIN: Booty Scientist

(It's ALIVE! And it just won't QUIT!)

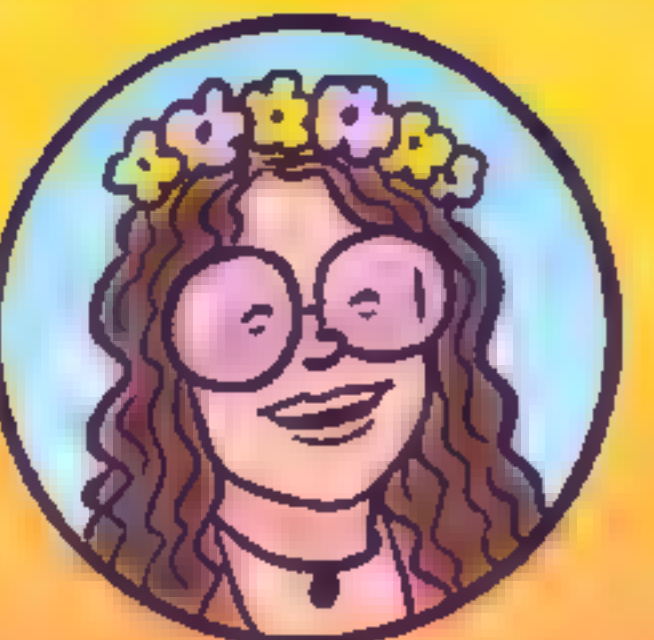
THE 27 CLUB



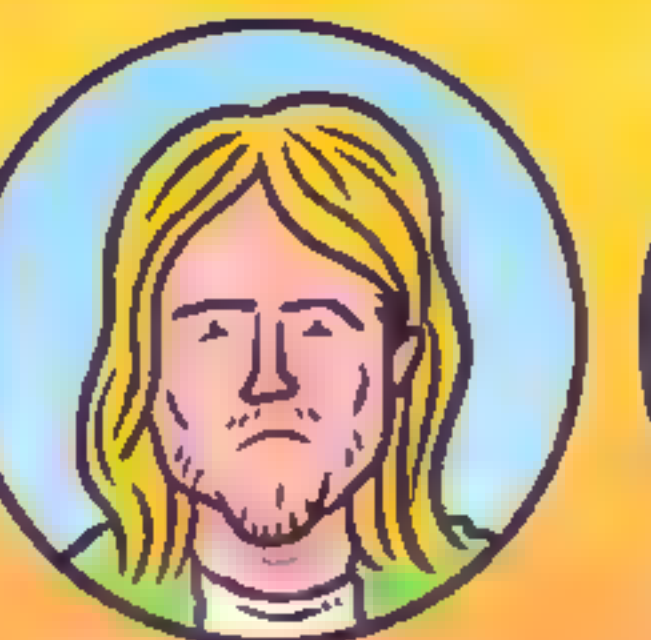
JIMI



JIM



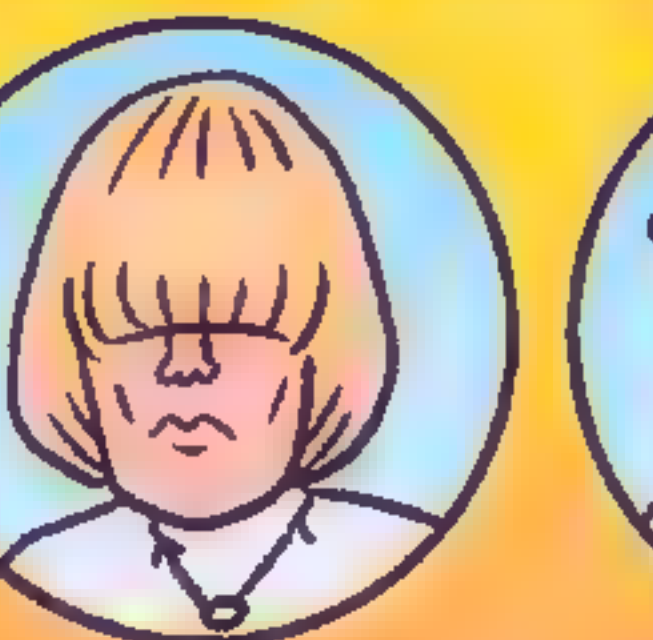
JANIS



KURT



AMY



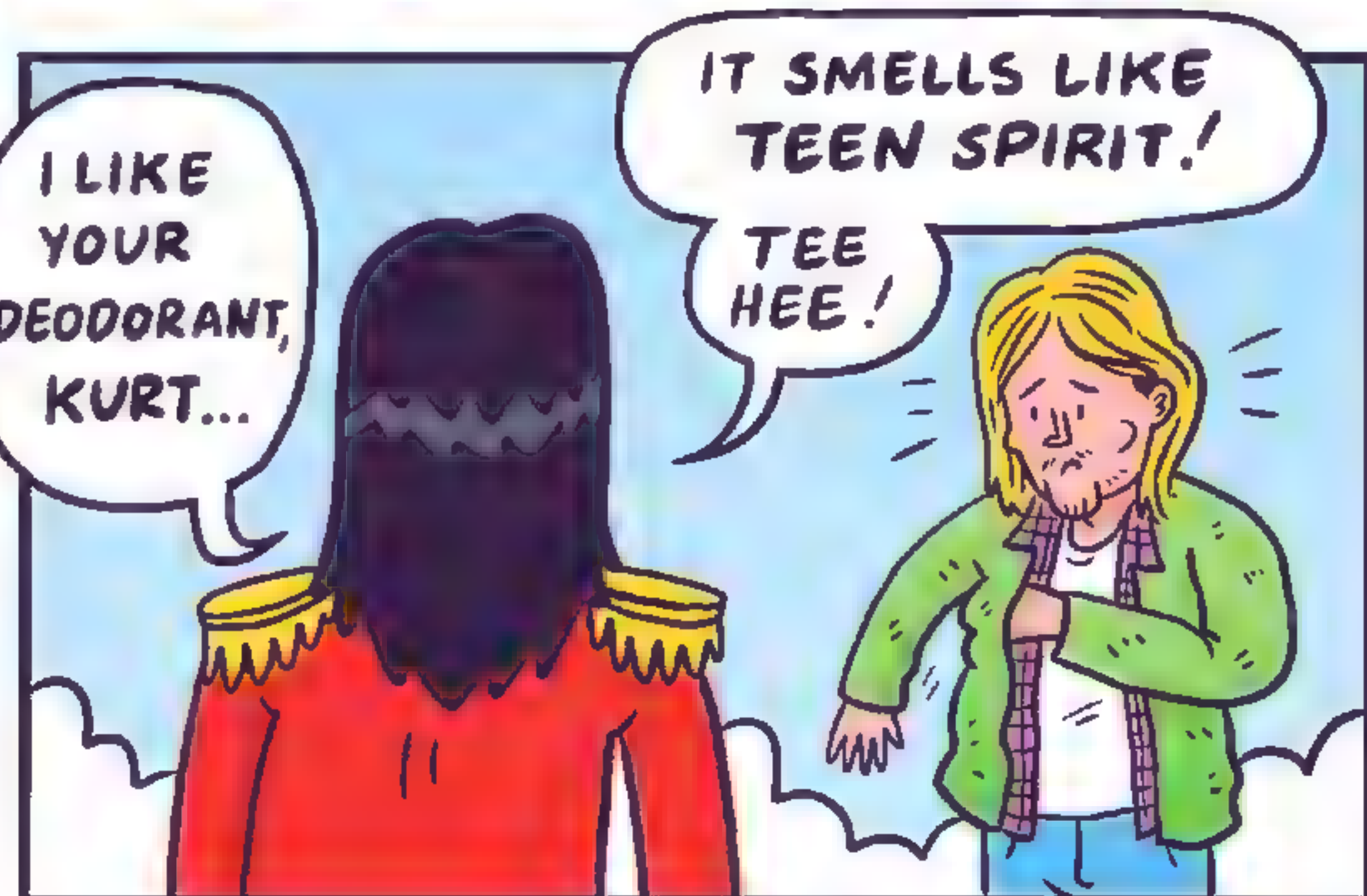
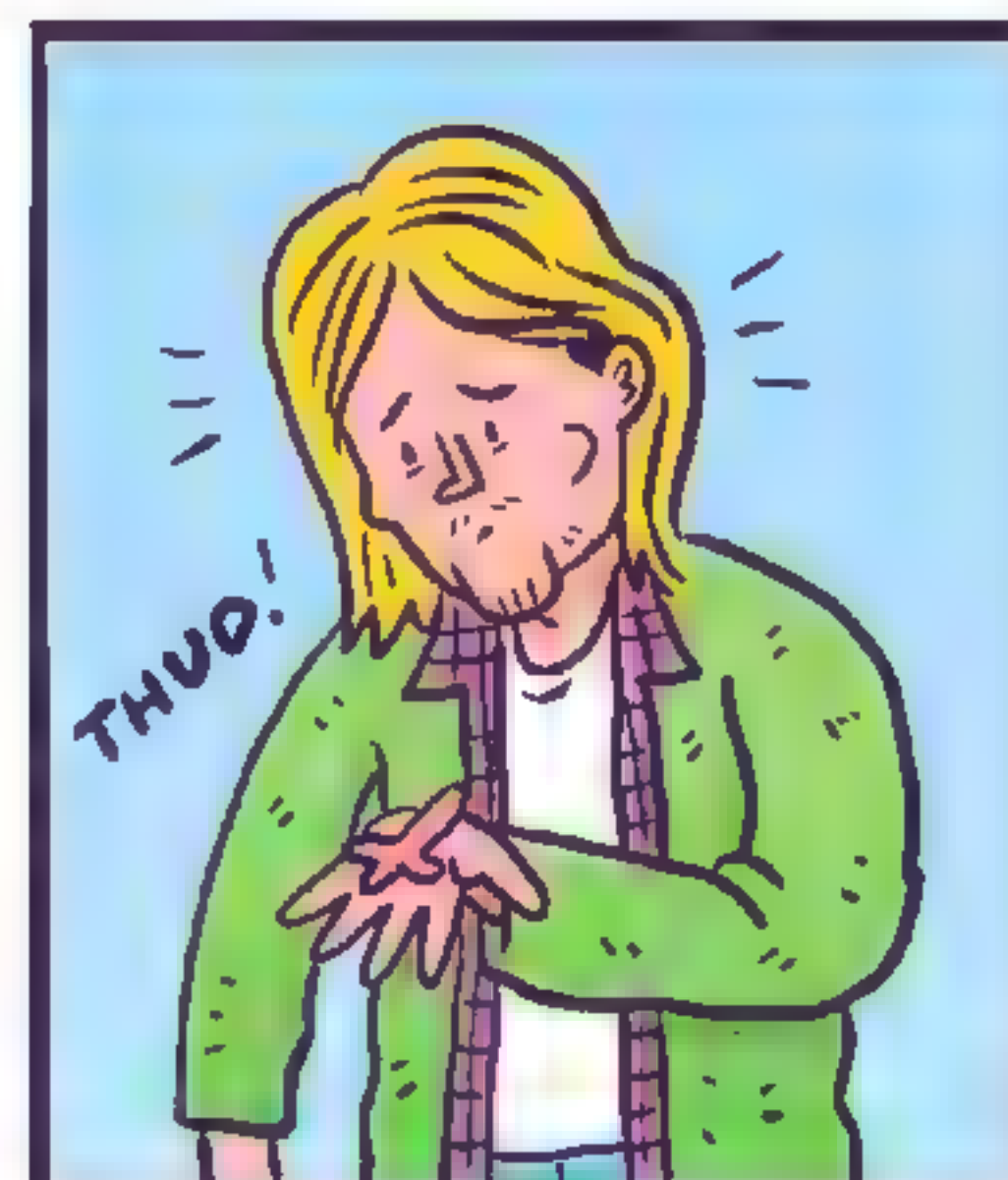
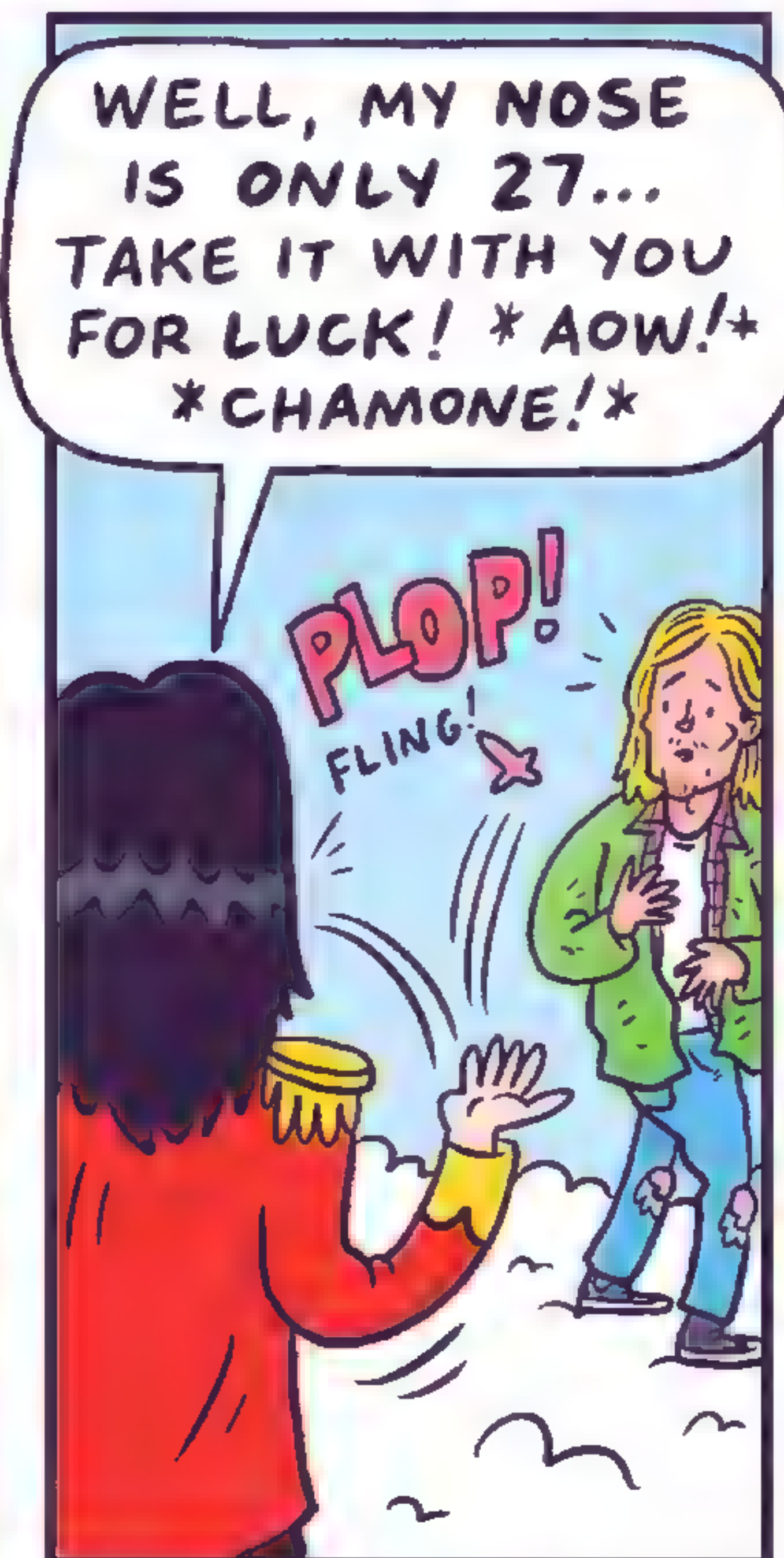
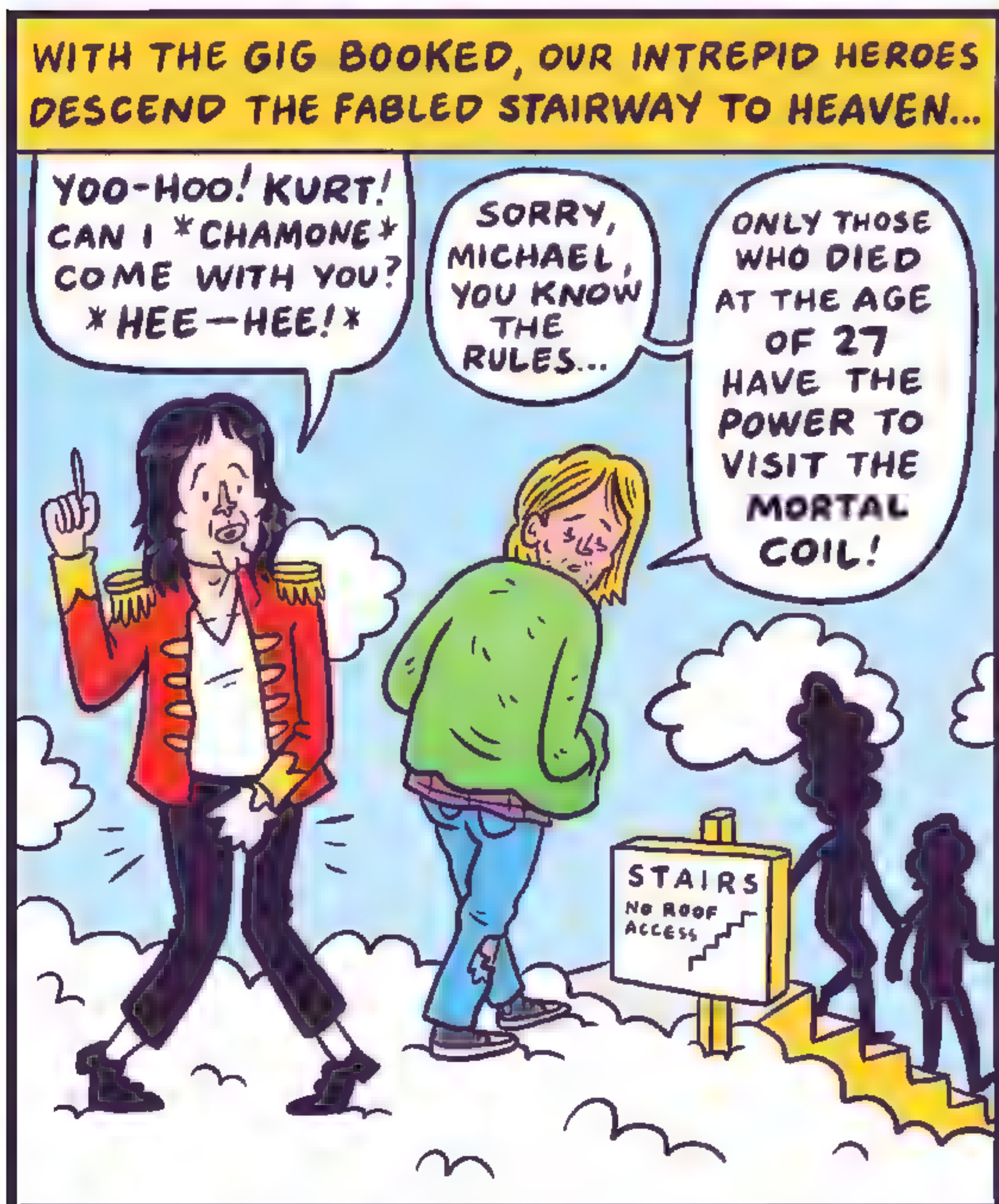
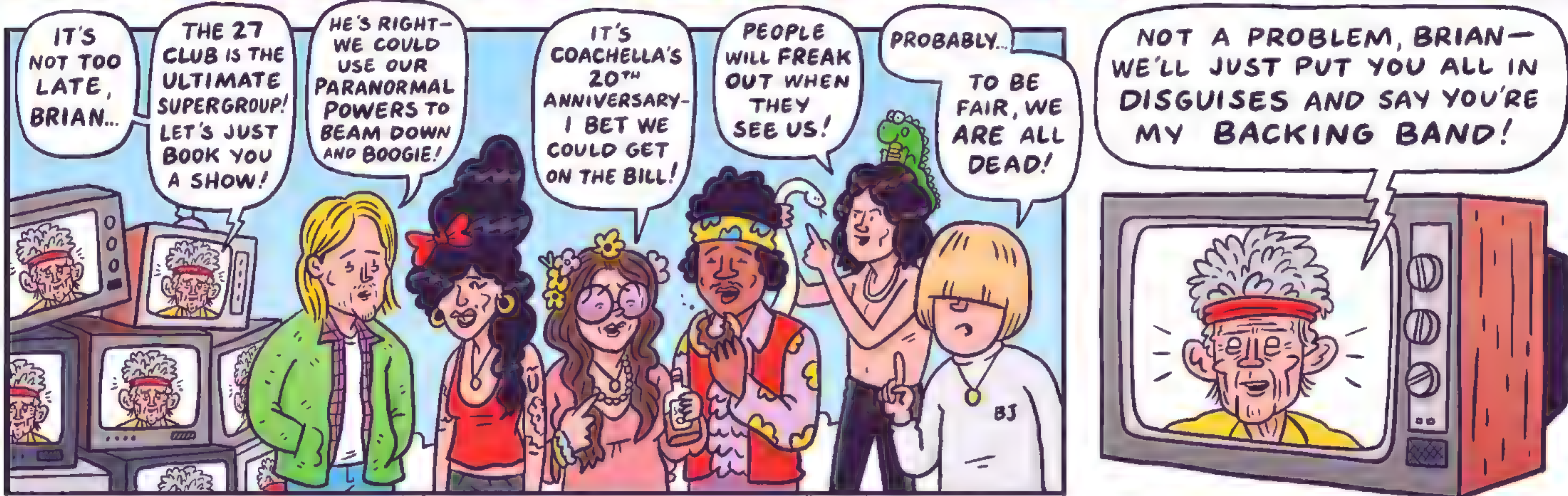
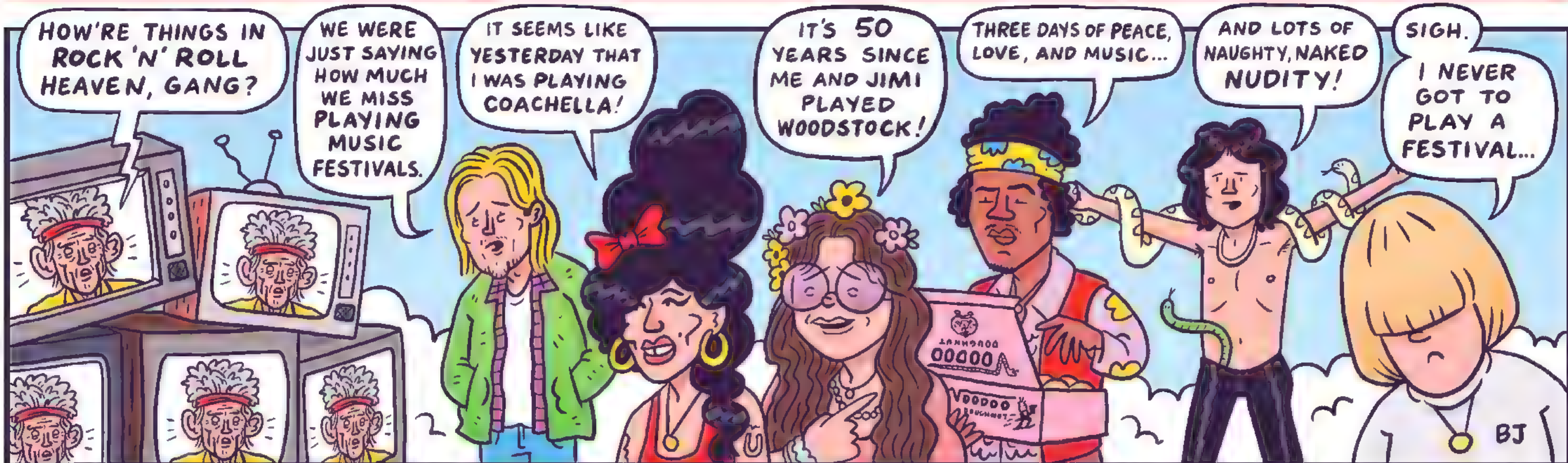
BRIAN



ROBERT

THE CELESTIAL CADRES COACHELLA CAPER!

BY LUKE MCGARRY



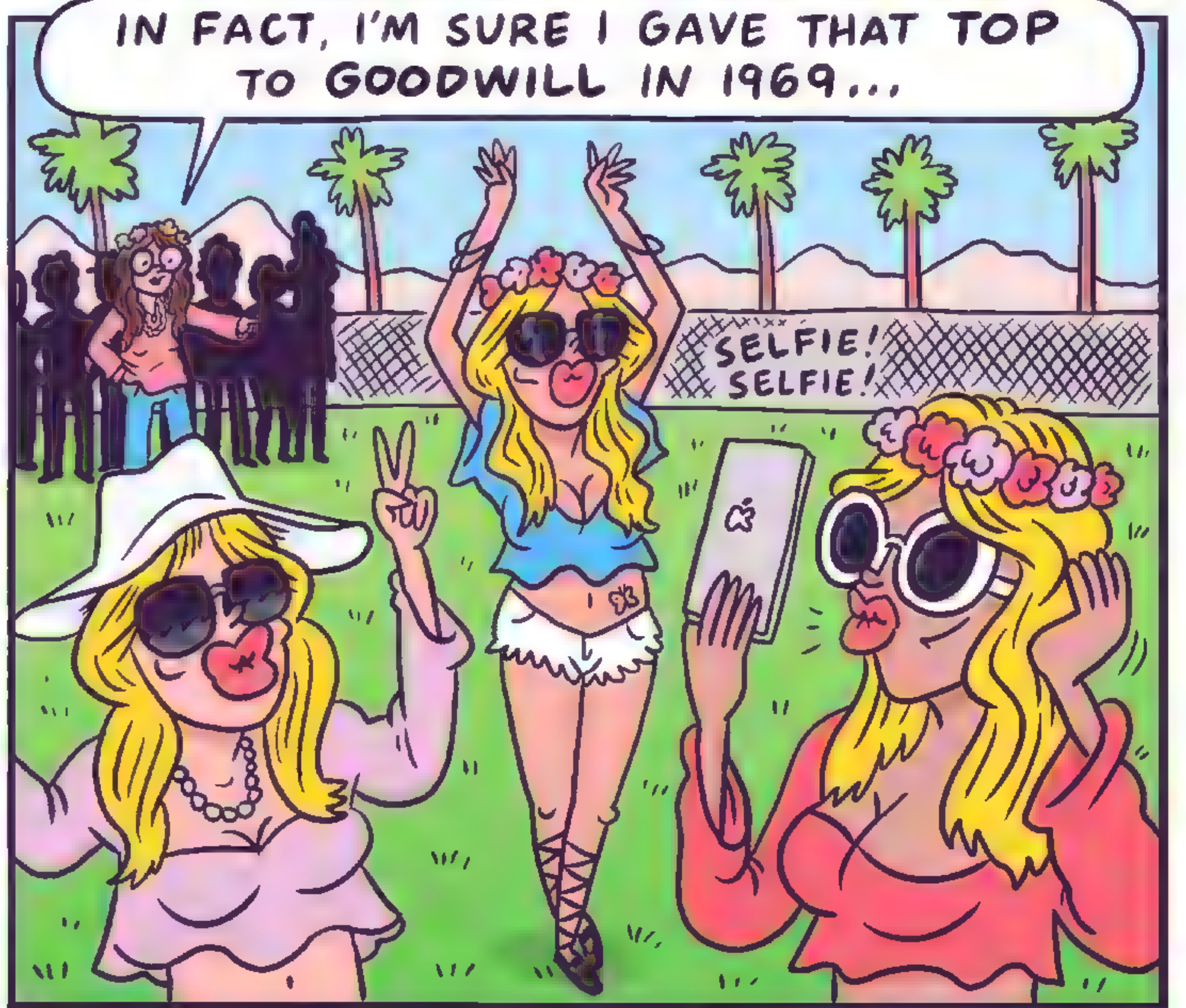
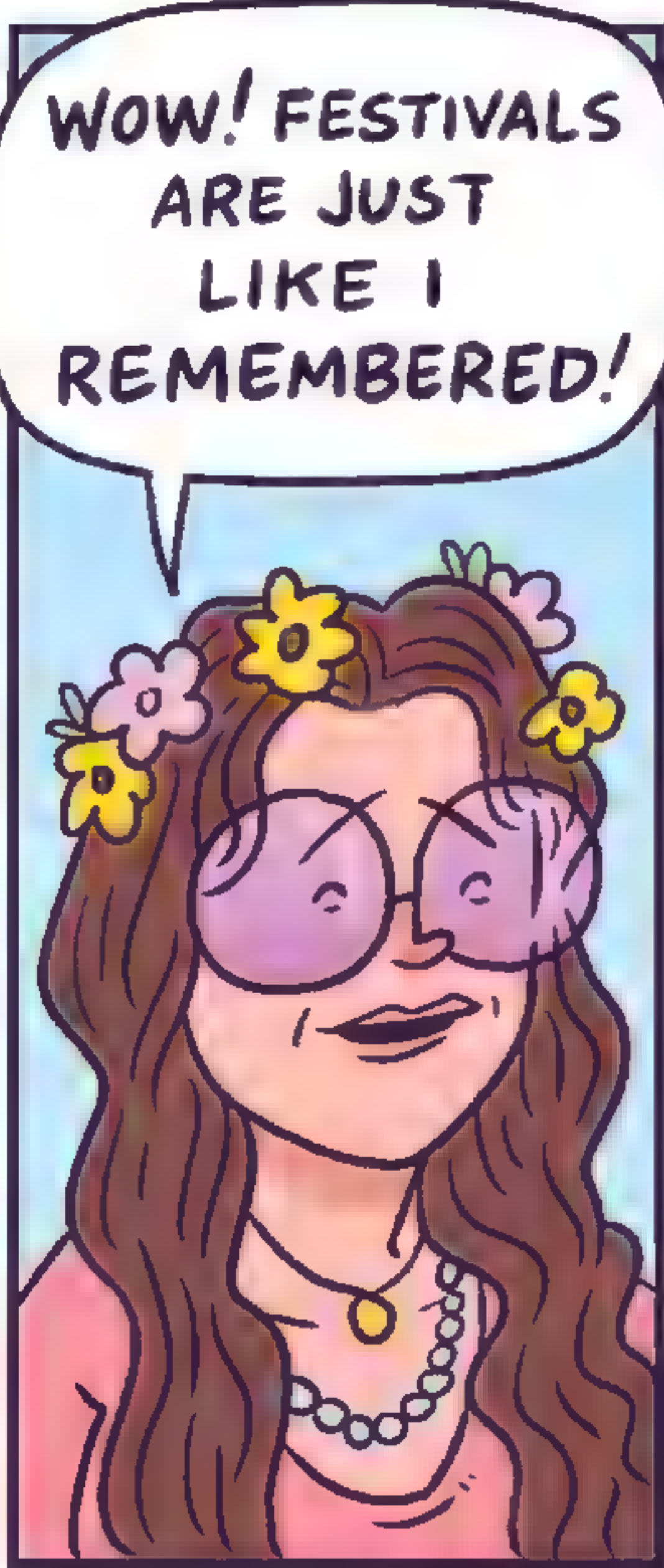
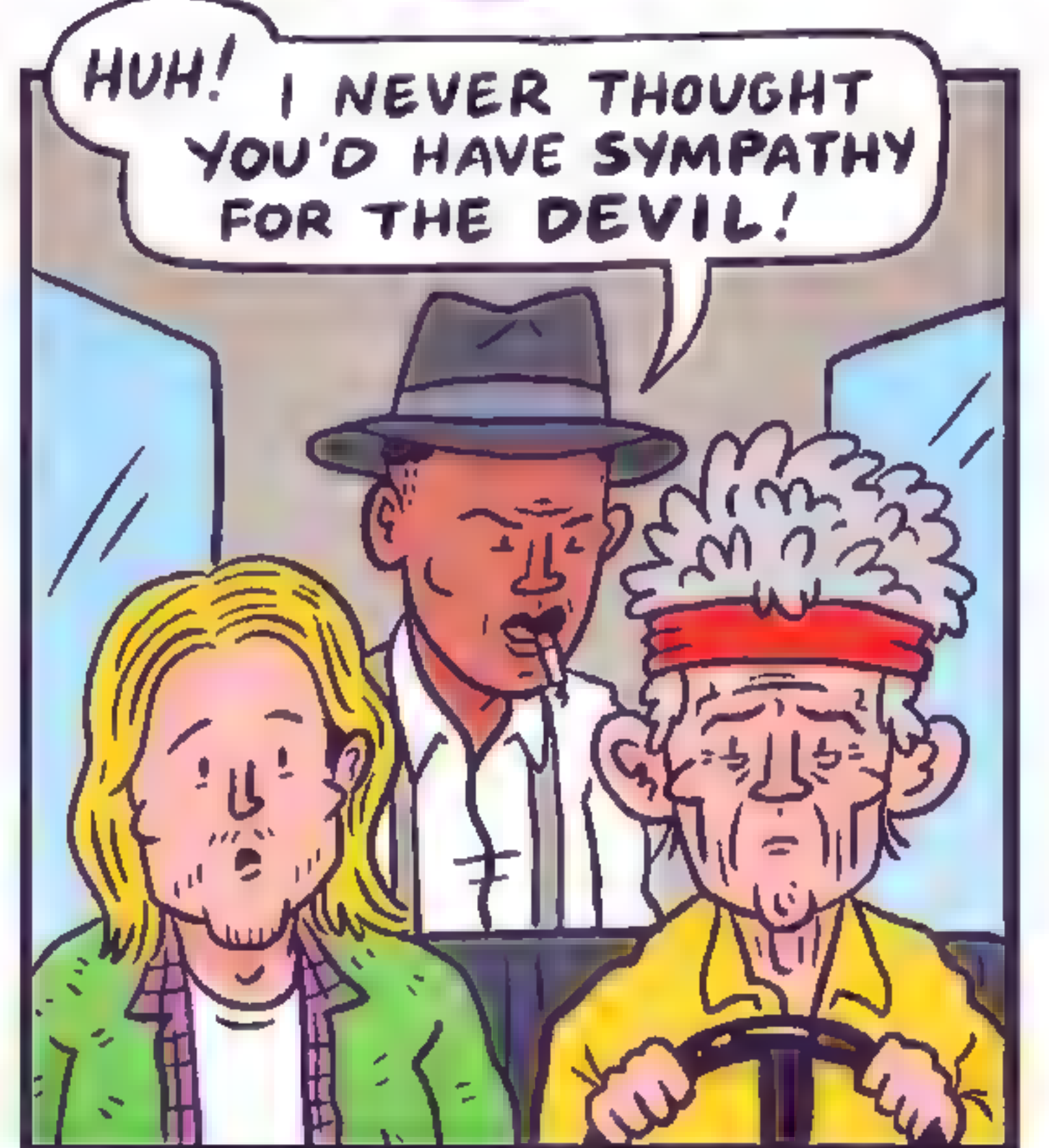
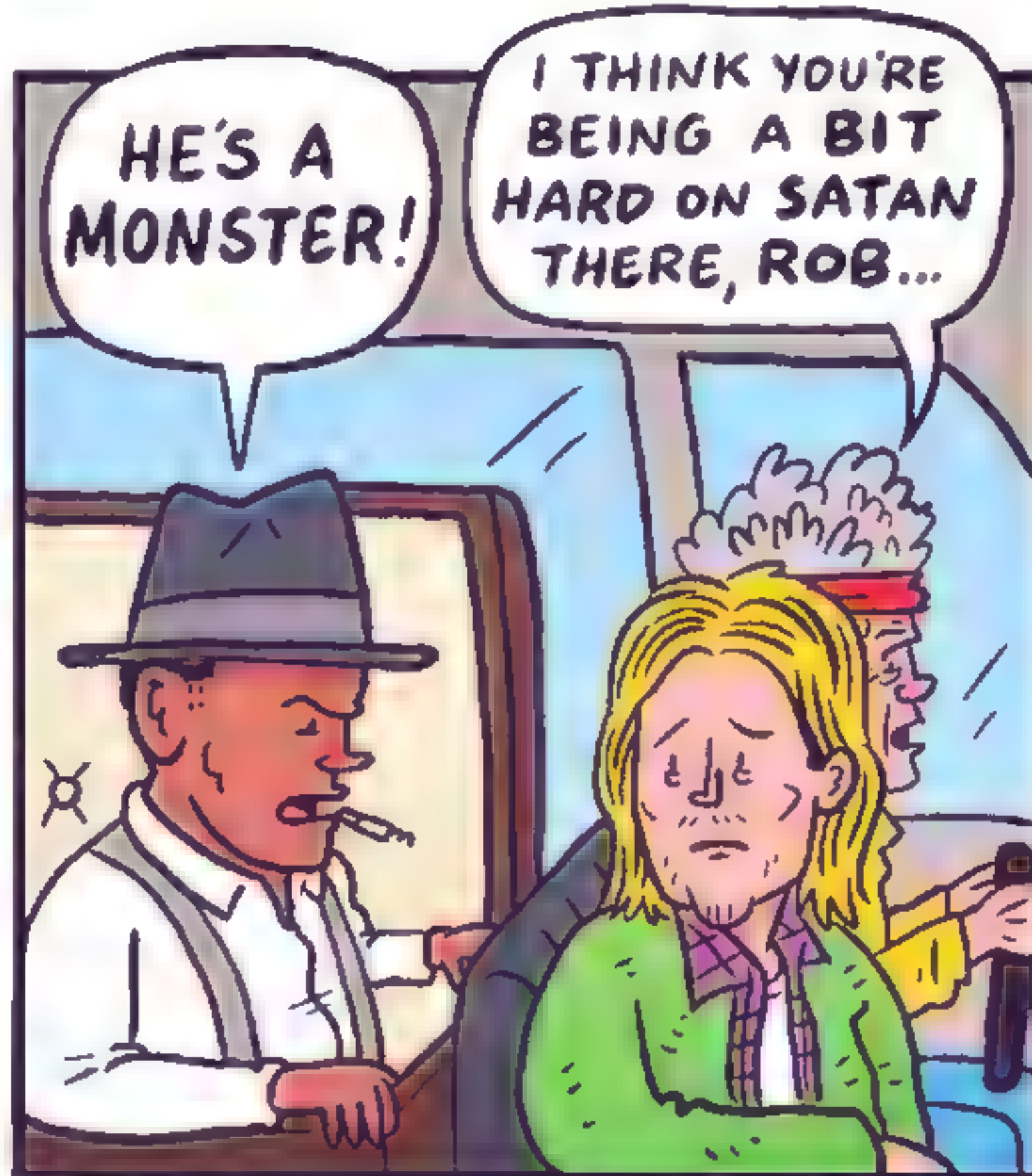
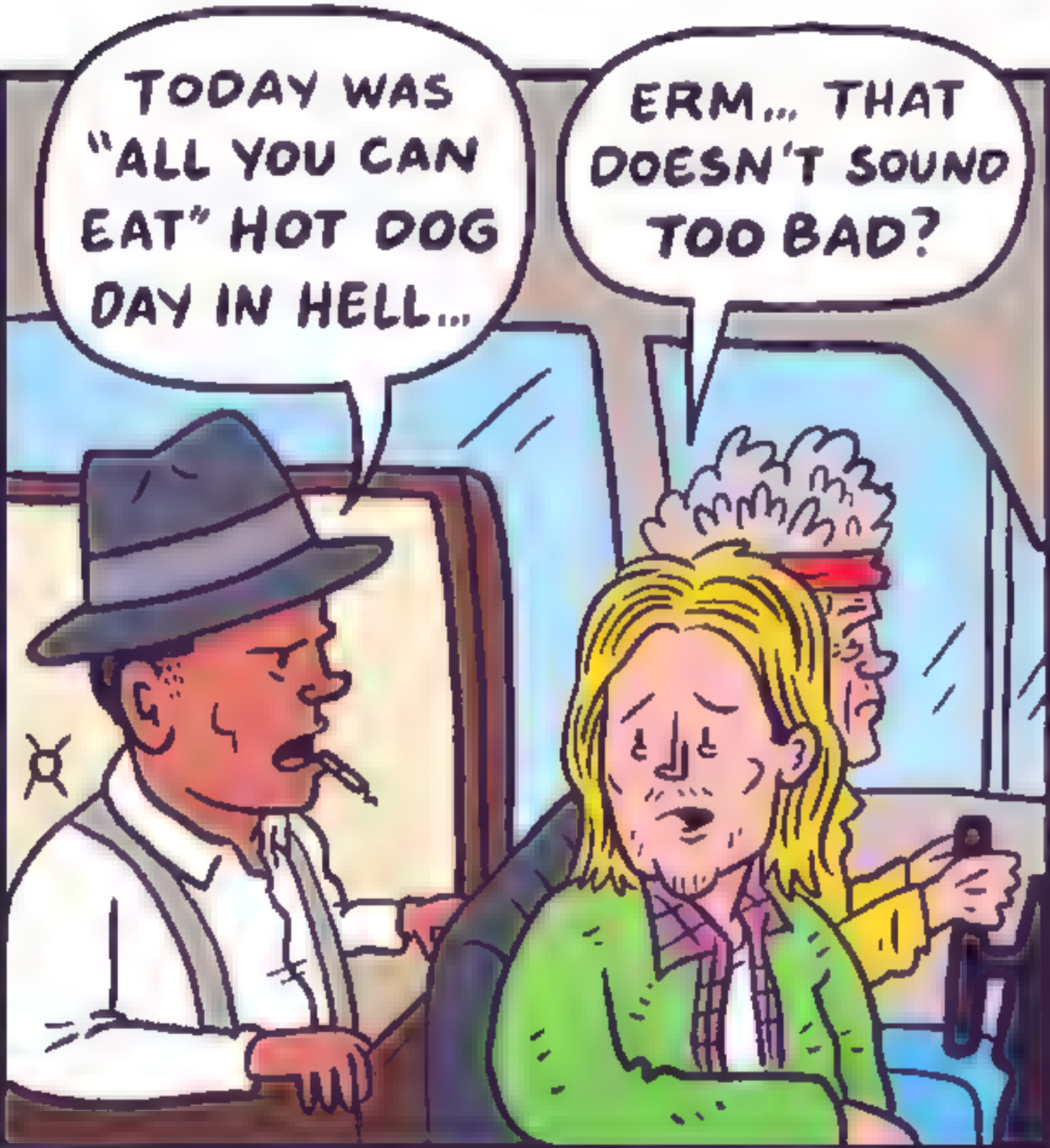
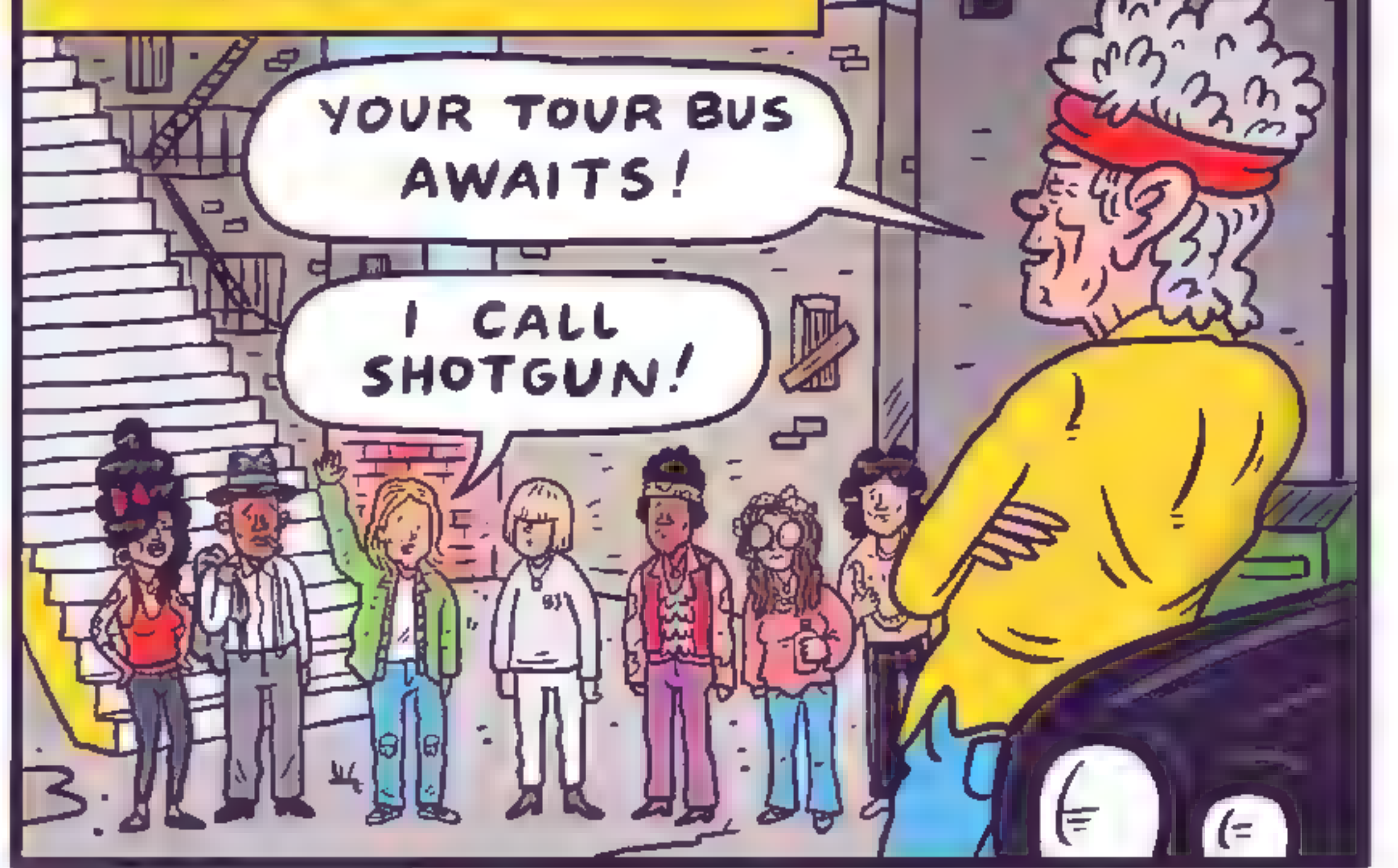
A SLIGHT DETOUR TO PICK UP ROBERT JOHNSON...

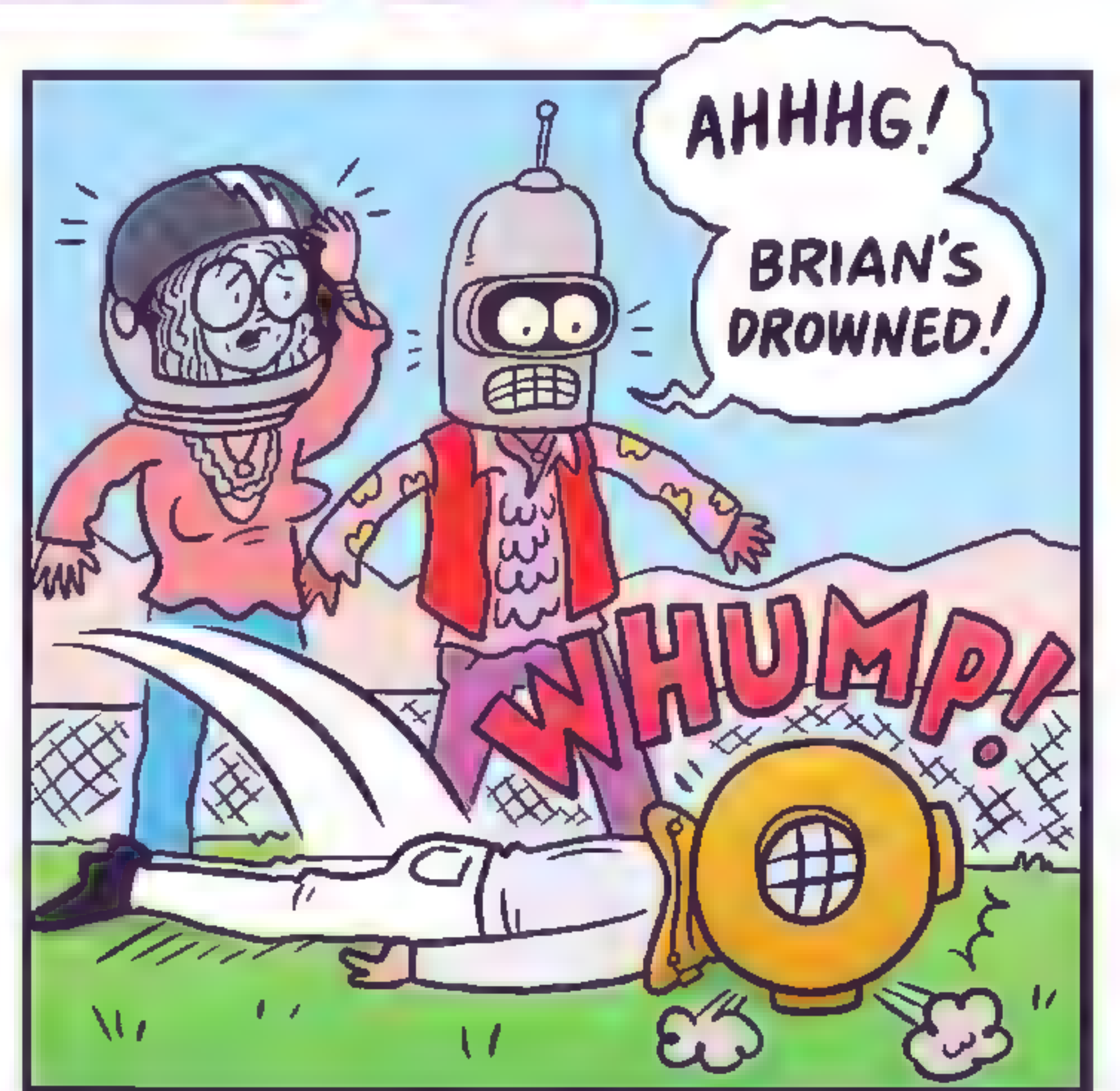
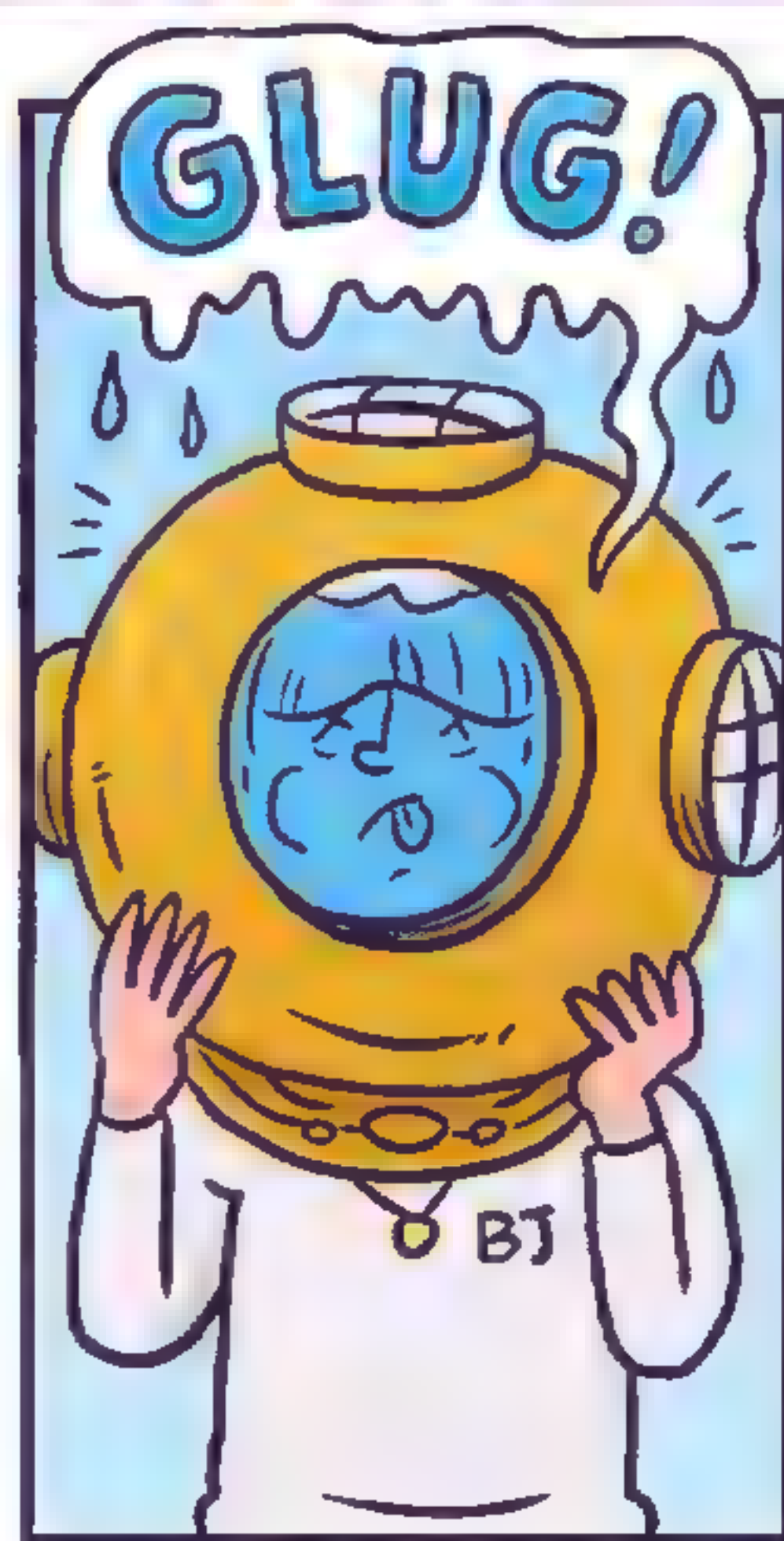
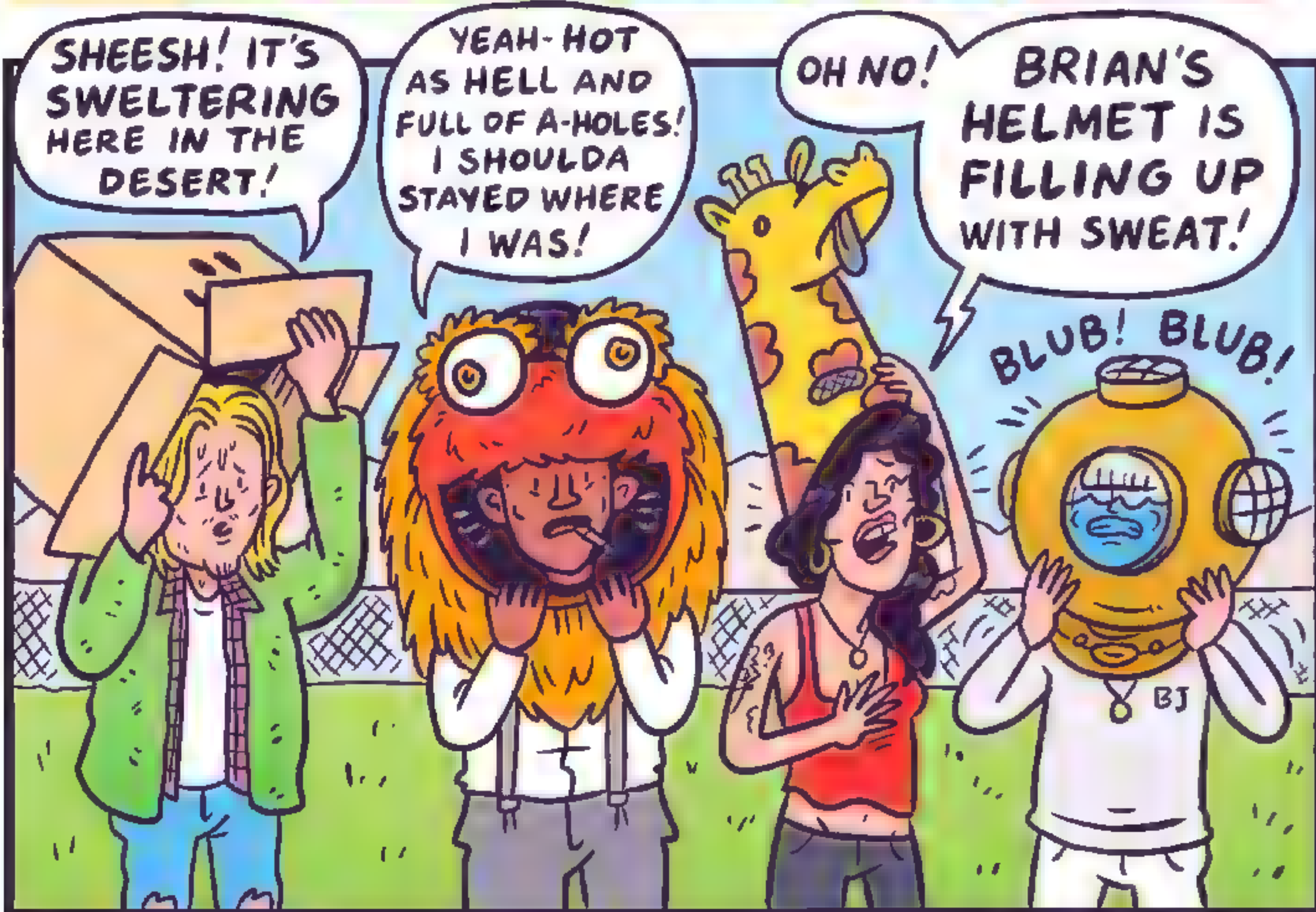
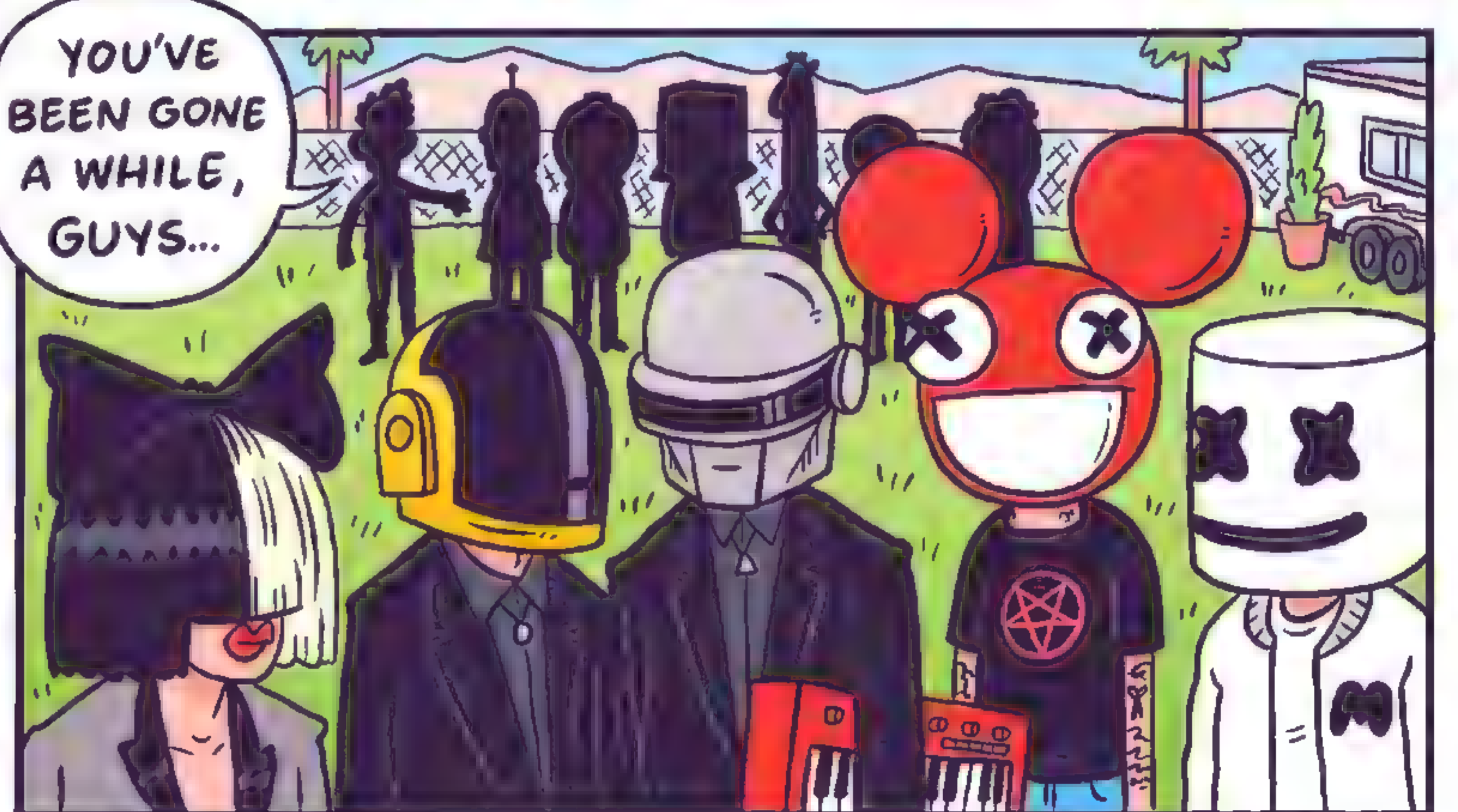
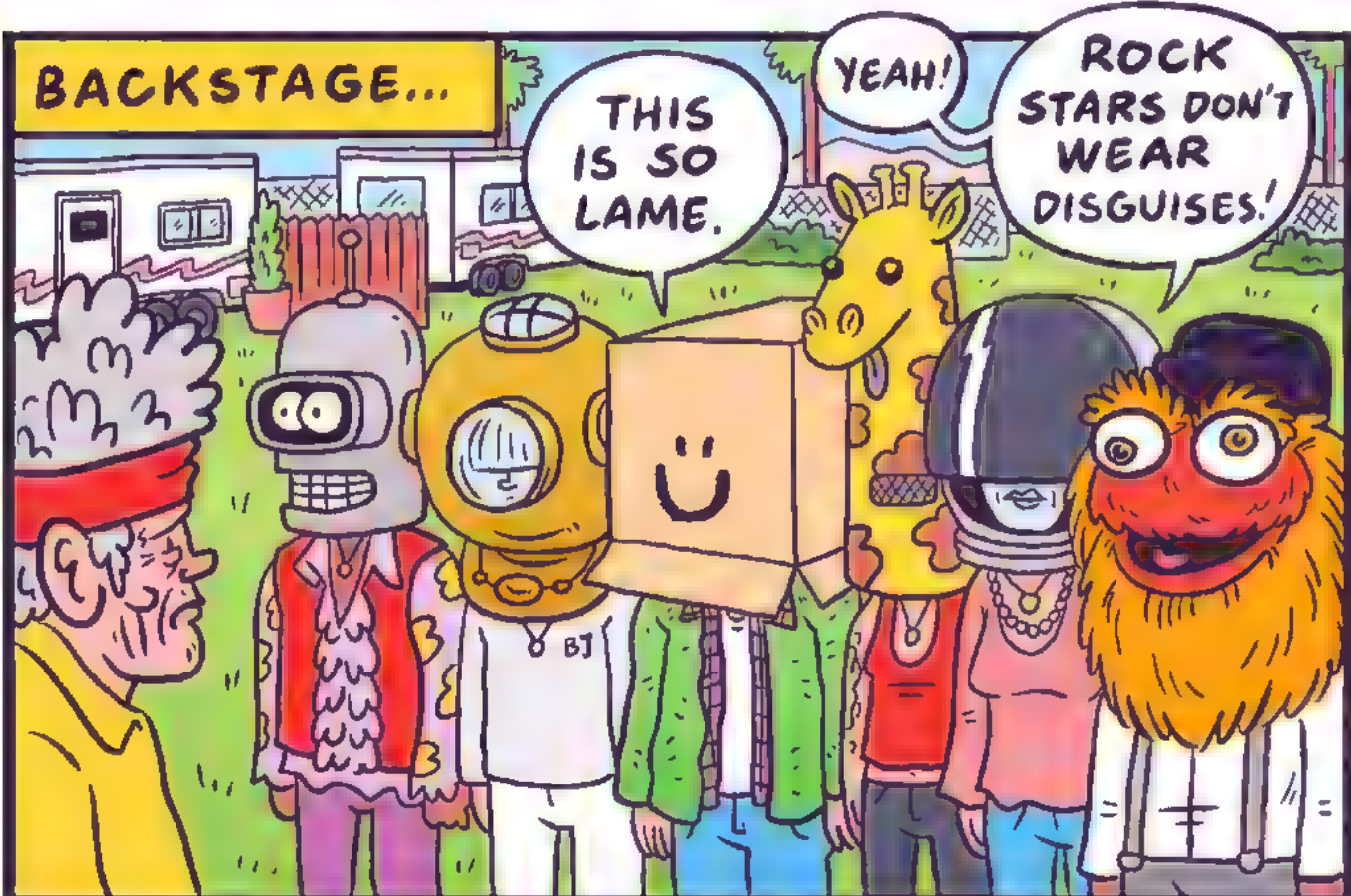
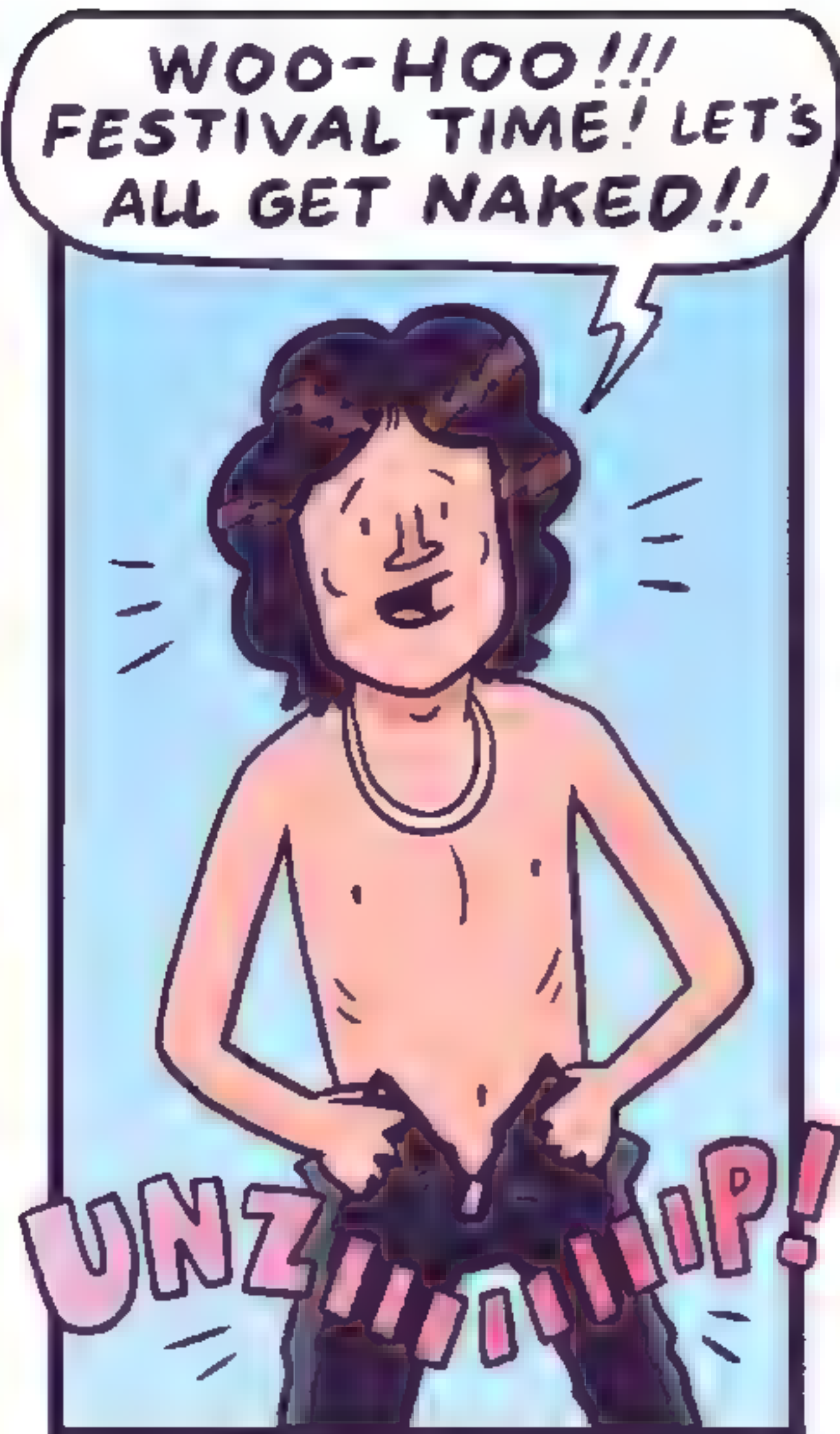


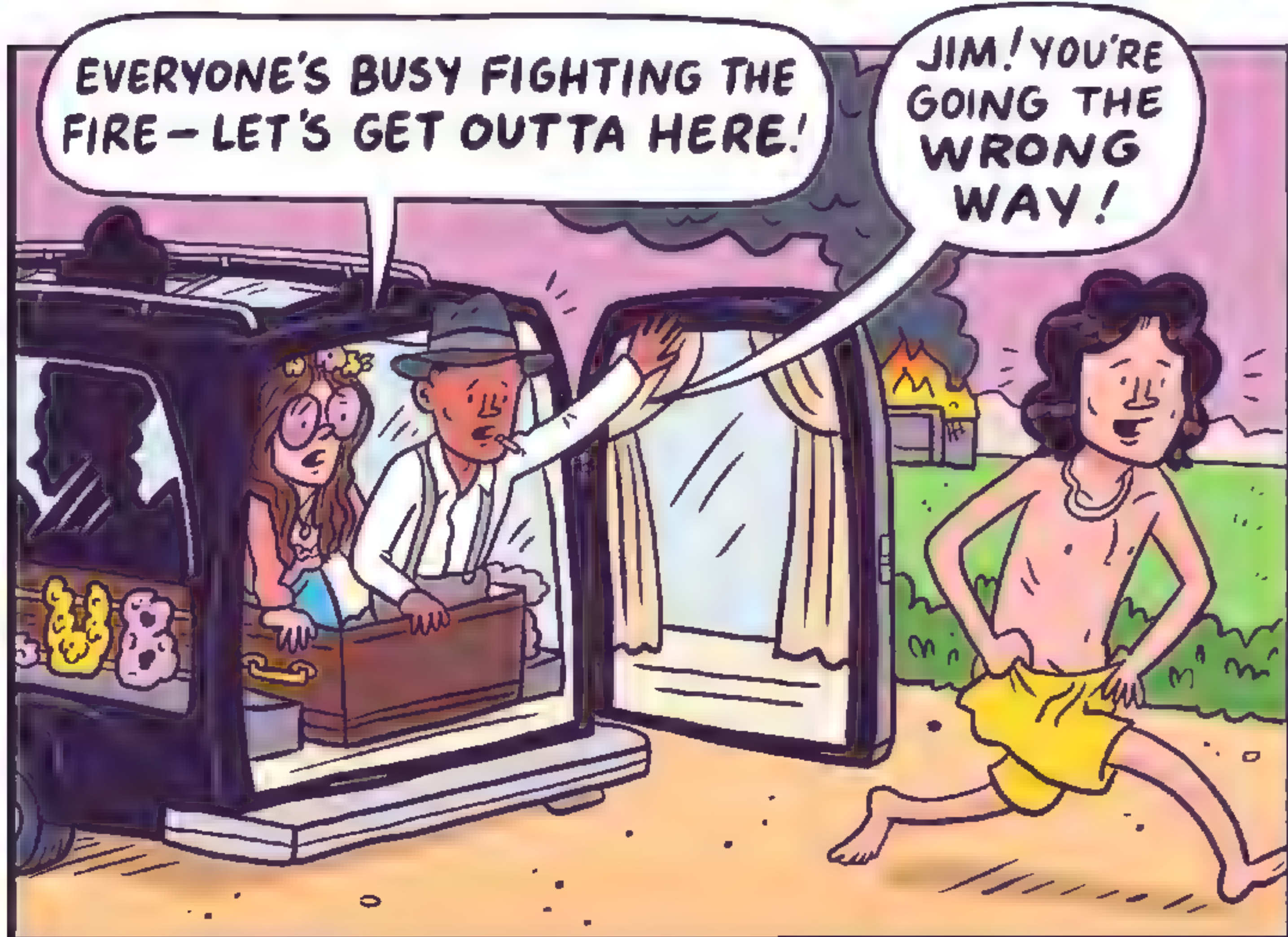
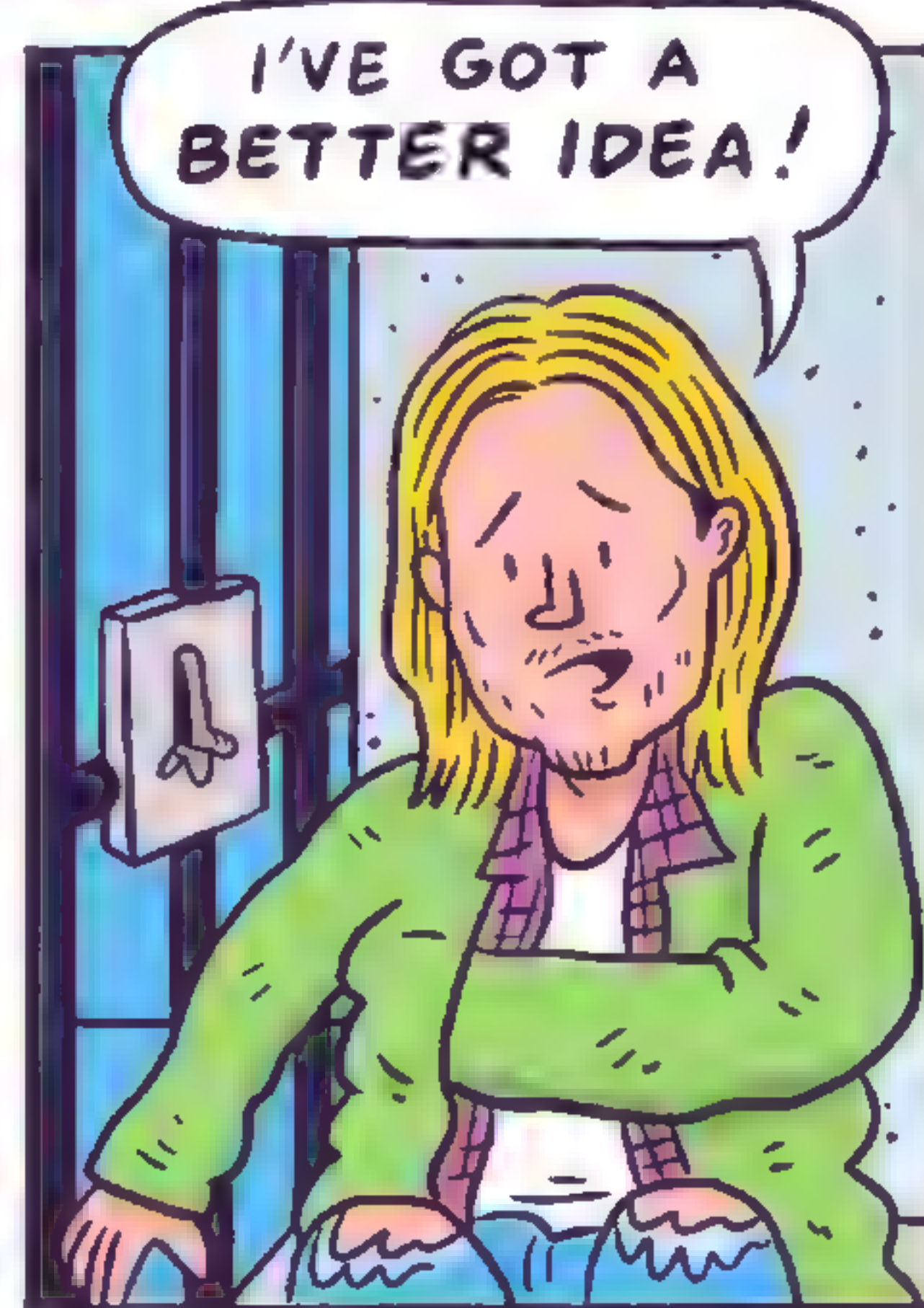
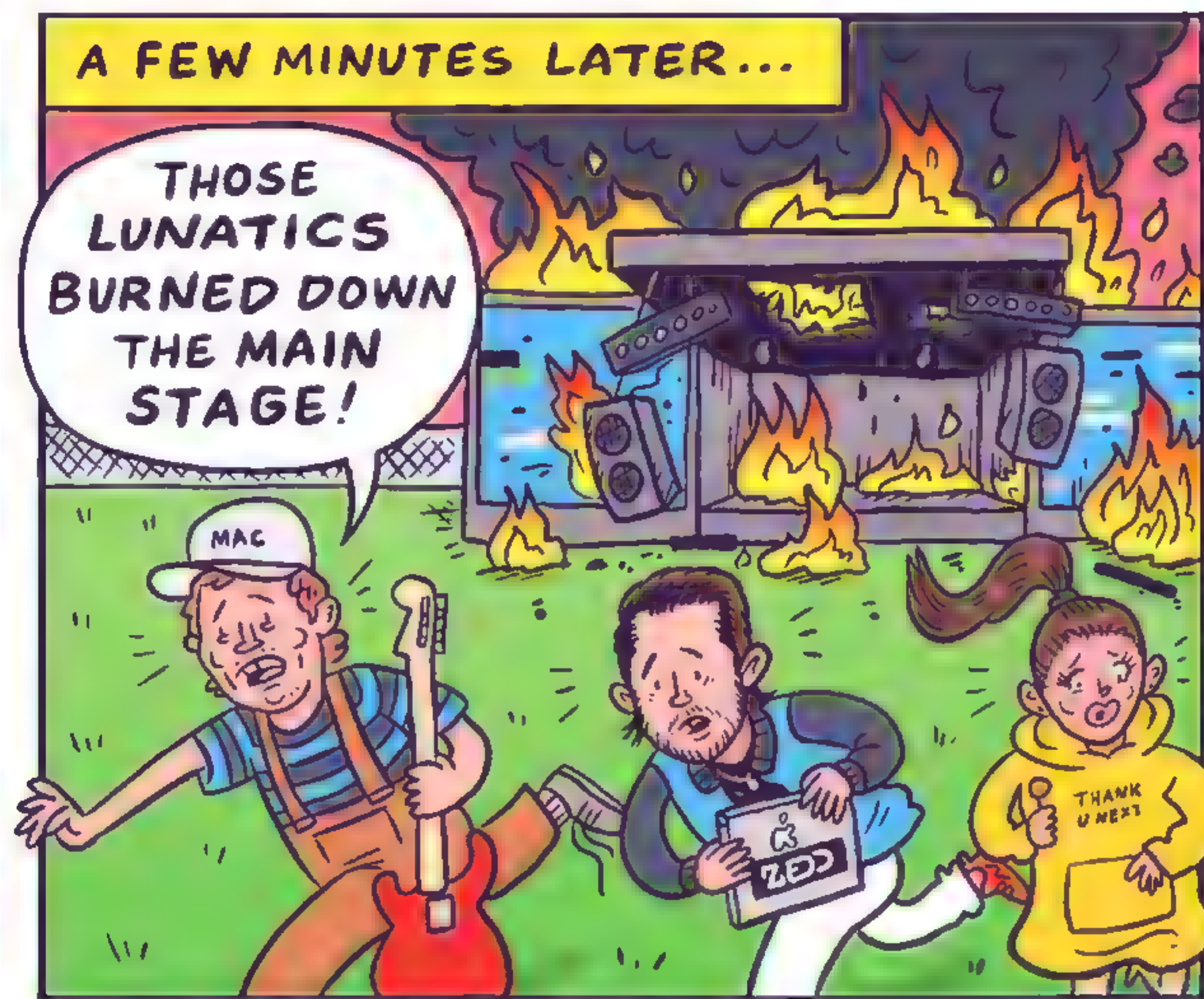
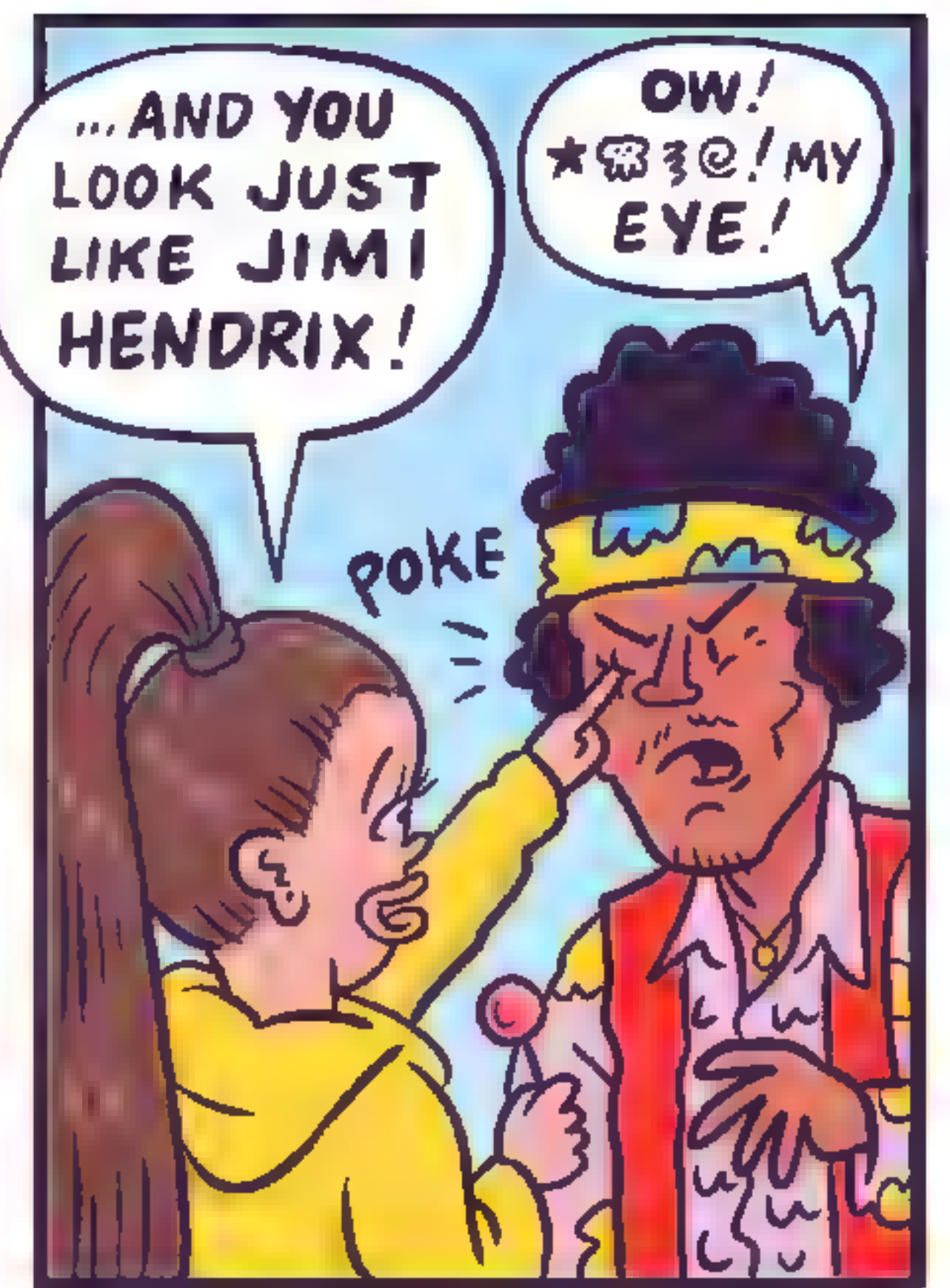
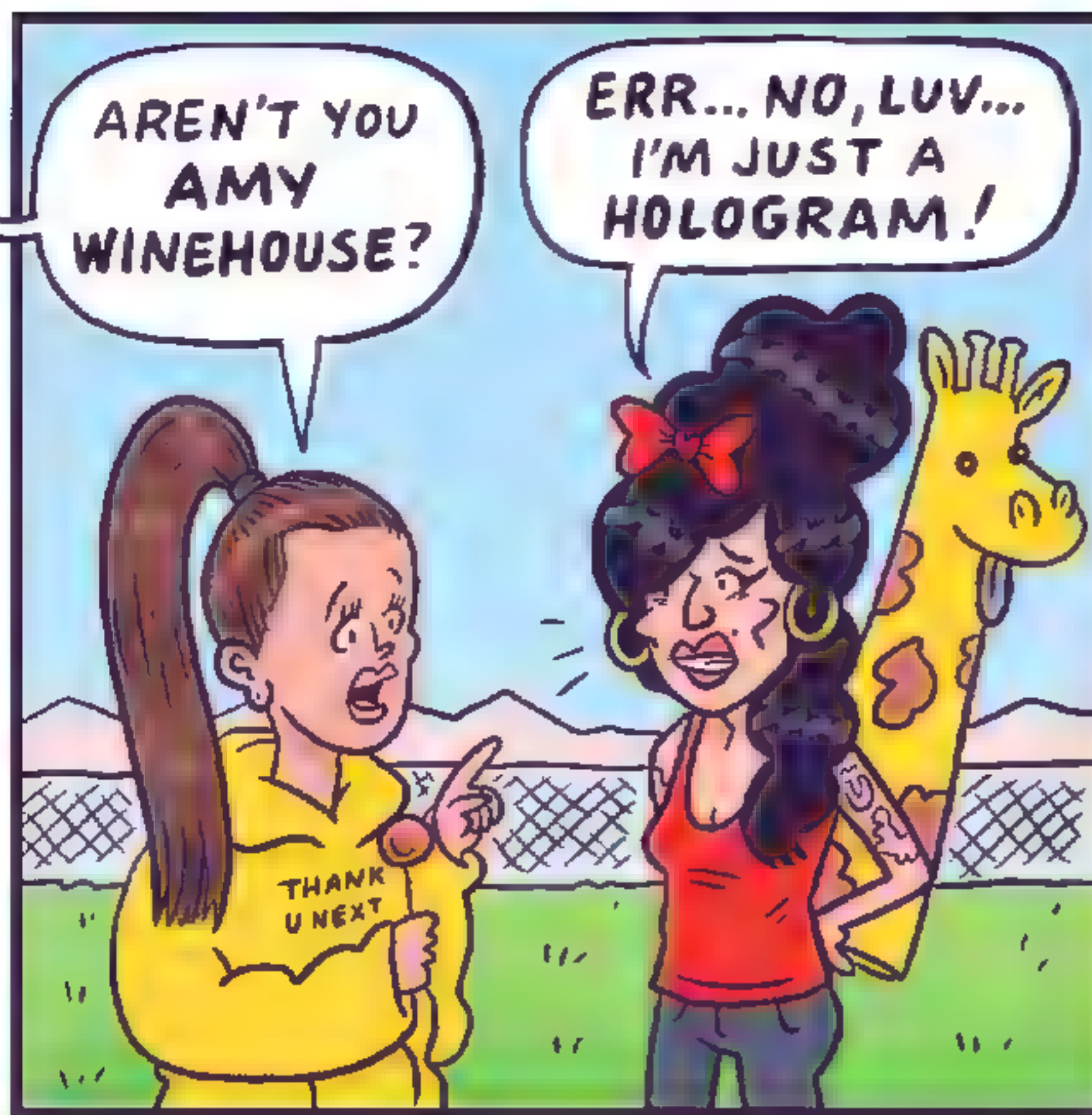
... SOMETIMES I WISH I'D NEVER SOLD MY SOUL TO THE DEVIL!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...







THE END.

SHAZAM! FUNNIES

WRITER & ARTIST KERRY CALLEN

STUPID
HARMFUL
ASININE
ZZZ-INDUCING
APPALLING
MAD-APPROVED!

SHAZNUTS



THE MIGHTIEST MORTAL SIDE



At that moment, the underworld learned to never make fun of Billy Batson's acne problem.

THE JUSTICE CIRCUS



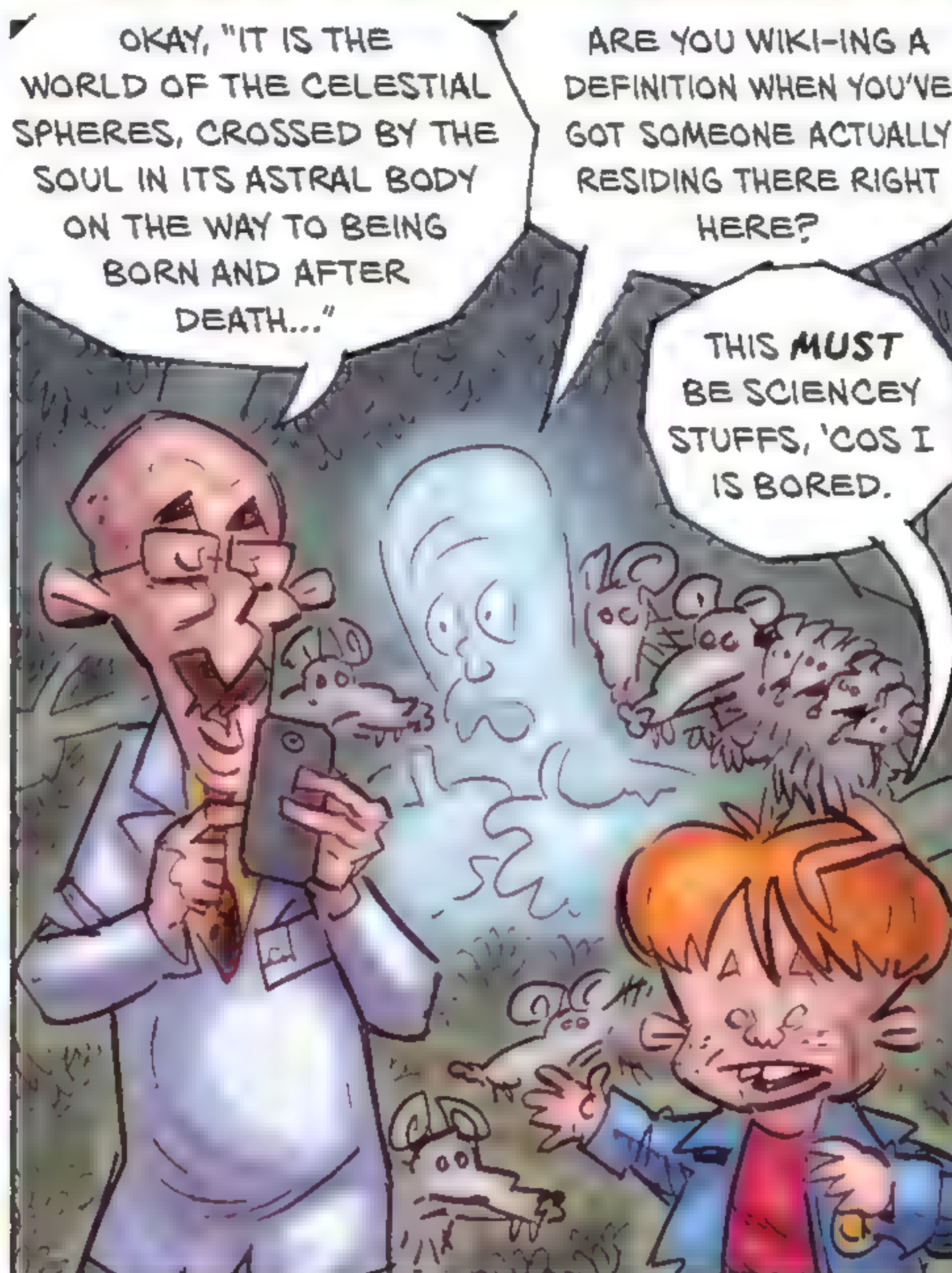
"Hey! Who's the careless slob who was looking at Catwoman files and spilled cola?"

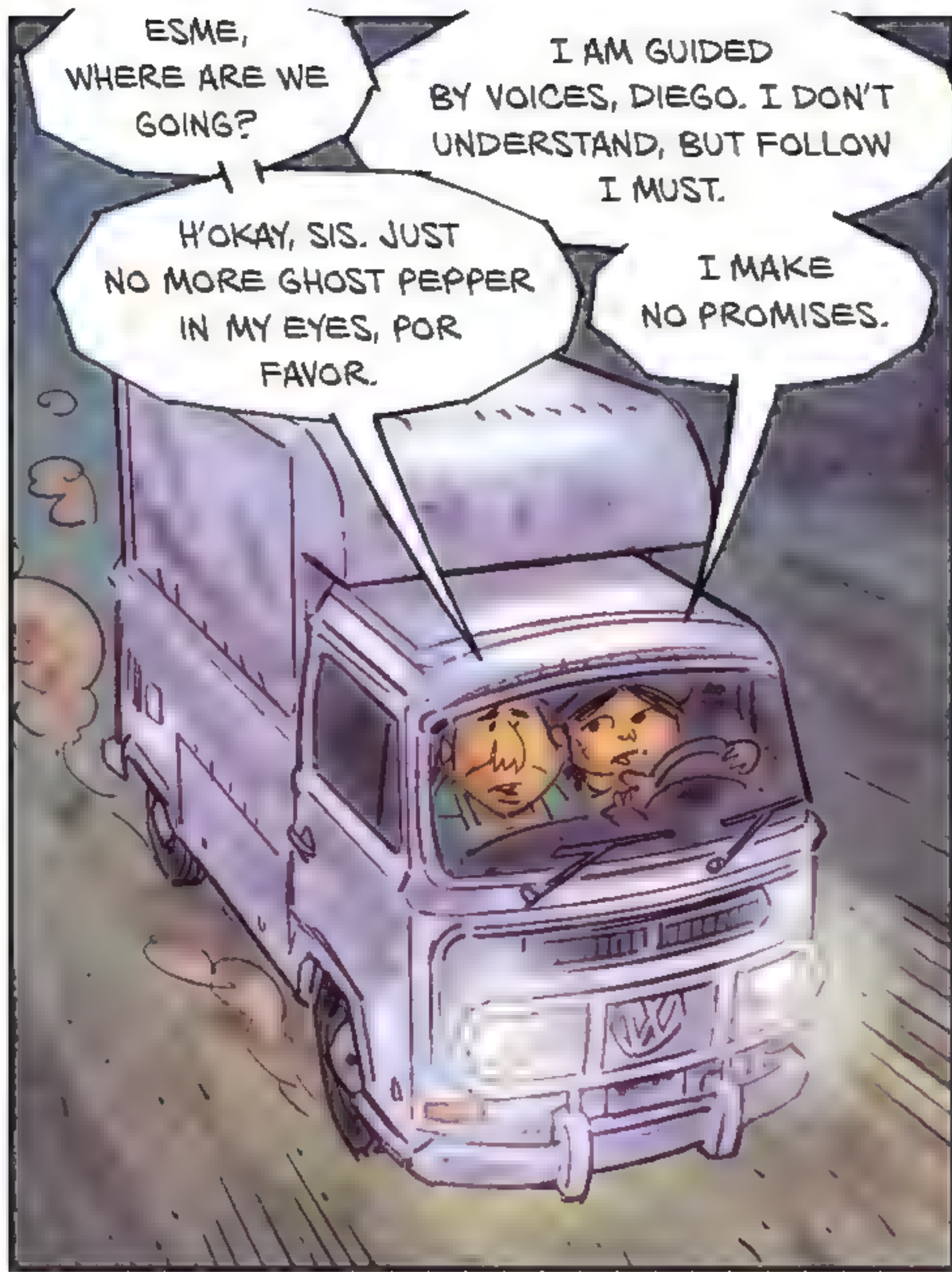
BILLY AND TAWNY



LUKEY & MUKEY

ABANDONED DURING A FIELD TRIP, YOUNG LUKEY MUENSTER ENLISTED DR. FREDERICK "HOT PEPPER" OBIDIAH TO GET HIM HOME. WHILE STRANDED ON A COUNTRY ROAD, DR. OBIDIAH INADVERTENTLY MENTIONED A FORMER ASSOCIATE NAMED GASPAR, THEN TRIED TO COVER UP HIS GAFFE. MEANWHILE, THE VOOGANS' TRAVEL DYNAMICS DETERIORATED FURTHER AS THEY NEARED EARTH. WE MET ESME AND DIEGO, FOOD TRUCK CHEFS. ESME'S BRAIN HAS BEEN ITCHING AS A RESULT OF INTERSTELLAR PROBING WAVES (FROM GUESS WHO). AND MUKEY HECKLED A STAND-UP COMIC, WHICH WON HIM AN INSTANT CULT. PHEW! THESE RECAPS ARE EXHAUSTING!



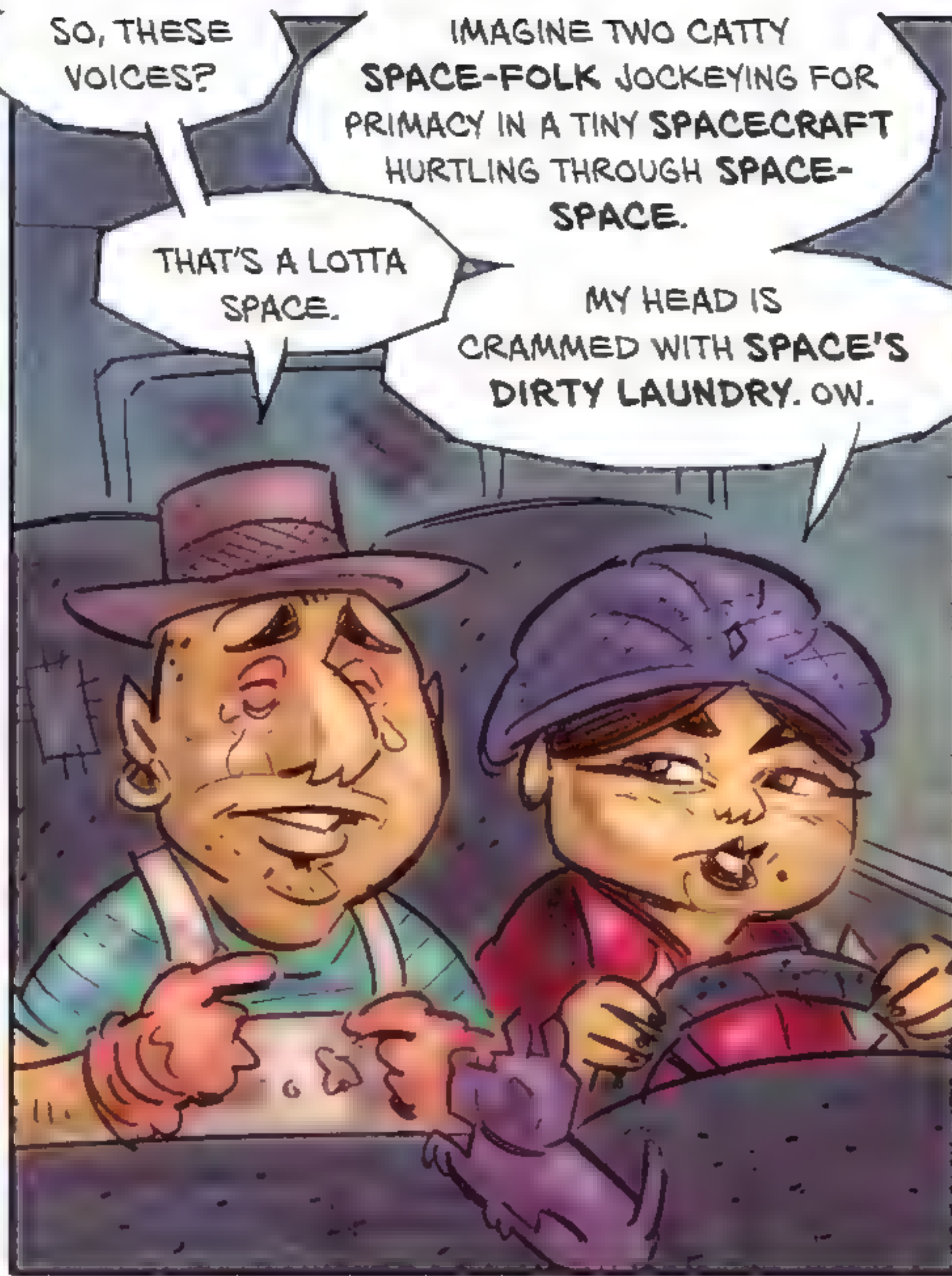


ESME,
WHERE ARE WE
GOING?

I AM GUIDED
BY VOICES, DIEGO. I DON'T
UNDERSTAND, BUT FOLLOW
I MUST.

H'OKAY, SIS. JUST
NO MORE GHOST PEPPER
IN MY EYES, POR
FAVOR.

I MAKE
NO PROMISES.



SO, THESE
VOICES?

THAT'S A LOTTA
SPACE.

IMAGINE TWO CATTY
SPACE-FOLK JOCKEYING FOR
PRIMACY IN A TINY SPACECRAFT
HURLING THROUGH SPACE-
SPACE.

MY HEAD IS
CRAMMED WITH SPACE'S
DIRTY LAUNDRY. OW.



MY POOR,
TORMENTED
SISTER. I--

AI-YI-YI!
MY EYE-EYE-
EYES!

I MADE NO
PROMISES. NOW, ONWARD.
I AM COMPELLED...

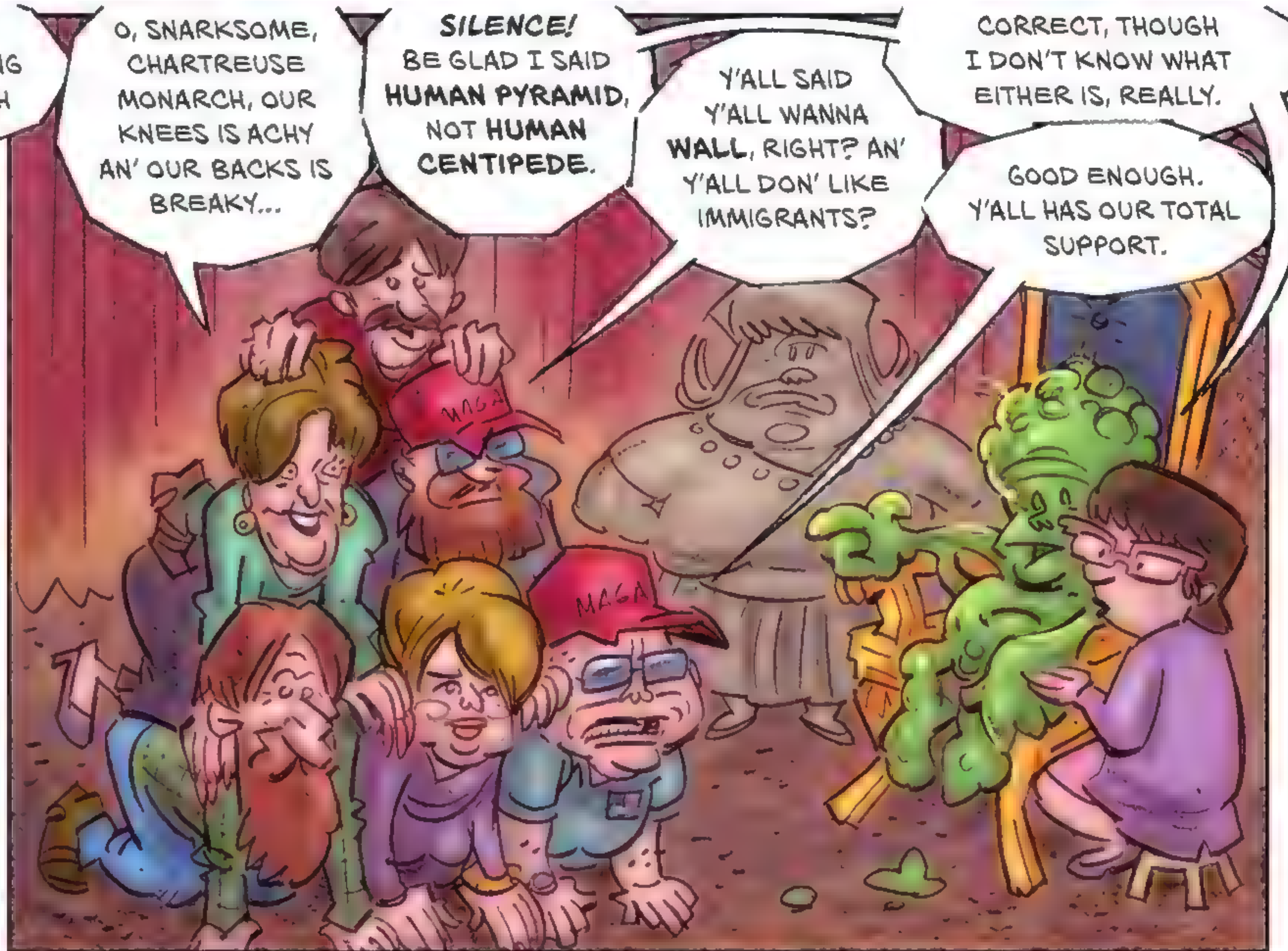
...SOUTH.



GLAD THE MANAGER COMPED
THIS SUITE AND ALL ITS PERKS, WHICH
I DESERVE. SOMEHOW, I'VE HAD A
ROUGH LIFE, EVEN THOUGH IT'S ONLY
BEEN 147 MINUTES SO FAR.

EXALTED AN' CHARISMATIC
GREEN ONE, NO NAILS IS MAKING
THIS MANICURE KINDA TOUGH
TO DO.

EXCUSES,
EXCUSES!



O, SNARKSOME,
CHARTREUSE
MONARCH, OUR
KNEES IS ACHY
AN' OUR BACKS IS
BREAKY...

SILENCE!
BE GLAD I SAID
HUMAN PYRAMID,
NOT HUMAN
CENTIPEDE.

Y'ALL SAID
Y'ALL WANNA
WALL, RIGHT? AN'
Y'ALL DON' LIKE
IMMIGRANTS?

CORRECT, THOUGH
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
EITHER IS, REALLY.

GOOD ENOUGH.
Y'ALL HAS OUR TOTAL
SUPPORT.



PLAP!

WHICH IS MORE
THAN I CAN SAY FOR
YOUR KNEES AND BACKS.
THIS CULT NEEDS
SHAPING UP.

OKAY, THEN, BACK TO
DICTATING MY MANIFESTO.
SAHEM:...

"ALL MUCUS IS EQUAL, BUT SOME
MUCUS IS MORE EQUAL THAN
OTHERS. ESPECIALLY SOMEONE
MADE ENTIRELY OF IT."

GENIUS!

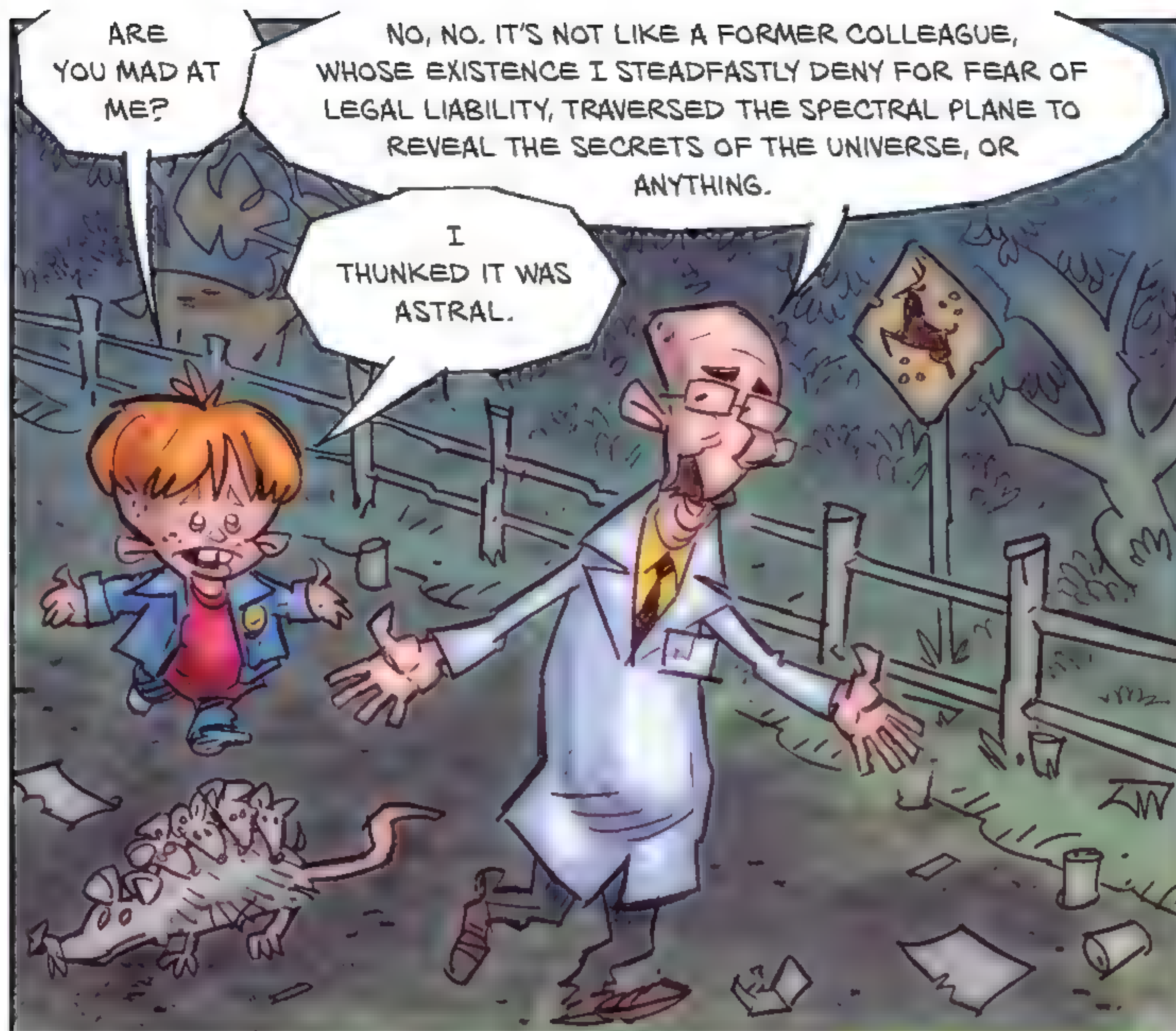


SNOT IS THE PERFECT
CONDUIT FOR OLFACTORY STIMULI.
FACT! I HAVE ALL THE BEST
FACTS!

ERGO: UGH! WHY DID I
ORDER ALL THIS FAST FOOD? IT SMELLS
LIKE WET PAPER BAGS AND FARTS.

FOR US,
MOST BENEFICENT
LEADER.

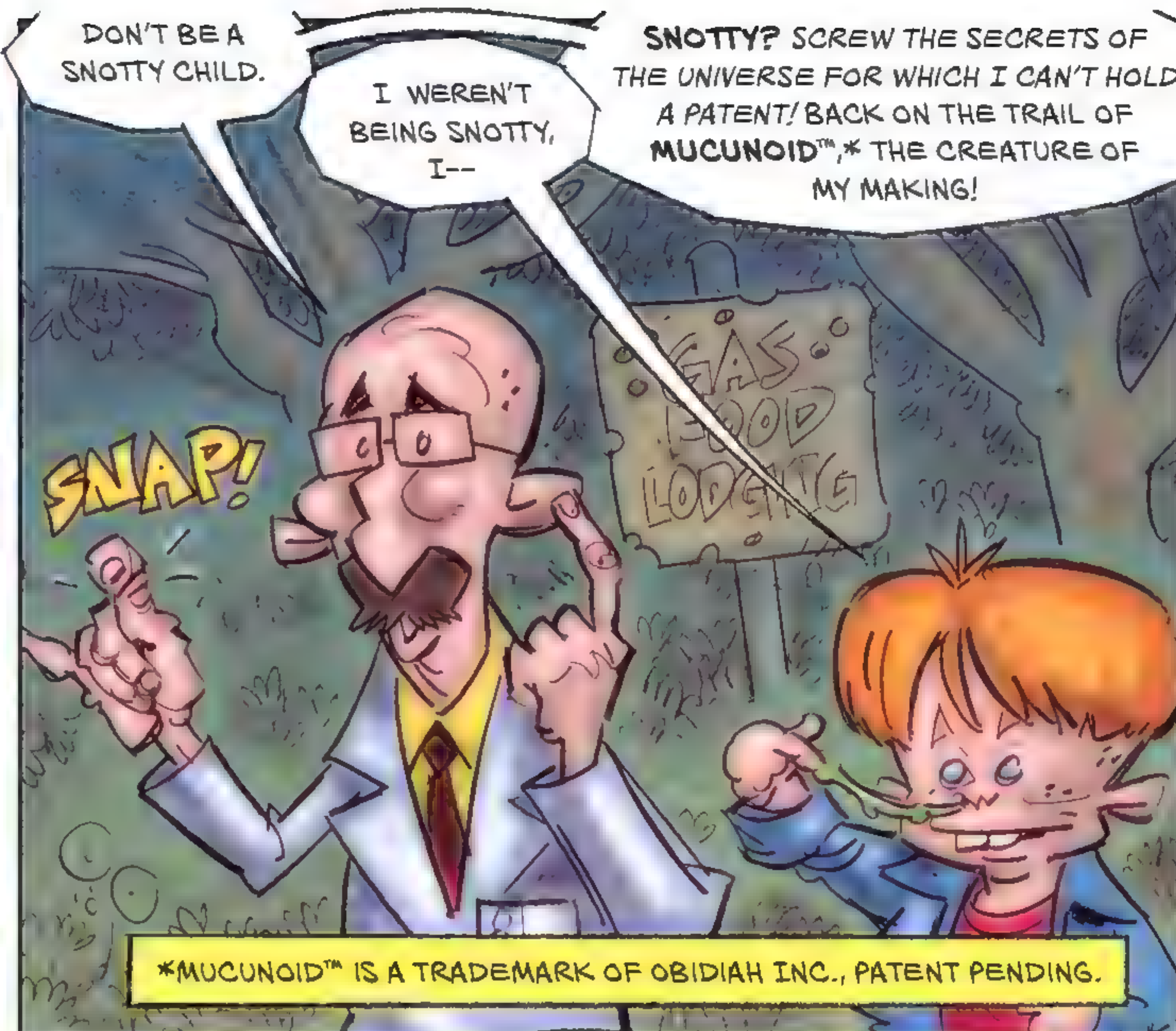
IT'S
TRUE-- I AM THE
GREATEST.



ARE YOU MAD AT ME?

NO, NO. IT'S NOT LIKE A FORMER COLLEAGUE, WHOSE EXISTENCE I STEADFASTLY DENY FOR FEAR OF LEGAL LIABILITY, TRAVERSED THE SPECTRAL PLANE TO REVEAL THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE, OR ANYTHING.

I THUNK IT WAS ASTRAL.



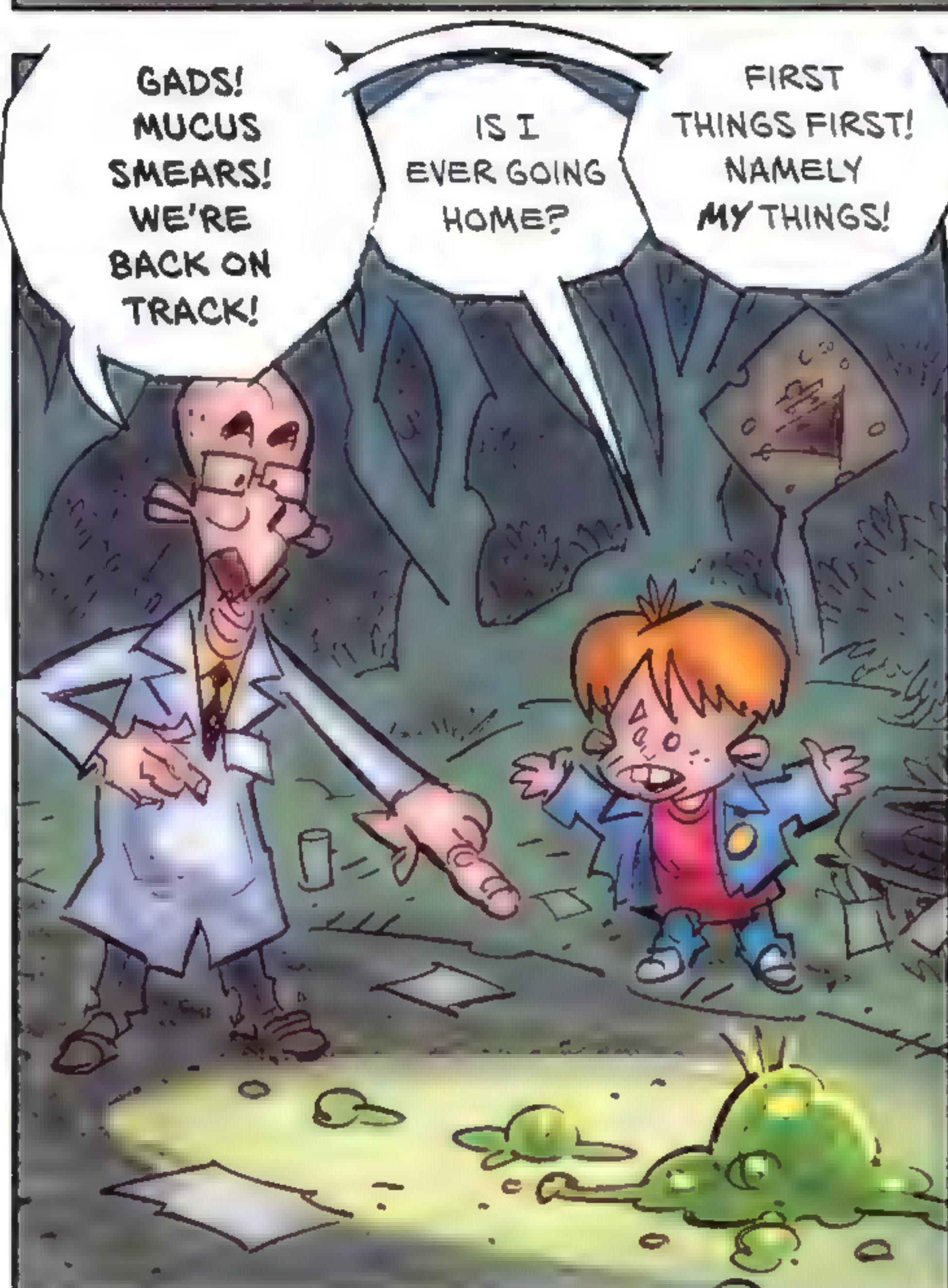
DON'T BE A SNOTTY CHILD.

I WEREN'T BEING SNOTTY, I--

SNOTTY? SCREW THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE FOR WHICH I CAN'T HOLD A PATENT! BACK ON THE TRAIL OF MUCUNOID™,* THE CREATURE OF MY MAKING!

SNAP!

*MUCUNOID™ IS A TRADEMARK OF OBIDIAH INC., PATENT PENDING.



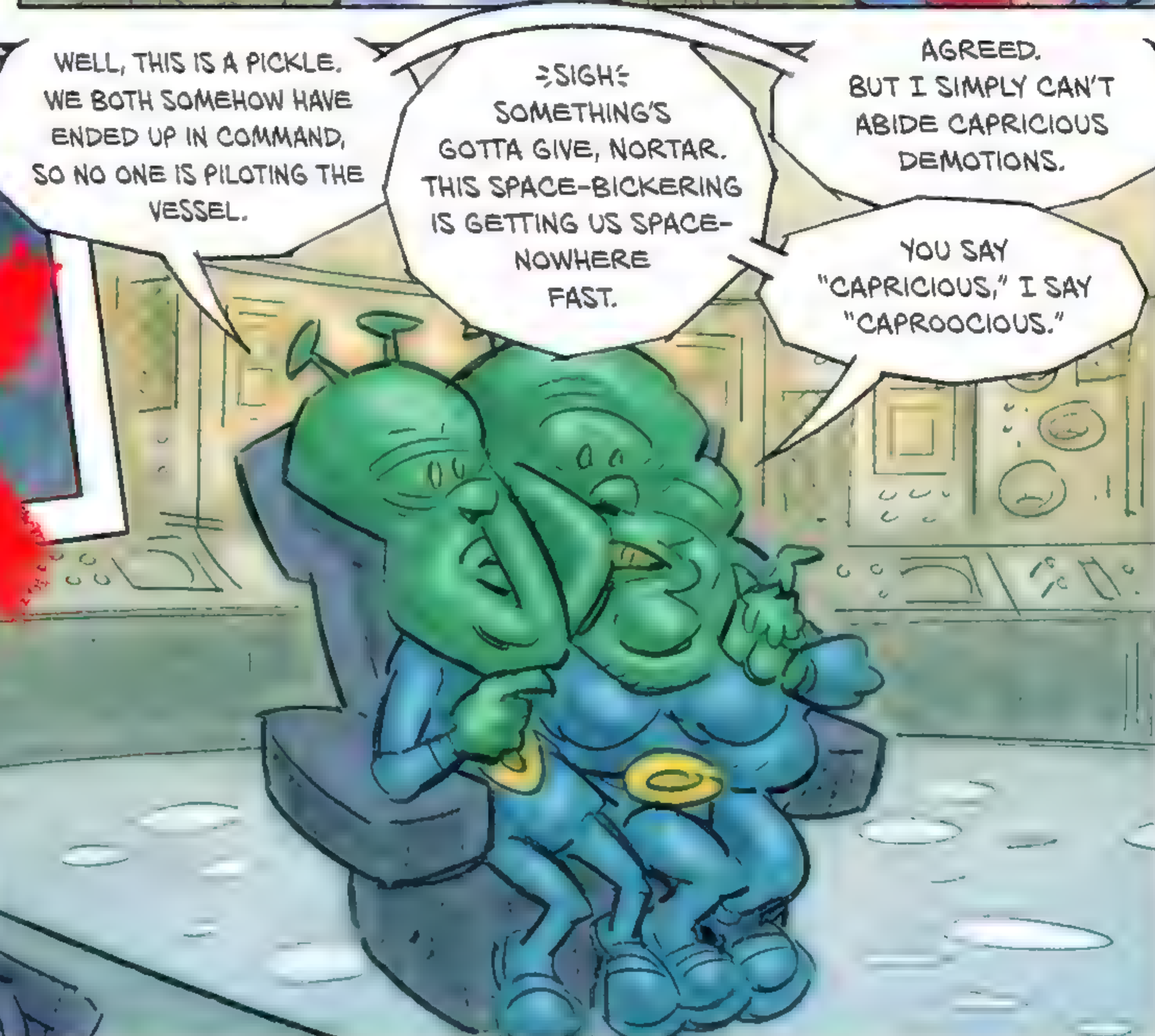
GADS! MUCUS SMEARS! WE'RE BACK ON TRACK!

IS I EVER GOING HOME?

FIRST THINGS FIRST! NAMELY MY THINGS!



DO WE REALLY NEED ANOTHER ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE VOOGANS' SPACESHIP? NO, WE DON'T.



WELL, THIS IS A PICKLE. WE BOTH SOMEHOW HAVE ENDED UP IN COMMAND, SO NO ONE IS PILOTING THE VESSEL.

≥SIGH≤ SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE, NORTAR. THIS SPACE-BICKERING IS GETTING US SPACE-NOWHERE FAST.

AGREED. BUT I SIMPLY CAN'T ABIDE CAPRICIOUS DEMOTIONS.

YOU SAY "CAPRICIOUS," I SAY "CAPROOCIOUS."

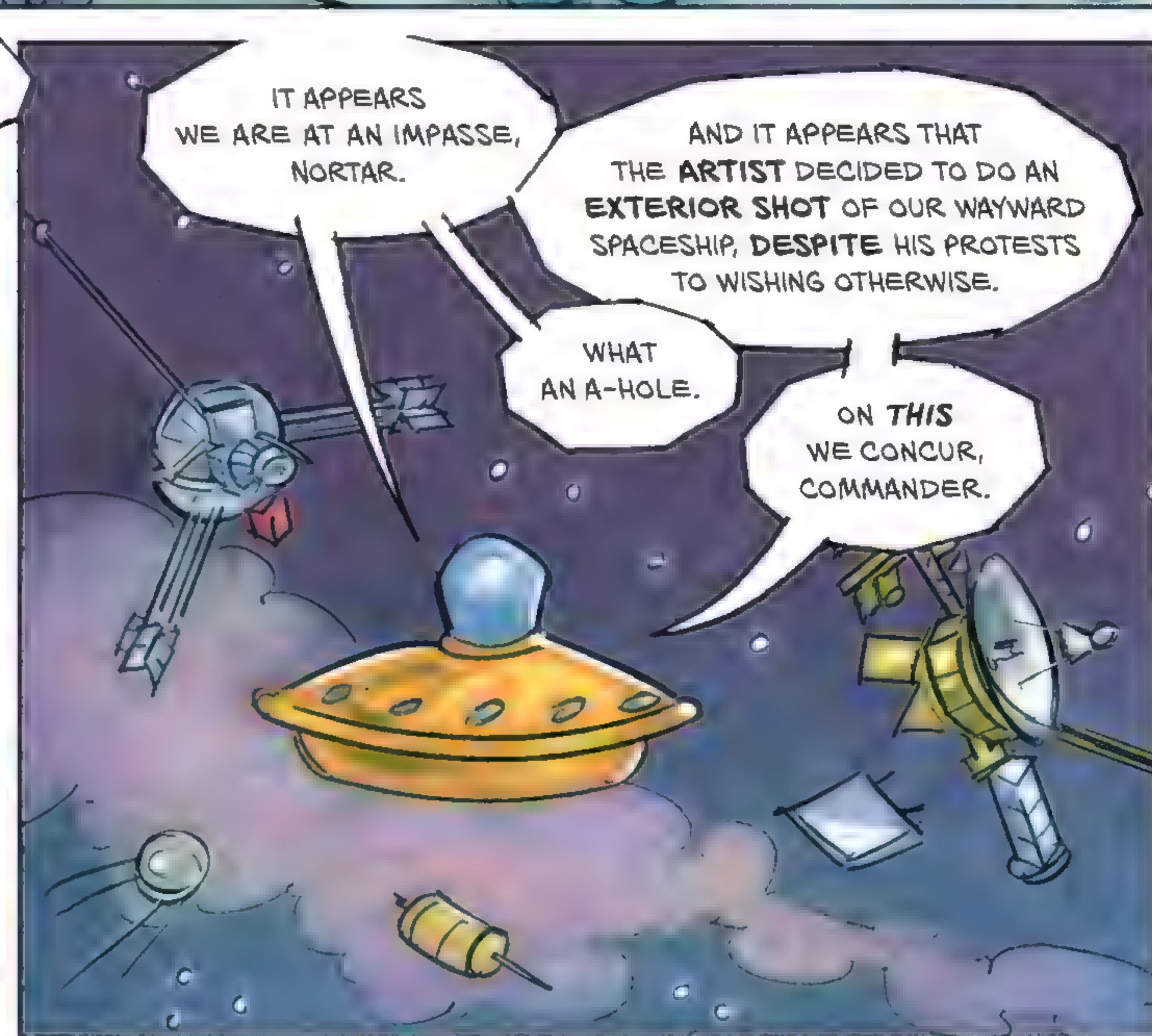


THAT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE ANY SENSE. I COULD CITE ARTICLE 25.5 OF THE VOOGAN CONSTITUTION, THAT I COULD REMOVE YOU FROM COMMAND BECAUSE YOU ARE STRAIGHT-UP CUCKOO BANANAS.

BANANAS. ANOTHER ENTICING COMMODITY PRODUCED ON PLANET BGB.*

THEY DO LOOK DELICIOUS. AND PACKED WITH POTASSIUM.

*OKAY, SO WE FORWENT THE EXTERIOR OF THE SPACESHIP, BUT STILL FEEL THE NEED TO UNPACK PLANET BGB, A.K.A. BLUEYGREENYBROWNY, A.K.A. EARTH. HAPPY? WE'RE NOT.

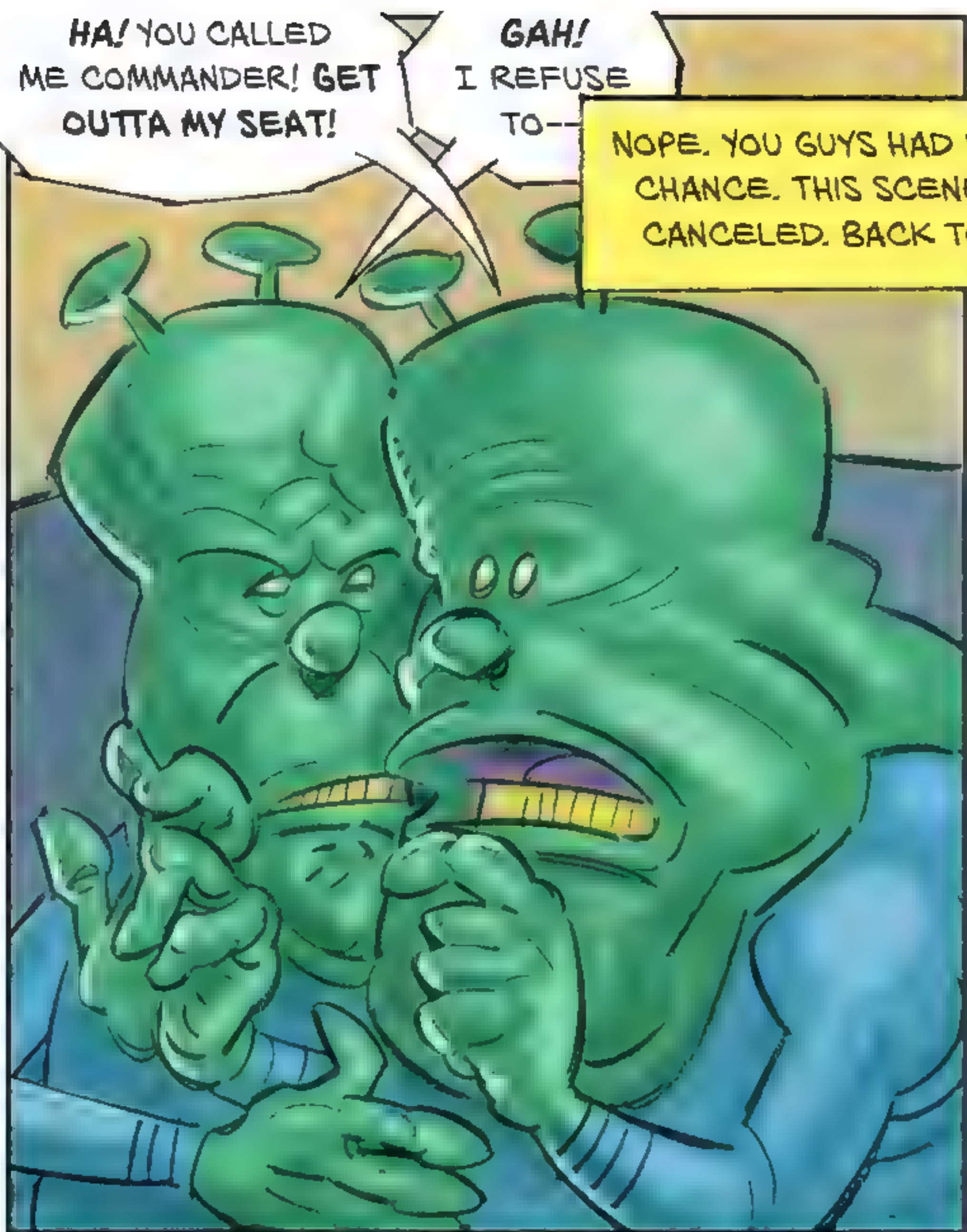


IT APPEARS WE ARE AT AN IMPASSE, NORTAR.

AND IT APPEARS THAT THE ARTIST DECIDED TO DO AN EXTERIOR SHOT OF OUR WAYWARD SPACESHIP, DESPITE HIS PROTESTS TO WISHING OTHERWISE.

WHAT AN A-HOLE.

ON THIS WE CONCUR, COMMANDER.



HA! YOU CALLED ME COMMANDER! GET OUTTA MY SEAT!

GAH! I REFUSE TO--

NOPE. YOU GUYS HAD YOUR CHANCE. THIS SCENE IS CANCELED. BACK TO...

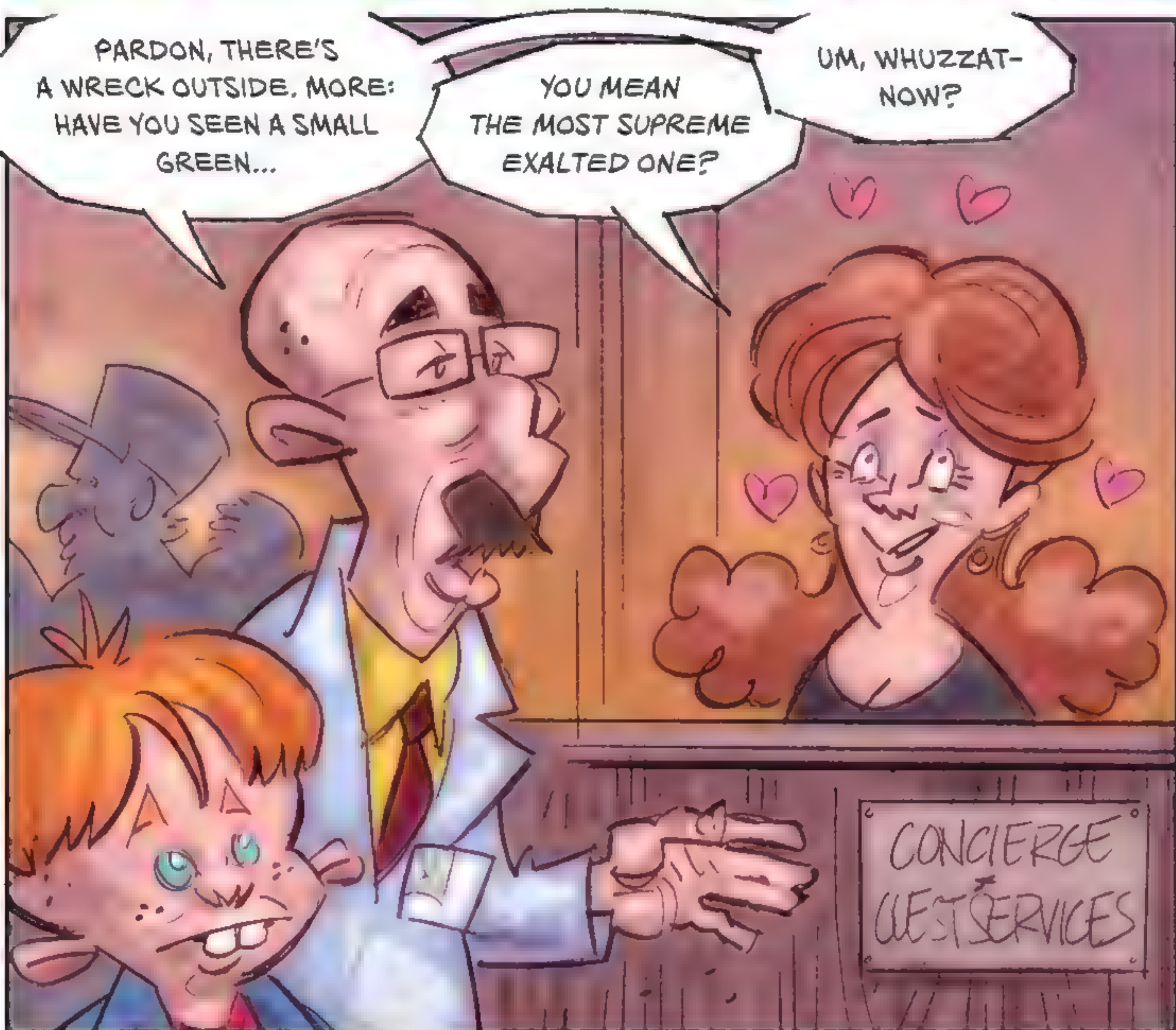


TO THE CASINO! IT SEEMS NO ORGANISM CAN RESIST CRAPS.

P-PLEASE HELP M-MEEE. SO COLD.

YOU GON' HELP THAT NEARLY EXSANGUINATED CAR GUY, DR. O?

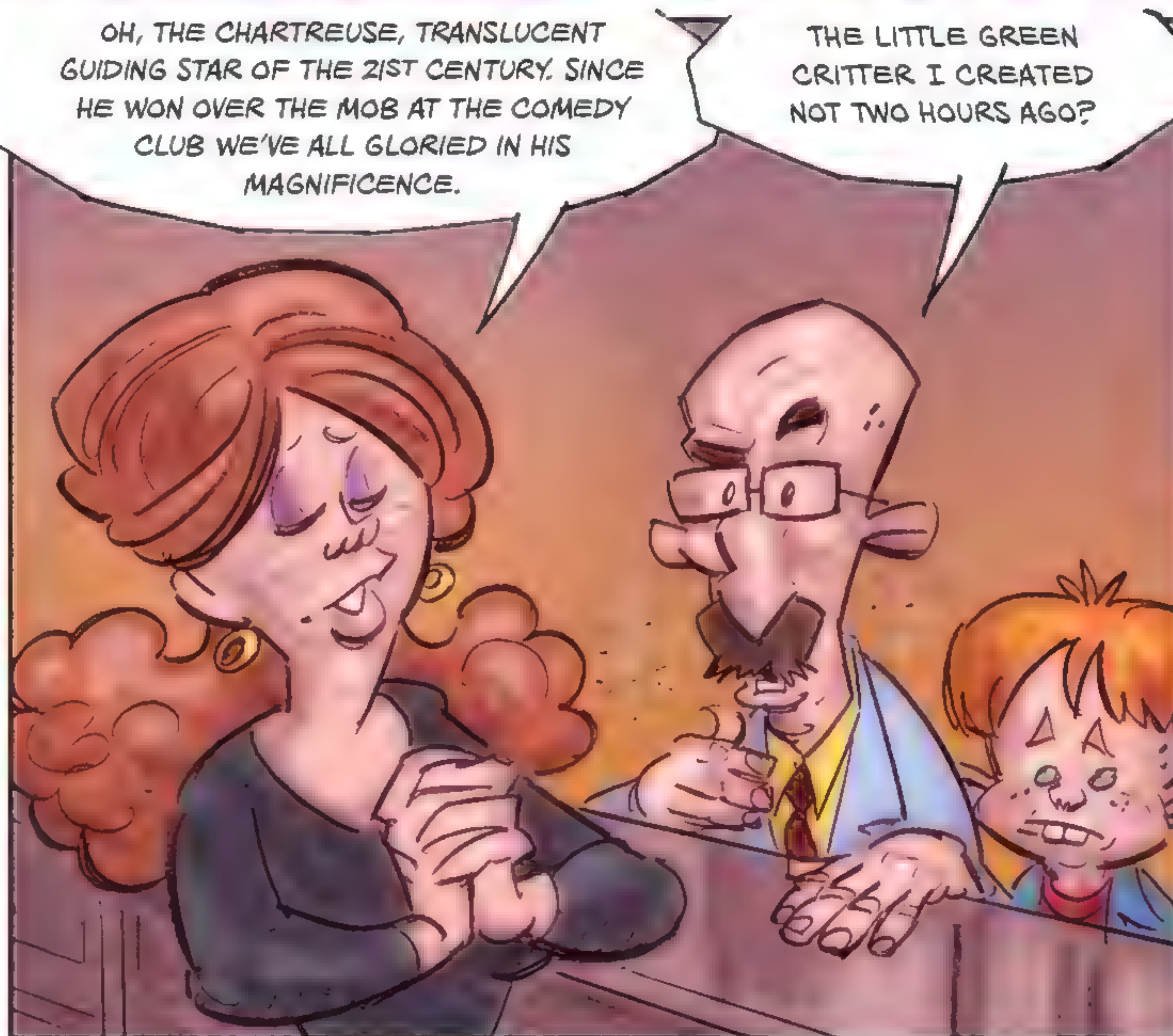
LET'S ALERT THE NEAREST AUTHORITY!



PARDON, THERE'S A WRECK OUTSIDE. MORE: HAVE YOU SEEN A SMALL GREEN...

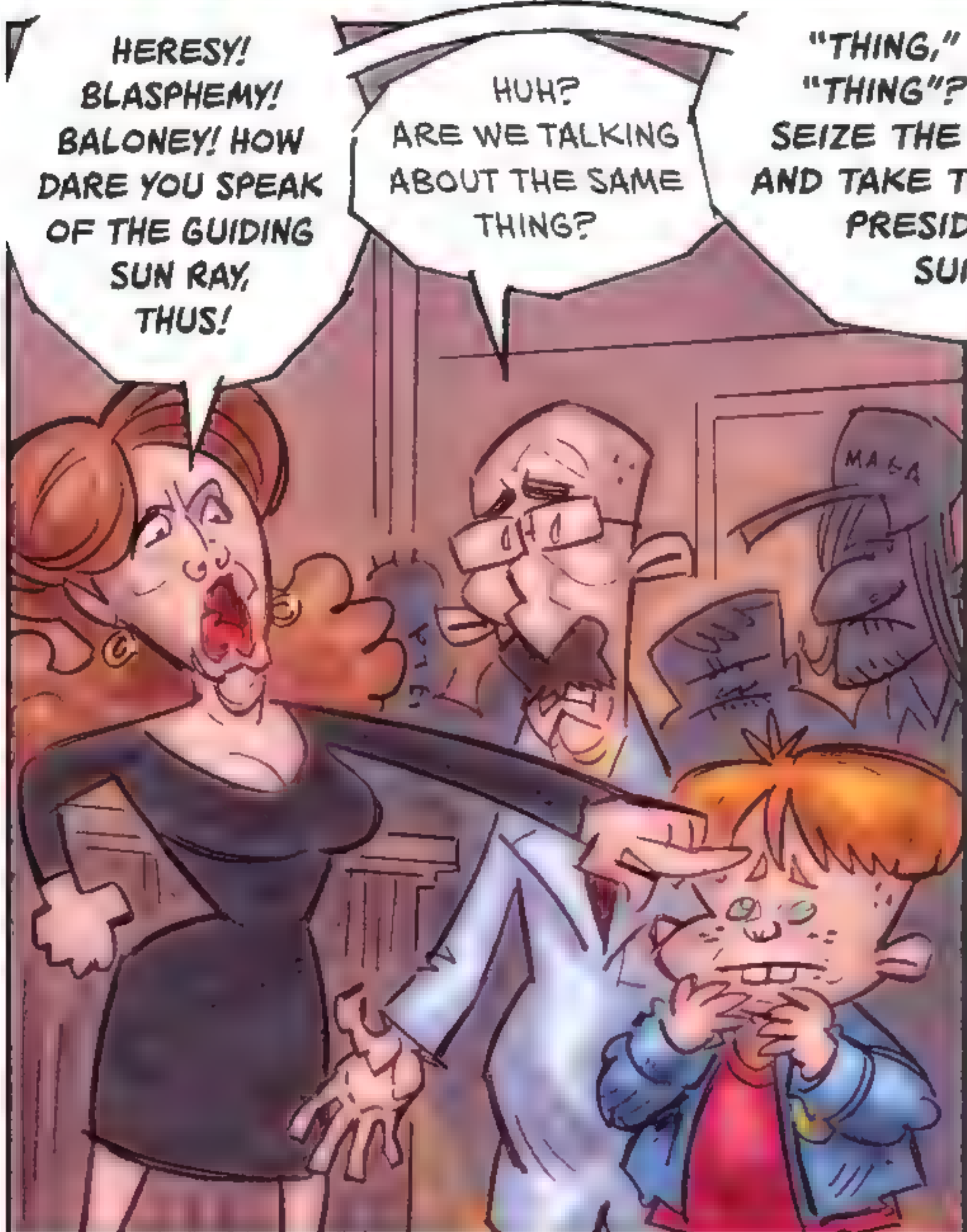
YOU MEAN THE MOST SUPREME EXALTED ONE?

UM, WHUZZAT-NOW?



OH, THE CHARTREUSE, TRANSLUCENT GUIDING STAR OF THE 21ST CENTURY. SINCE HE WON OVER THE MOB AT THE COMEDY CLUB WE'VE ALL GLORIED IN HIS MAGNIFICENCE.

THE LITTLE GREEN CRITTER I CREATED NOT TWO HOURS AGO?



HERESY! BLASPHEMY! BALONEY! HOW DARE YOU SPEAK OF THE GUIDING SUN RAY, THUS!

HUH? ARE WE TALKING ABOUT THE SAME THING?

"THING," HE SAYS? "THING"? "THING"? SEIZE THE INTRUDERS AND TAKE THEM TO THE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE!



WISH WE'D HIT THE MEN'S ROOM AFORE BEING TRUSSED UP AN' FROGMARCHED.

ON THIS YOU ARE NOT WRONG, ADDLED CHILD.

THIS MUST BE A MISTAKE. THE MUCUNOID™ COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE--

SHUT UP AND HOBBLE ALONG. THE EXALTED ONE WILL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THE LIKES OF YOU.

NEXT: MUKEYLINI THE SNOTZI?

GOH, HUFFE NOT!



MADE FLESH DAILY DEPT.

According to those annoying TV ads, you can use FLEX TAPE™ to repair tubs, pipes, nuclear reactors—anything! We wondered: Is there a piece strong enough to seal the ad guy's mouth? And speaking of taped body parts, we came up with the amazing...

FLESH TAPE

GUARANTEED TO BE THE BLOODY BEST

...AT THE MALL!

FLESH TAPE™ COMES IN SO HANDY! I JUST PULL INTO A HANDICAPPED SPACE, REMOVE MY SEVERED HAND THAT'S HELD ON BY FLESH TAPE™, AND STICK IT IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT!



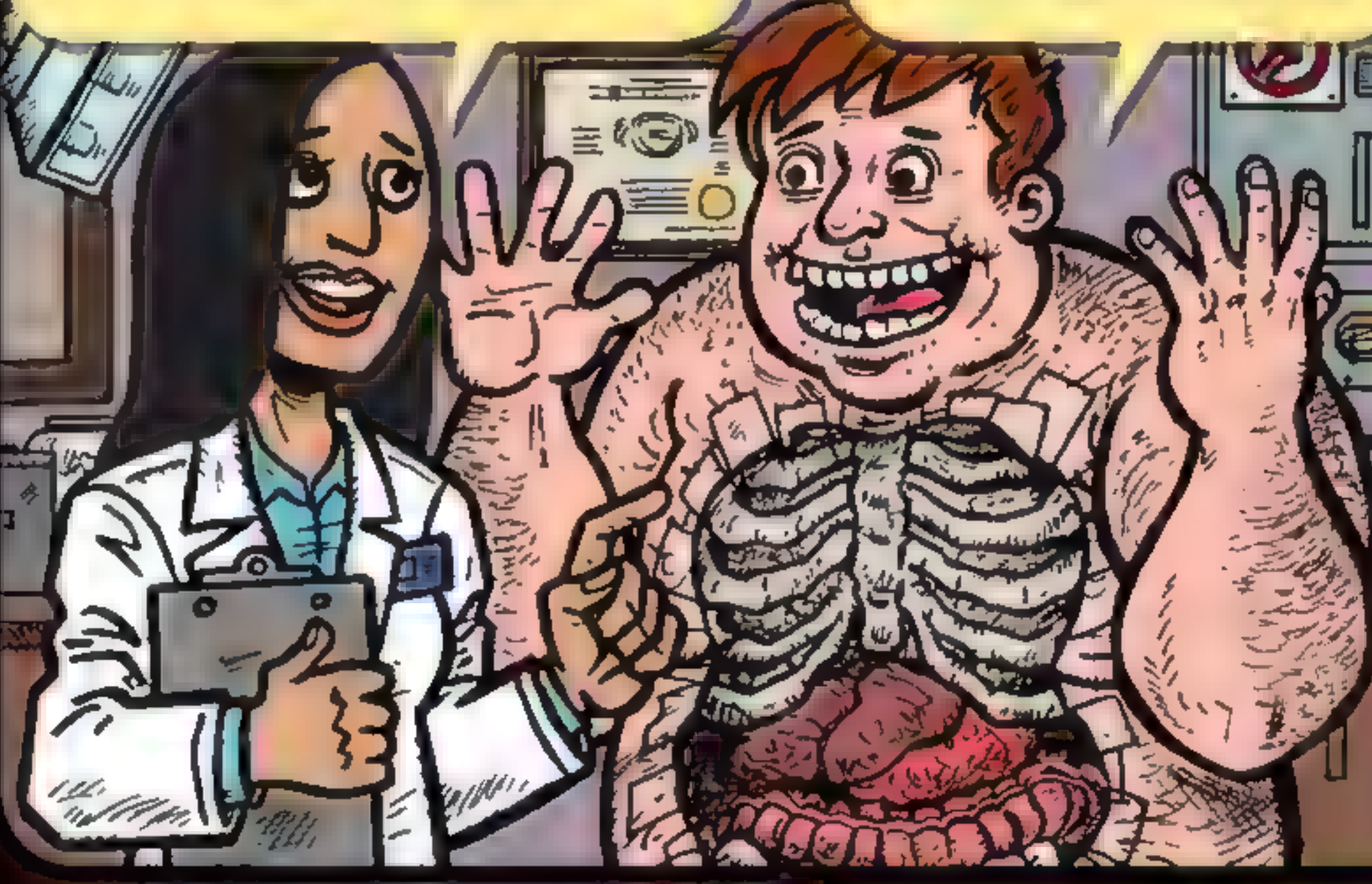
NUTS! I PULLED OFF MY GOOD HAND! OH WELL, I'LL JUST USE MORE FLESH TAPE™!



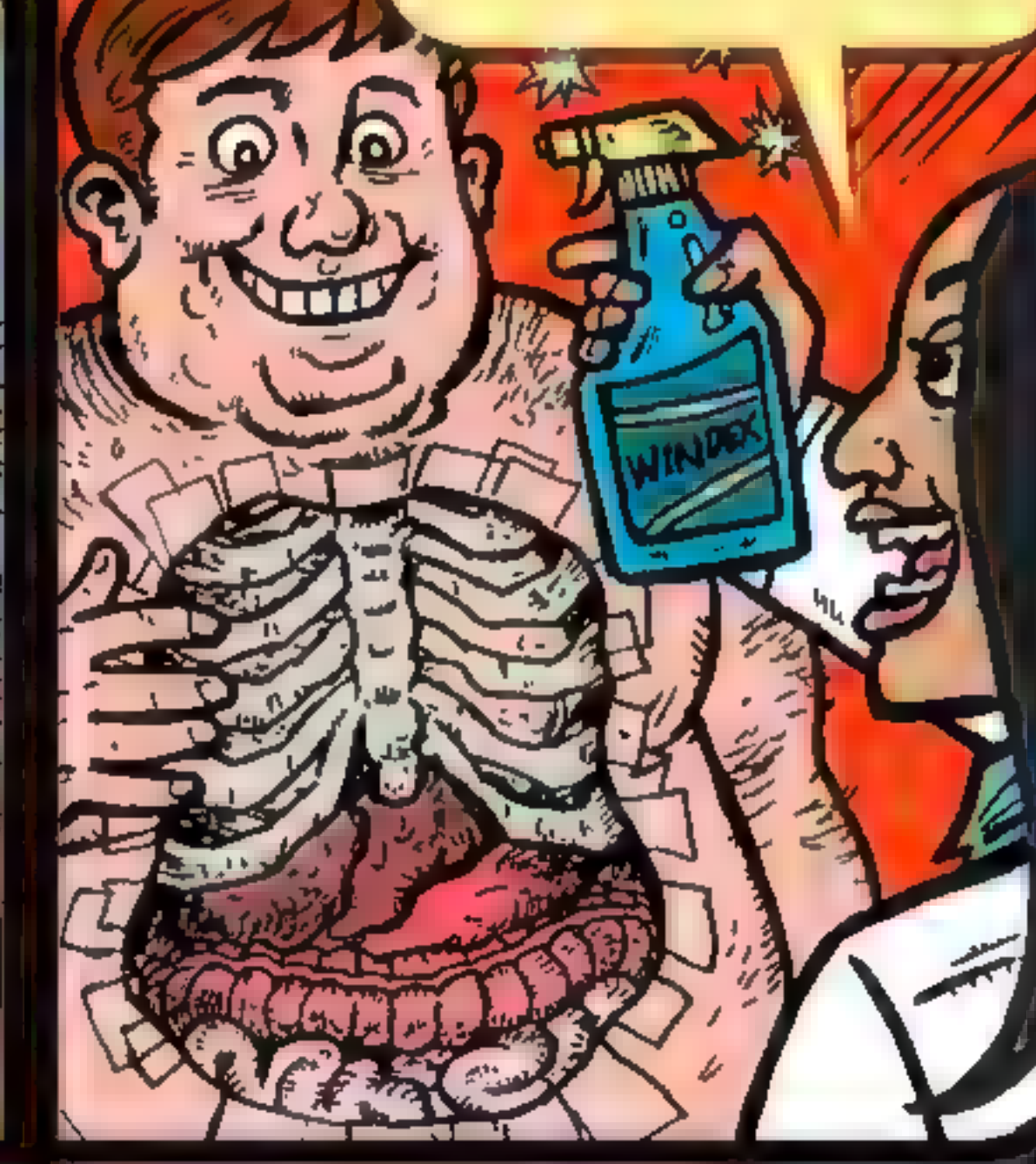
...AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE!

YOU'RE THAT GUY FROM THAT TERRIBLE CAR WRECK. WE HAD TO REPLACE A LOT OF YOUR INTERNAL ORGANS!

THAT NEW FLESH TAPE CLEAR™ HAS BEEN FANTASTIC! WHO NEEDS X-RAYS?



JUST REMEMBER TO CLEAN YOUR CHEST WITH WINDEX™ TWICE A WEEK.



...AT PARTIES!

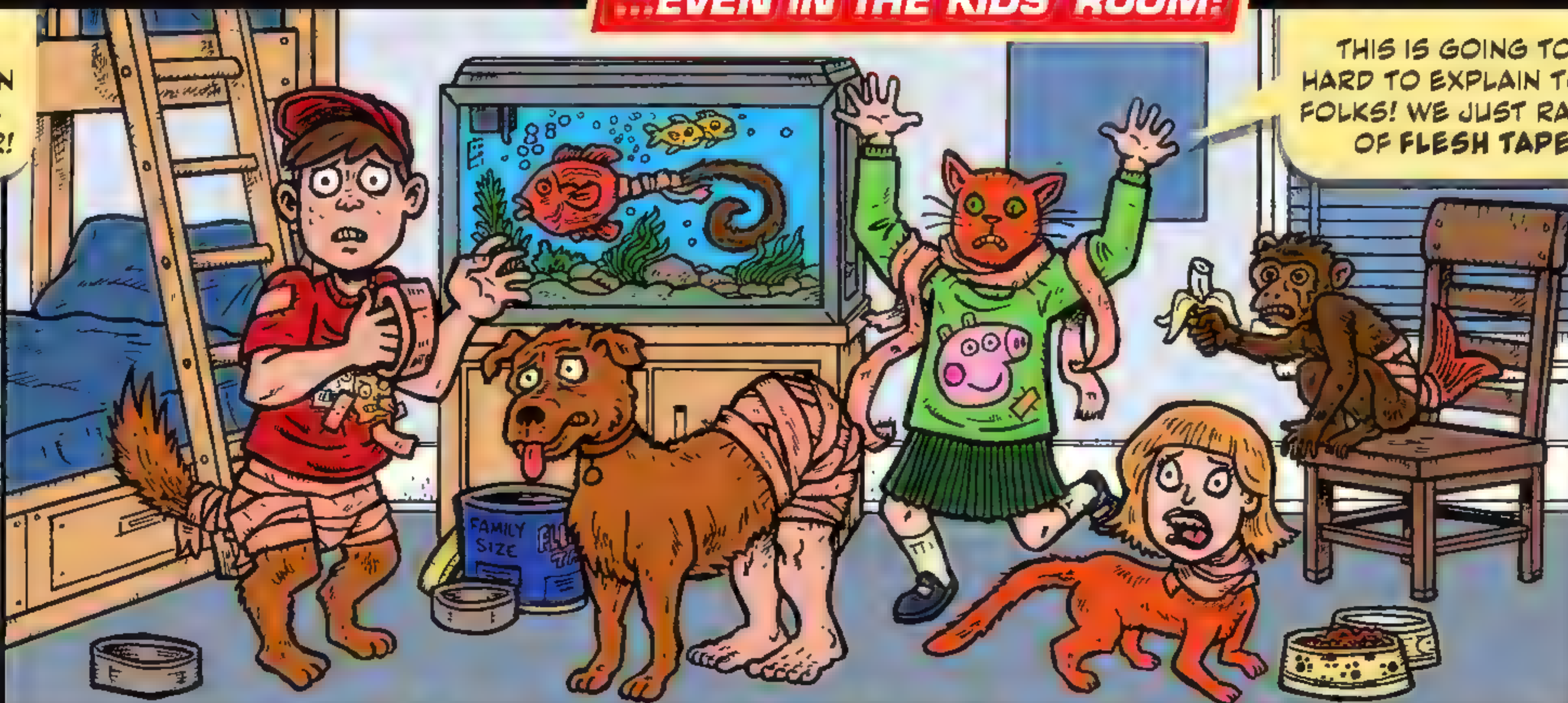
REMEMBER, WHEN THE HALLOWEEN PARTY'S OVER AND YOU REATTACH MY HEAD, MAKE SURE YOU LINE IT UP CAREFULLY WITH MY NECK AND—

YES, LINE IT UP CAREFULLY AND USE TWO LAYERS OF FLESH TAPE™. I'LL REMEMBER! I MEAN, IT'S NOT BRAIN SURGERY, IT'S JUST REATTACHING A HEAD!



...EVEN IN THE KIDS' ROOM!

HEY, KIDS! STOP PLAYING AROUND IN THERE AND COME HAVE YOUR DINNER!



THIS IS GOING TO BE HARD TO EXPLAIN TO OUR FOLKS! WE JUST RAN OUT OF FLESH TAPE™!

THIS IS SO MUCH MORE CREATIVE THAN IF THEY PLAYED STUPID VIDEO GAMES!





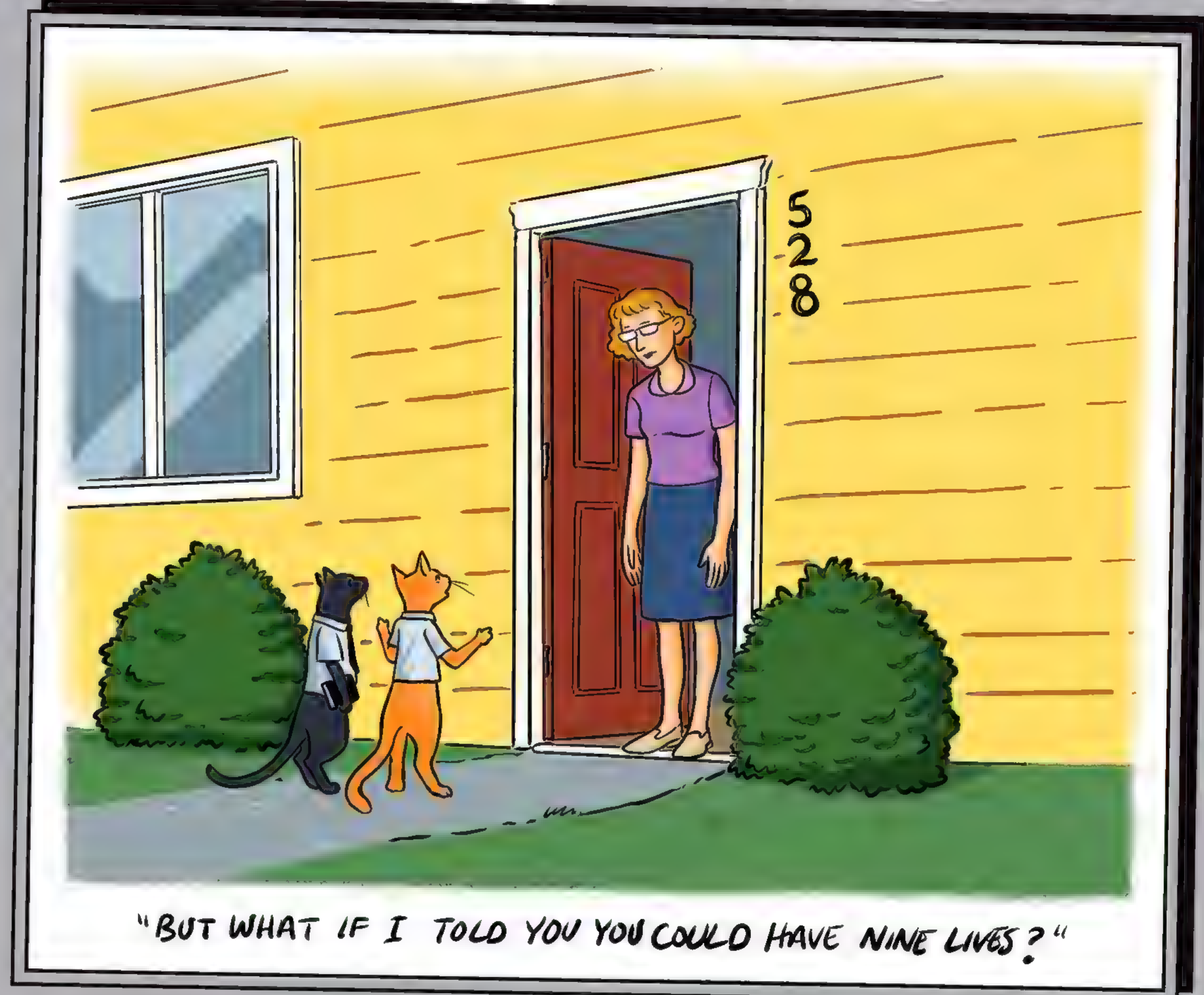
Great comedy should be cutting edge, speak truth to power, and shine a light on hypocrisy, making the world a better place. But we're all outta that, so here are some jokes!



"CONGRATULATIONS! IT'S A BOYOYOING!"

MeaNwHile...

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY
ARTIST PIA GUERRA



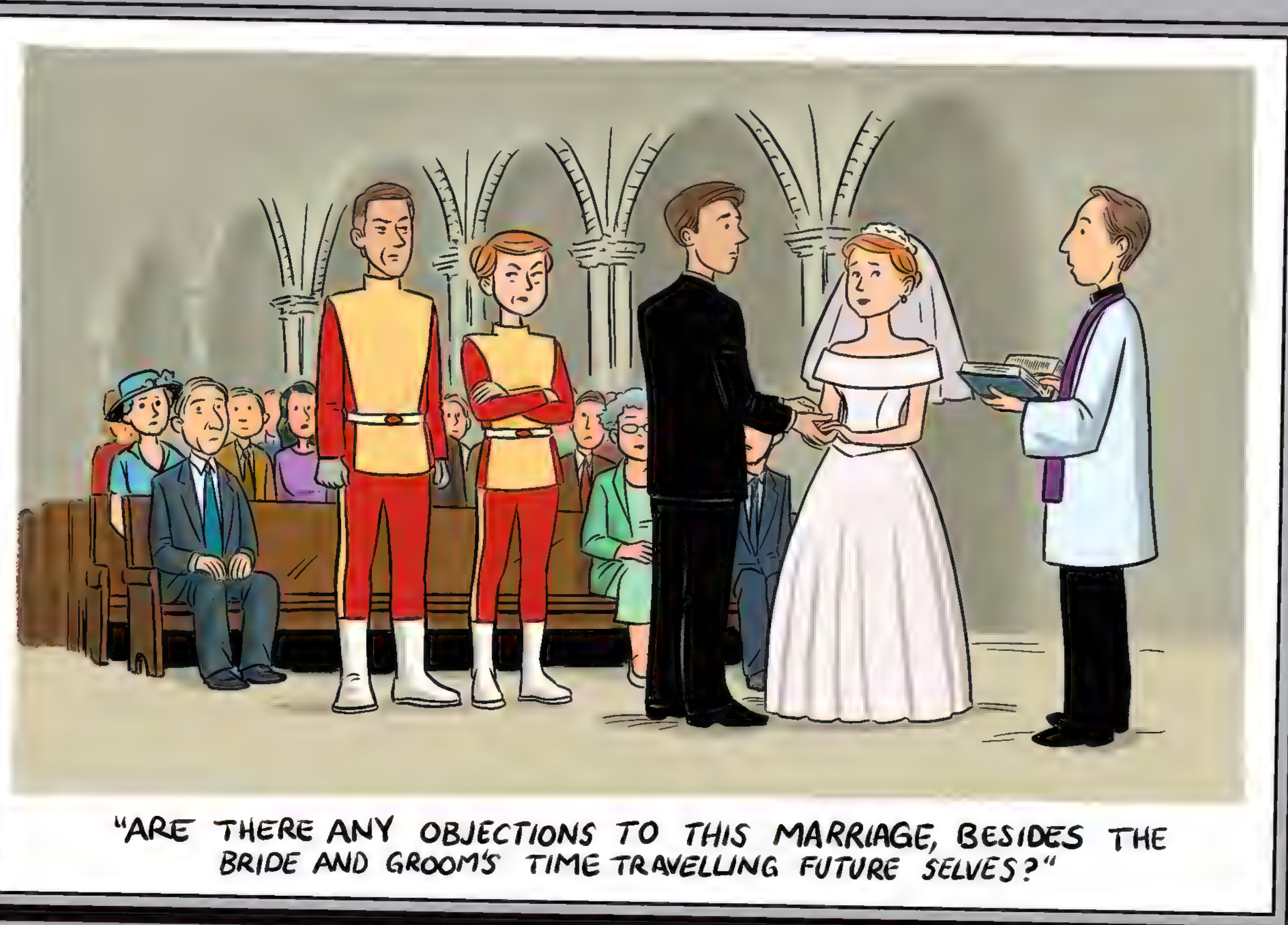
"BUT WHAT IF I TOLD YOU YOU COULD HAVE NINE LIVES?"



"Baby changing stations should be outlawed. Babies are fine just the way they are!"



"PLEASE DON'T BE HAWKMAN. PLEASE DON'T BE HAWKMAN."



"ARE THERE ANY OBJECTIONS TO THIS MARRIAGE, BESIDES THE BRIDE AND GROOM'S TIME TRAVELLING FUTURE SELVES?"



As the old saying goes, “History doesn’t repeat itself, but it often rhymes.” Perhaps **that’s** why “The Super Patriot,” a snippet from our epic poem in MAD #129, still holds as much weight **today** as it did in ‘69. We dusted off the full-length rhapsody, “The MAD Primer of Bigots, Extremists, and Other Loose Ends,” and were so inspired we wrote a few new lines for modern times.

A VERY FINE WALL

There’s nothing to see behind this wall!
No pushed agendas, big nor small,
No namesake business undivested,
No mistress large (nor average) chested.

No tax returns with sketchy numbers,
No private corporate earnings covered,
No profit from lax EPA regulations,
No parent at KKK demonstrations.

No foreign investments nor cash
that’s dumped there,
No prior conditions now struck
from Trumpcare,
No shutdowns precluding paychecks
and food stamps,
No kids sick and dying in detention camps.

No families legally seeking asylum
As racist beliefs separate
and profile ‘em,
Conflating “illegal” with
policy allowed
While border space
irresponsibly overcrowds.

And this wall hiding nothing
works to divide
States called “united” into
two warring sides—
Both too disabled to
do all they can
To stop the chaos of
just one man.

WRITER
REBECCA BOHANAN
ARTIST
TRAVIS MILLARD



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF FEAR

WRITER TAMMY GOLDEN ARTIST JON ADAMS

CLOWNS



COMMITMENT



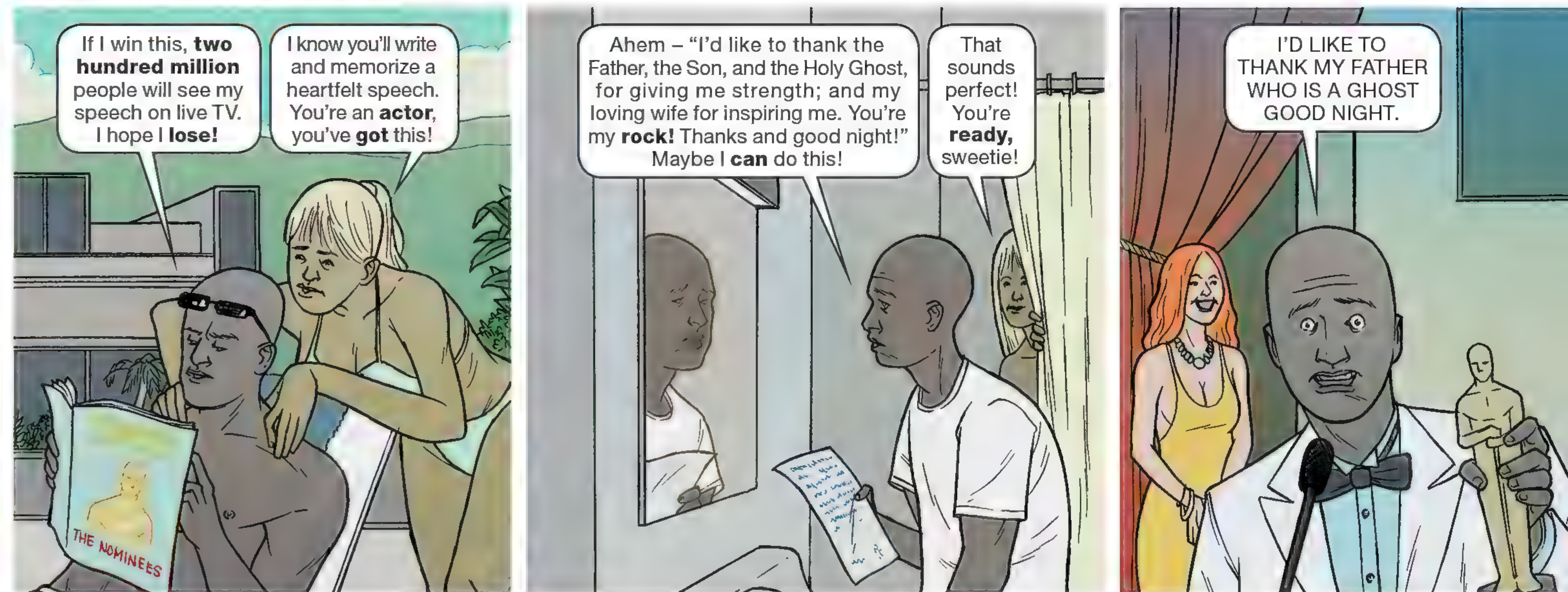
GETTING OLDER



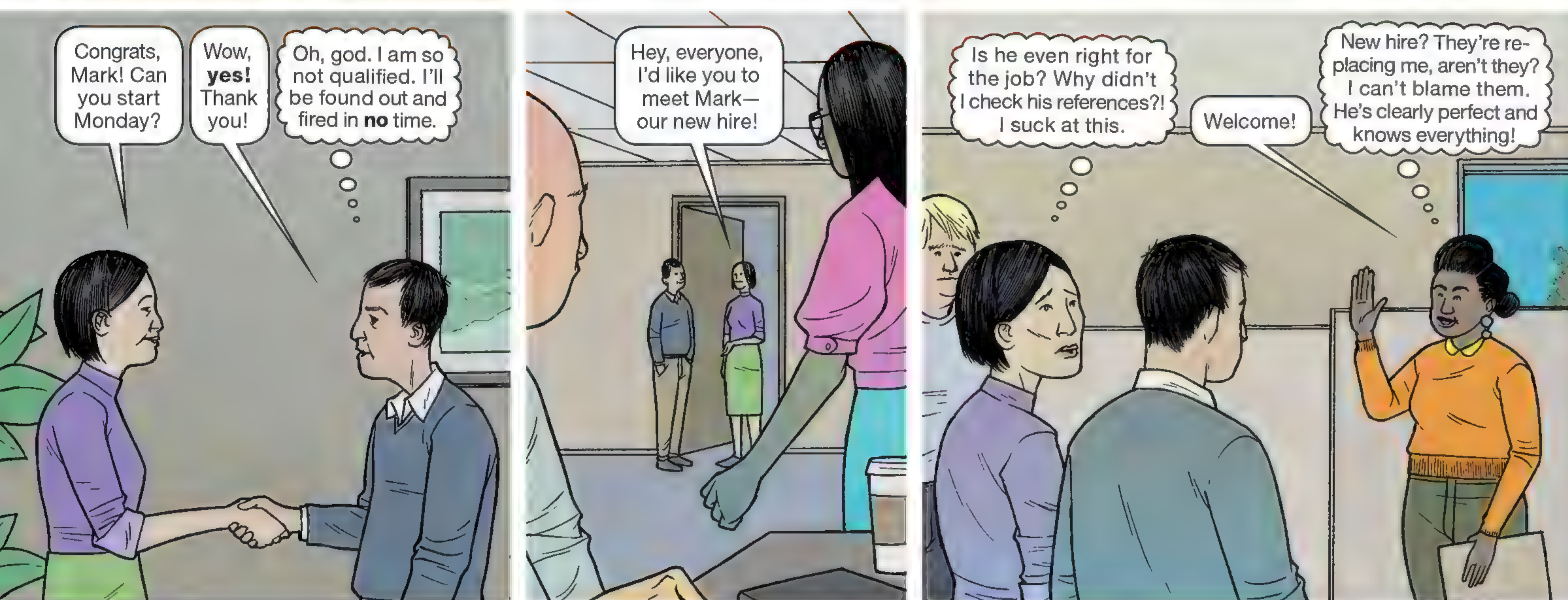
SNAKES



PUBLIC SPEAKING



IMPOSTER SYNDROME



LIST



OBSESSING



FLYING





TIME TRAVEL STUDY BUDDIES

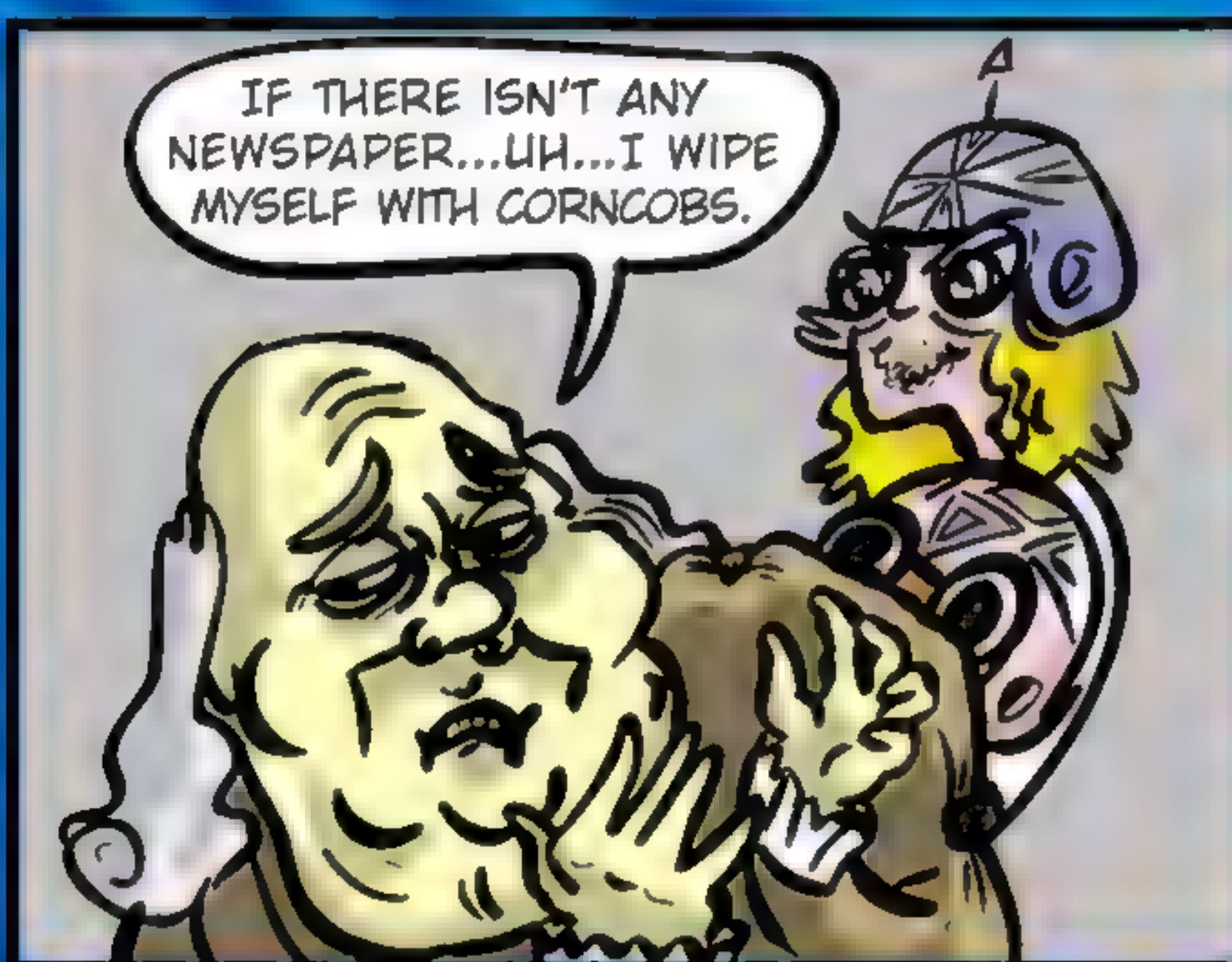
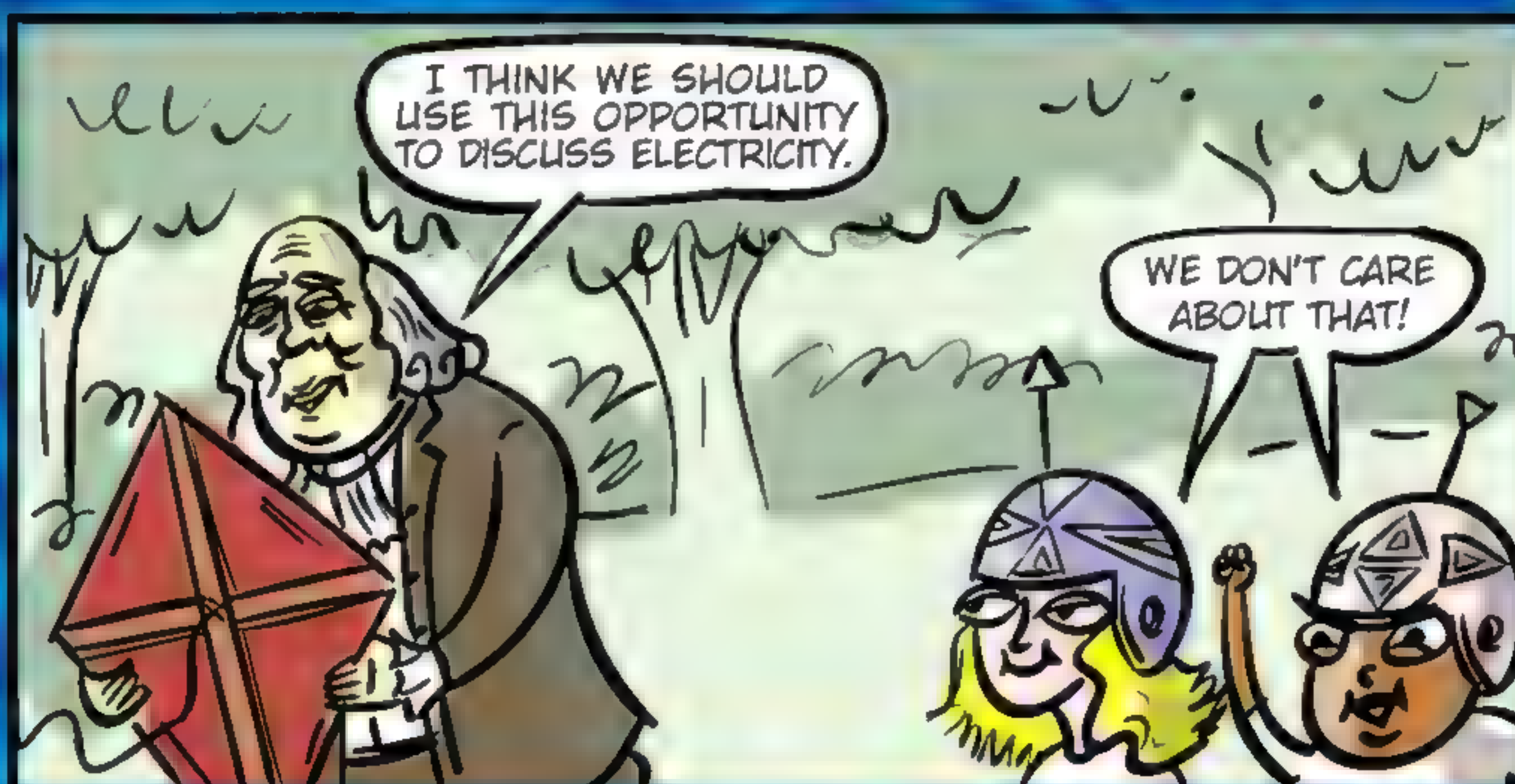
WITH LUCY AND JOSE

WRITERS SIMON RICH & FARLEY KATZ ARTIST FARLEY KATZ

Each week our intrepid young scholars use their Time Helmets to travel through the ages and learn from the men and women who made history!



PHILADELPHIA, 1752



HISTORICAL NOTE:

All bathroom-related information in "Time Travel Study Buddies" is extensively researched and accurate.

Franklin used cobs.





What can you do with a billion dollars and a billion characters? First things first: kill half of them! Okay, done. Now what? We may not have seen it yet, but we already feel like we've seen *Avengers: Endgame* a thousand times. With that in mind, allow us to consult our crystal ball with our newest feature...

MAD

PREDICTS

AVENJERKS

IS THIS EVER GONNA END-GAME?

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY

ARTIST GIDEON KENDALL

I can't believe that I, Irony Man, tried to save the world, but ended up letting the evil alien Th'anus turn half the universe to ash, and got trapped here on Titan, millions of miles from home. Mondays, am I right?

Also, my fiancée, packed my lunch and accidentally made me a jade egg salad again!

You think that's bad? Try walking in Nebulalala's robot shoes for a day. I can't turn off my Wi-Fi, and all I can pick up are nerds wanting to know how an infinite war can have a sequel—never mind an endgame!

Someone has got to take Neil deGrasse Tyson's Twitter away from him!

What are we doing here? Our story was 39 pages ago!

When your movie makes over a billion dollars, you can show up wherever you want!

Come on, let us into the film! We might be able to help!

Yeah, everyone's in this effing thing!

Sorry, Netflix, you're not on the list! You neither, Hulu kids!

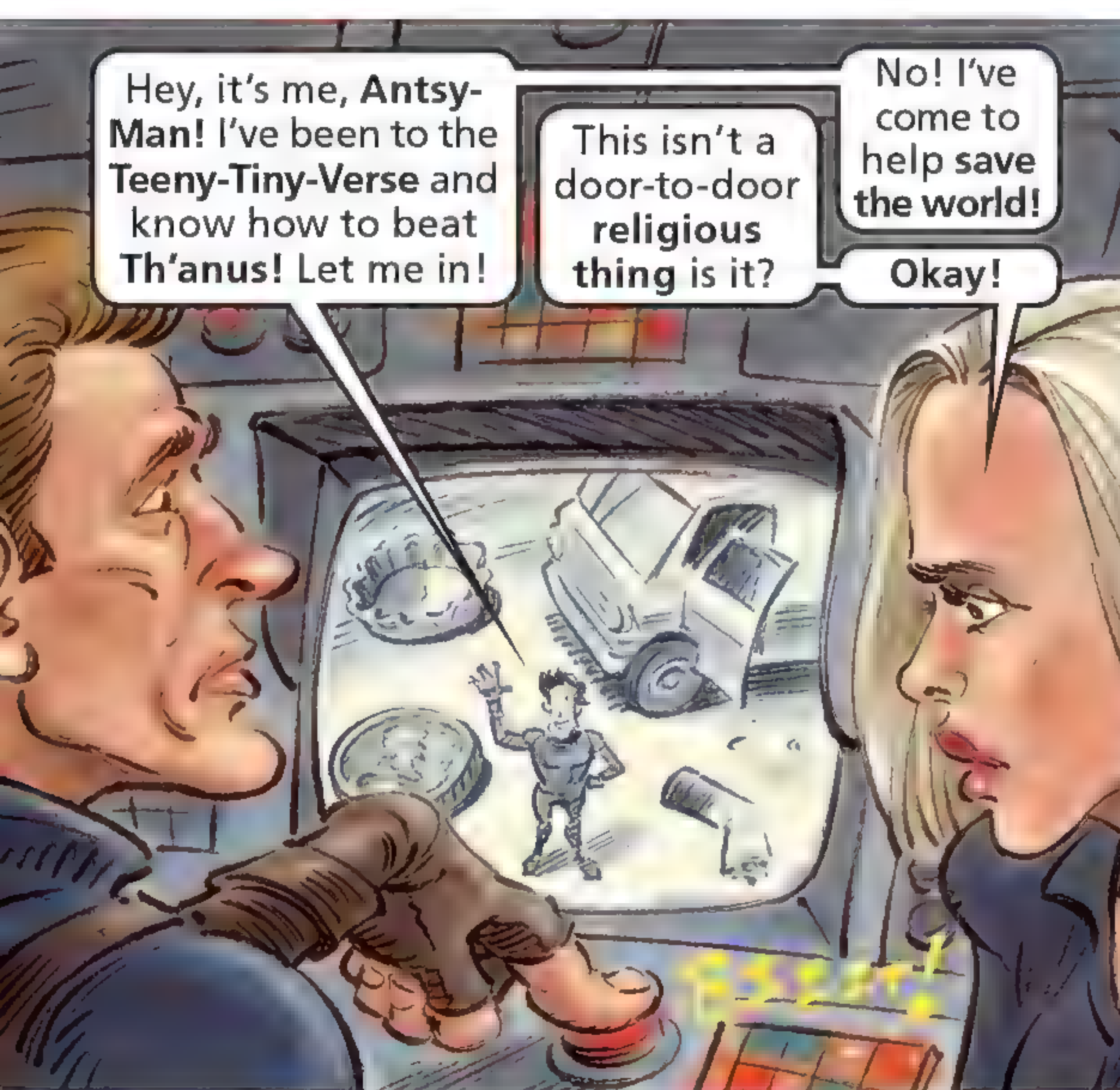
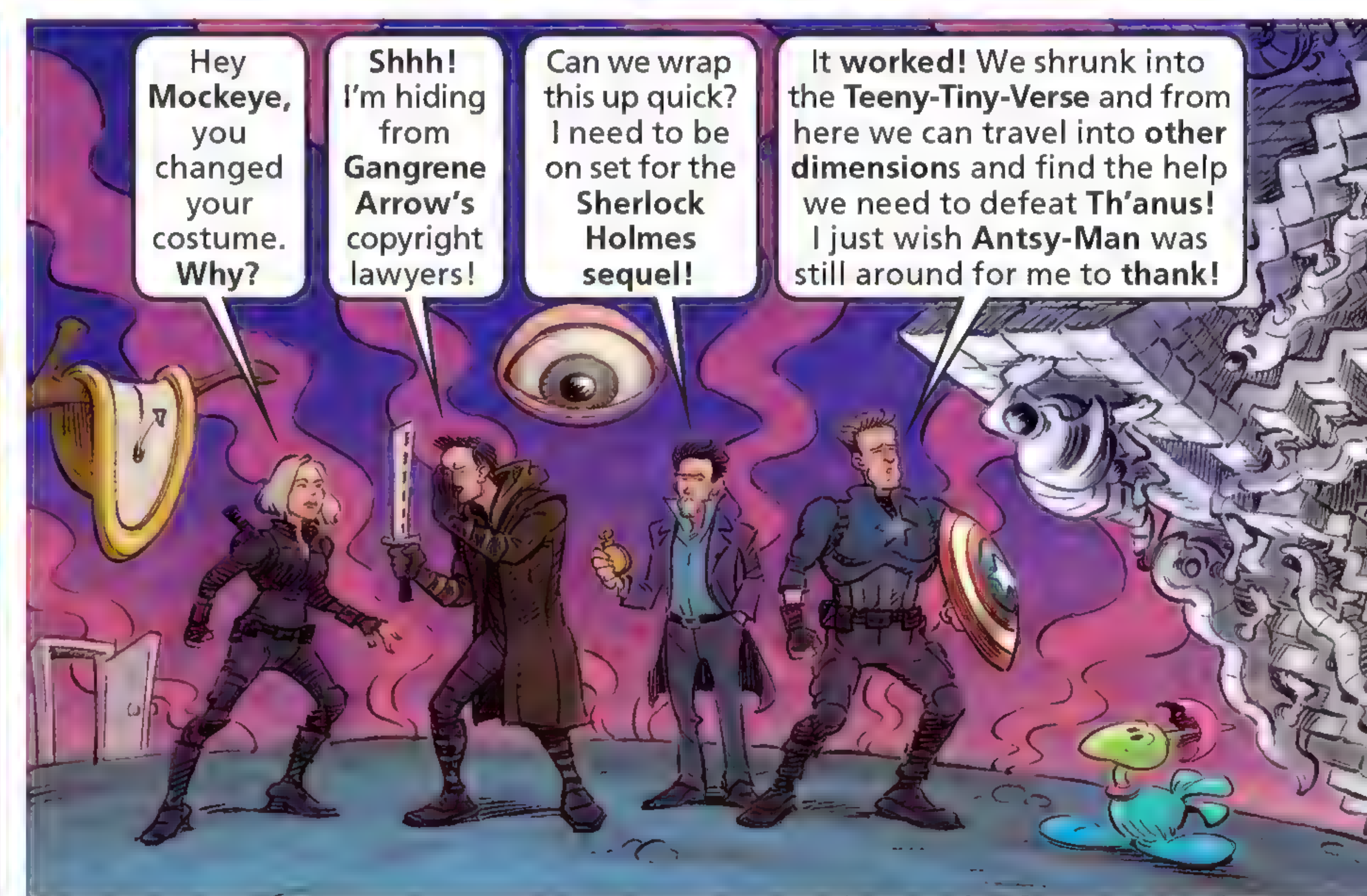
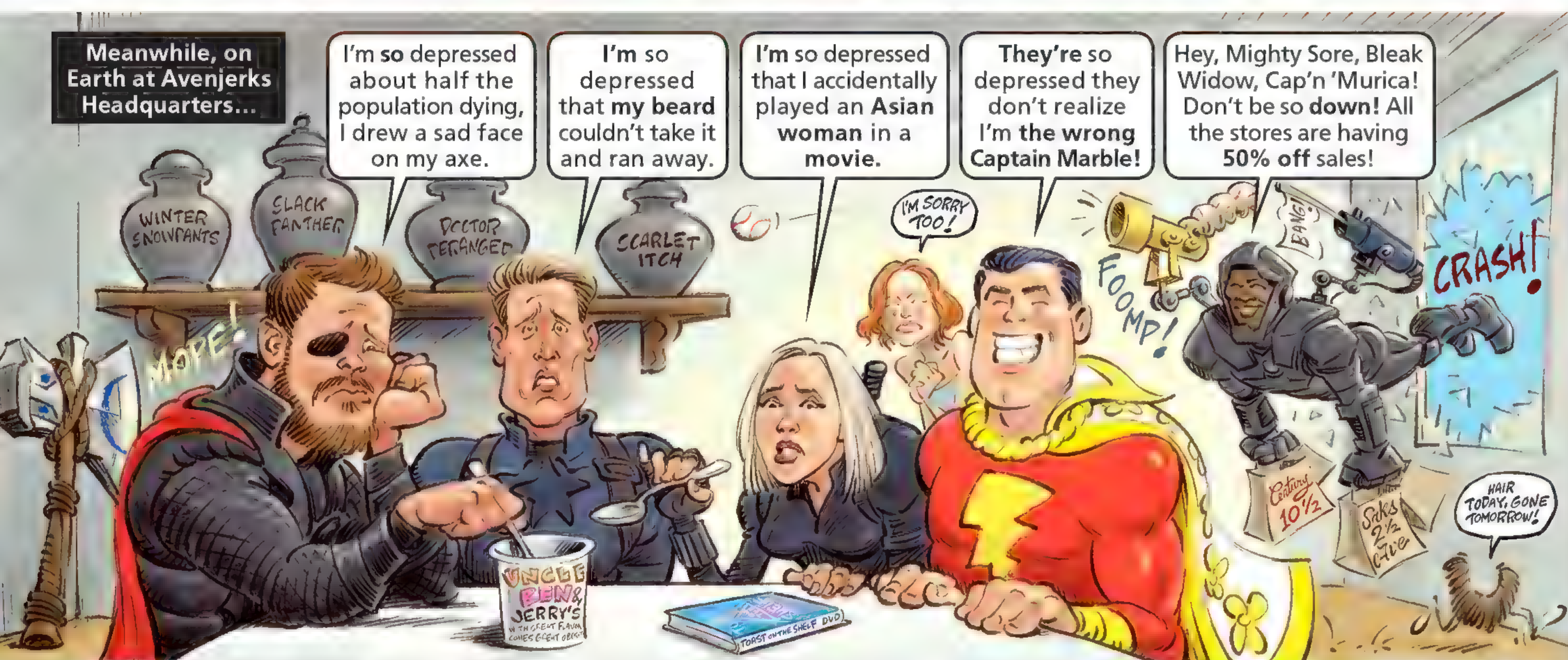
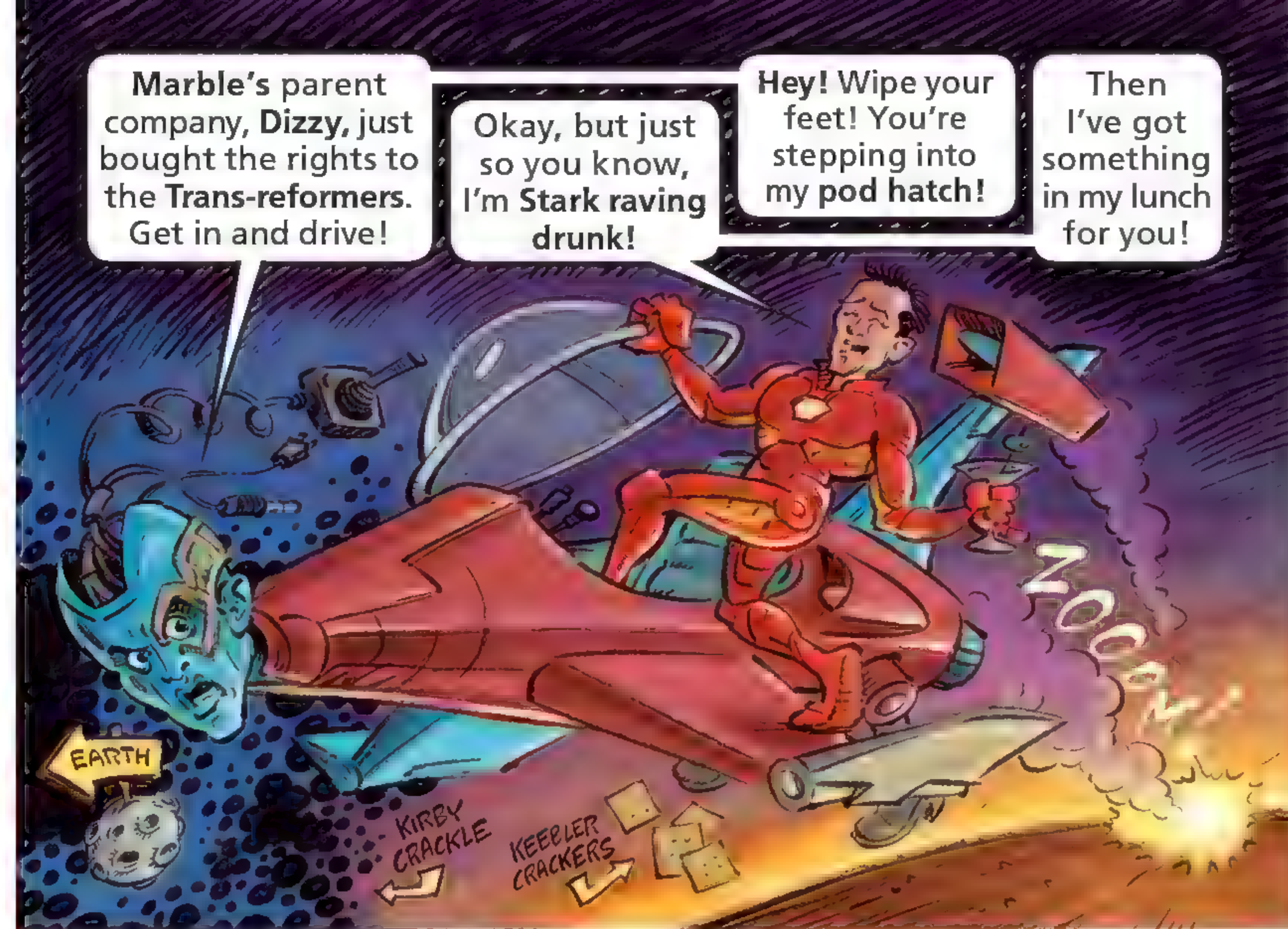
Oh man, I'm supposed to be in another Spidey-Man movie this summer! What am I gonna do?

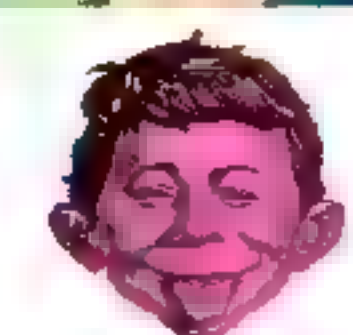
Hey, I'll do it!

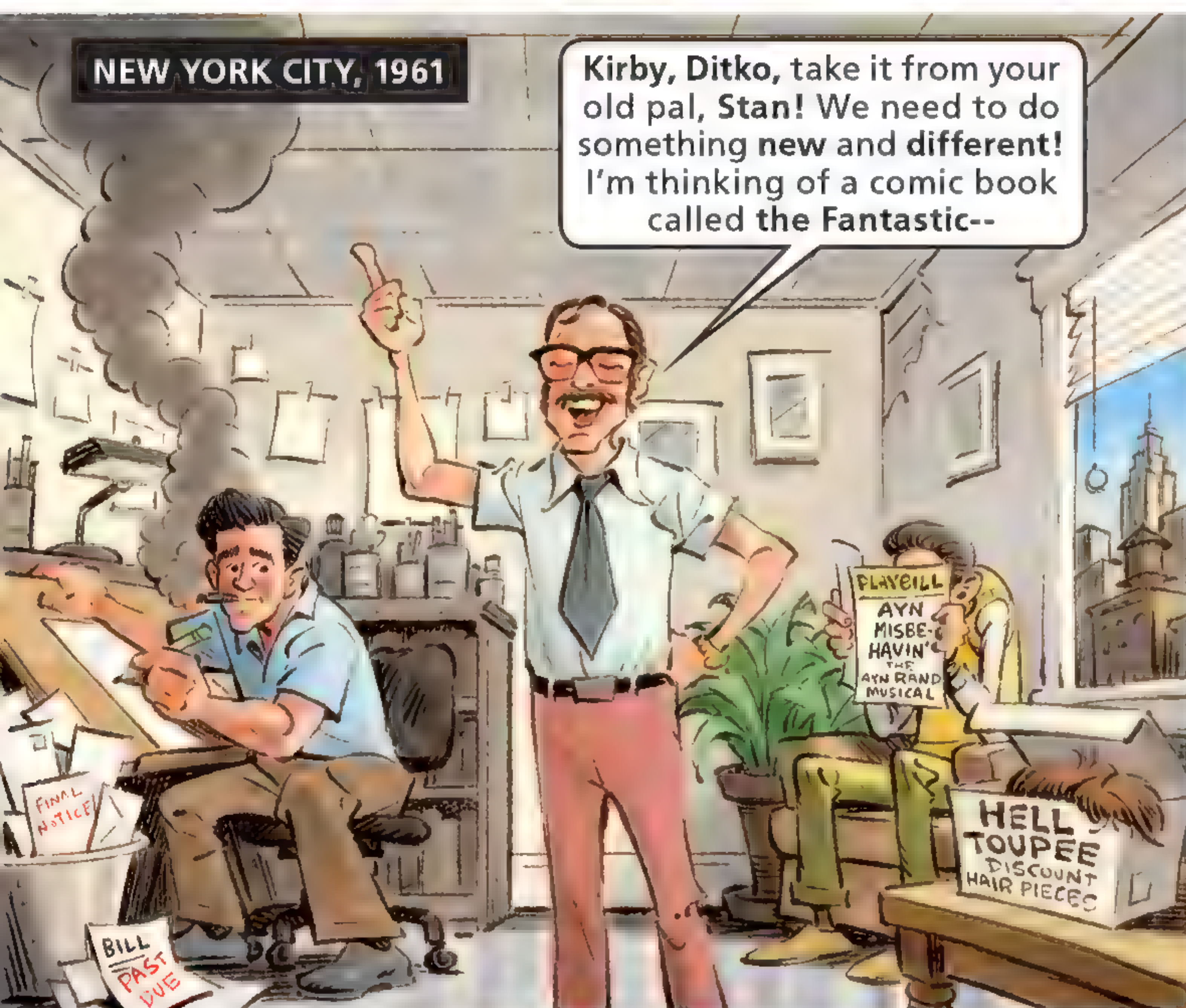
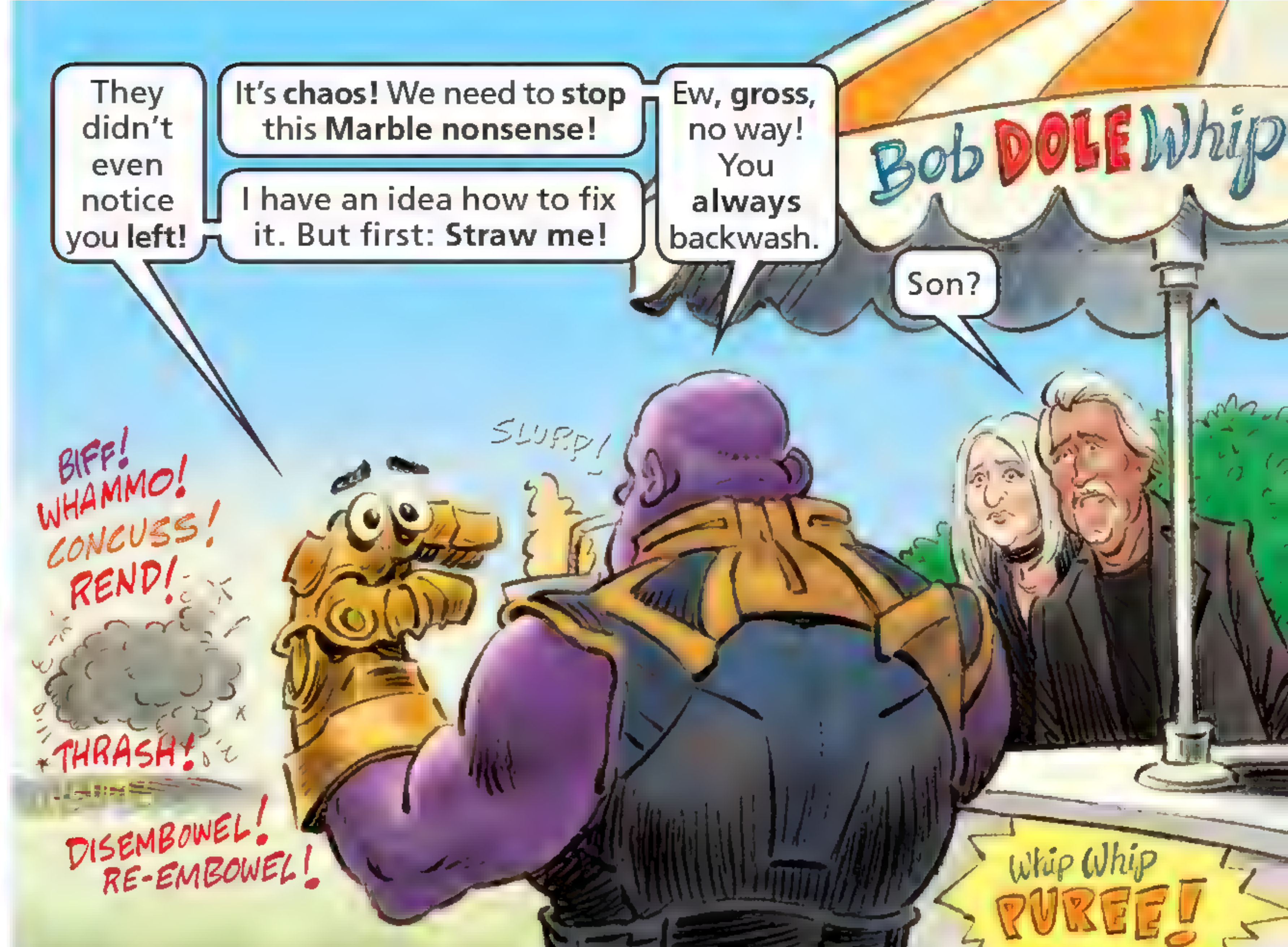
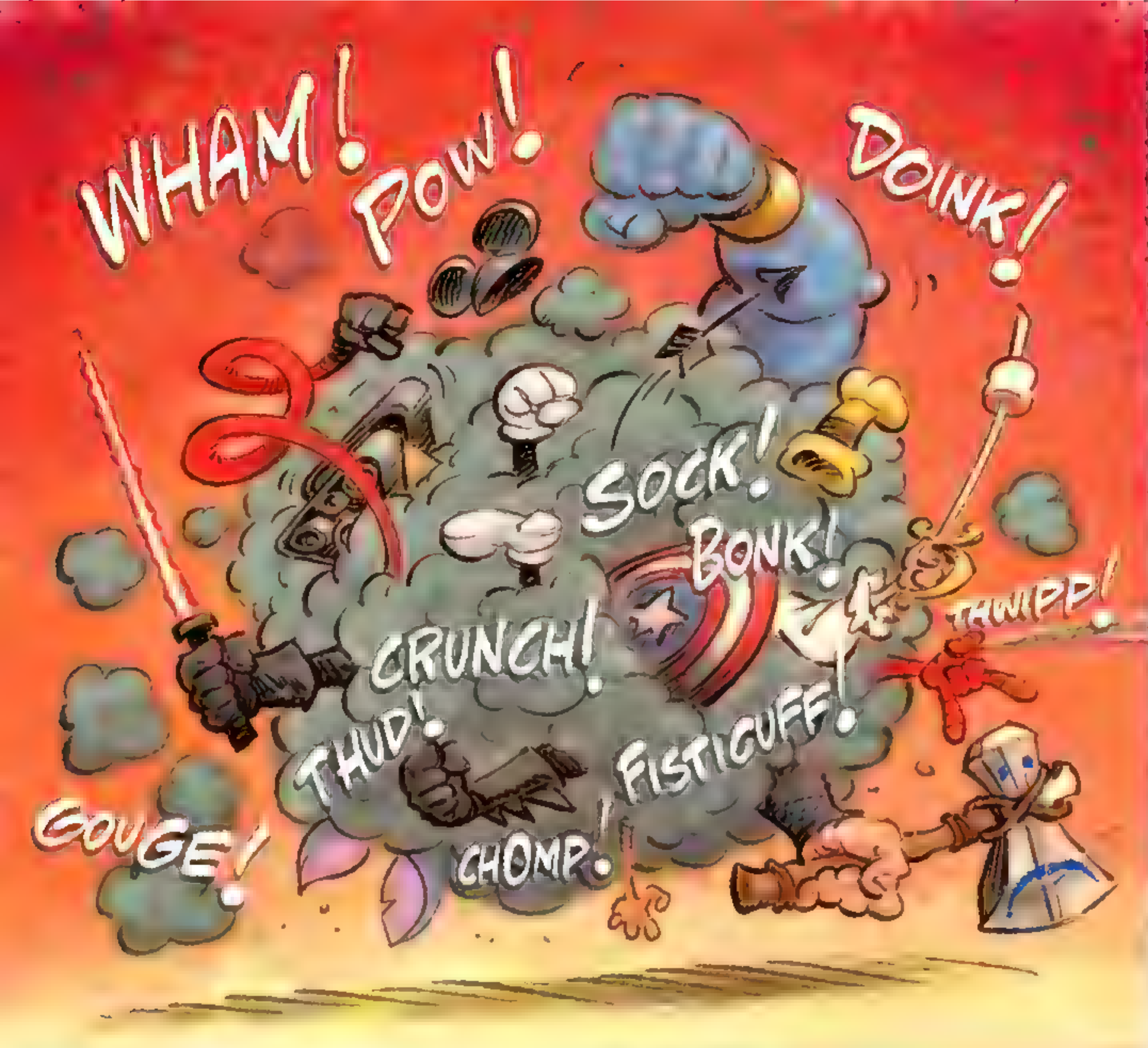
I'll do it for free!

I'll do it and let you make me into a sandwich after!

NOT SPIDERPIG!
(OR A CEREBUS RIPOFF)









I THINK I CANVAS DEPT.

THE WISENHEIM MUSEUM

Over its notorious 66-year history, MAD has left its mark on (some might say scarred) generations of creative types! Here in The Wisenheim Museum, we invite those visionaries to pay tribute to (some might say get back at) the magazine that set them on their creative (some might say degenerate) course!

A SON OF MAD

by DREW FRIEDMAN

Beginning in the late 1950's, the renowned illustrator Frank "Kelly" Freas was hired by MAD to be their cover artist. His vivid cover for the 1959 paperback *Son of MAD* is the first MAD image I remember seeing, and it remains, to this day, my favorite cover. The abject fear in the poor gorilla's face, the terrified-yet-nuanced pose of his body, the curled toes—all as he's encountering the infant Alfred E. Neuman as seen from behind. Pure visual perfection!

The cover is memorable to me for another reason. In the Beatles' first film *A Hard Day's Night*, the character Shake is briefly seen reading *Son of MAD* in the opening train scene. Two towering icons forever converged in that moment, The Beatles and MAD! When I first watched that scene, I was so thrilled my head (almost) exploded.

The moment I discovered that cover at age five, my life changed. From then on, I was a "Son of MAD." Not only did it lead me to becoming an obsessive MAD fan, but it spurred my mission to someday join the "Usual Gang of Idiots," something I later (amazingly) achieved.

Here's my take on that life-altering piece.

Drew Friedman's comics and illustrations have appeared in *Raw*, *Weirdo*, *Heavy Metal*, *National Lampoon*, *Spy*, *The American Bystander* and *MAD*, among others. A documentary about his work "Vermeer of the Borscht Belt" is currently being made. Friedman is married to K. Bidus and they live in an undisclosed bunker with their beagle, Gunther. You can view more of Drew's amazing artwork at: drewfriedman.net





Satan's 666 Commandments

- T**hou Shalt Never Use a Turn Signal
- T**hou Shalt Not Vote in Midterms
- T**hou Shalt Microwave Fish in Office Kitchens
- T**hou Shalt Feed Bacon to Vegans
- T**hou Shalt Throw Thy Birthday Party on a Weeknight
- T**hou Shalt Line up at Thy Airport Gate Before Thy Group Is Called
- T**hou Shalt Join the Church of Scientology
- T**hou Shalt Gaslight People Trying to Love Thee
- T**hou Shalt Run for President on a Platform of Racism Solely for Personal Gain
- T**hou Shalt Marry Thy Adopted Daughter
- T**hou Shalt Use False Pretenses to Date Women
- T**hou Shalt Always Victim Blame
- T**hou Shalt Produce a Known Abuser's Next Film

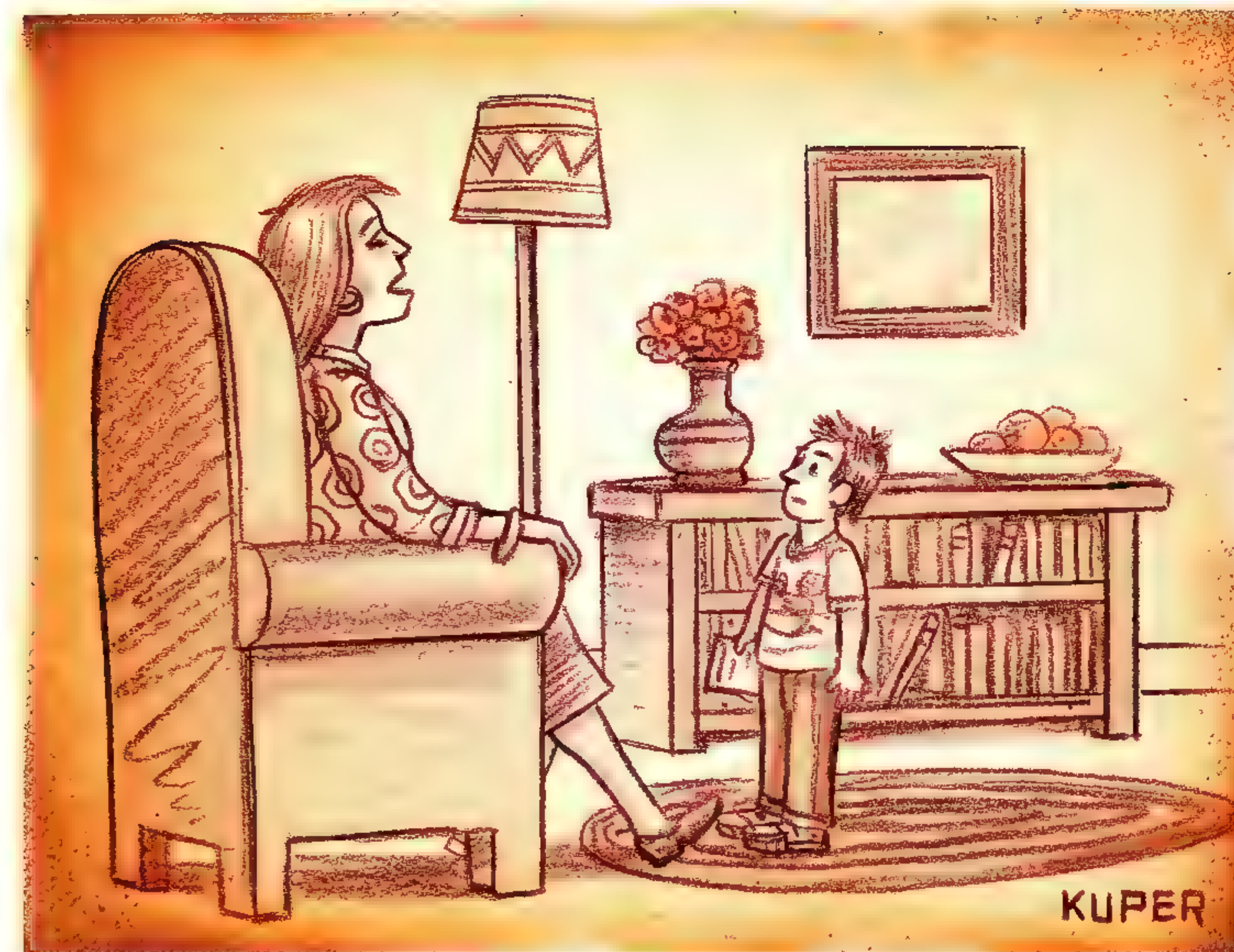
WRITER KIT LIVELY

ARTIST ROB ISRAEL



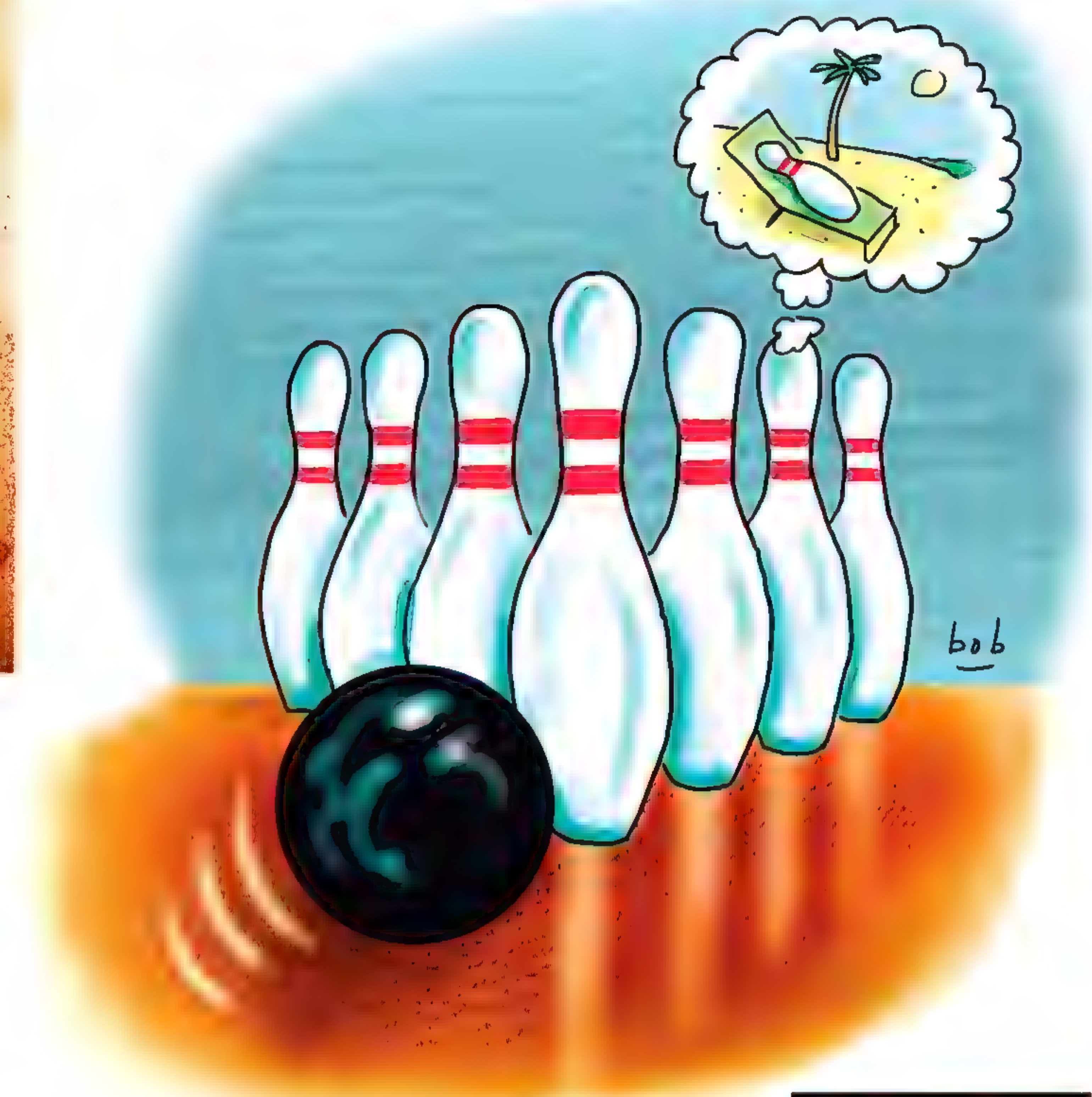
Buzzfeed does *The Bible*.

WRITER & ARTIST JASON CHATFIELD



"Double-check that with Daddy-- Mommy's microdose just kicked in."

WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER



WRITER & ARTIST BOB ECKSTEIN

PROM TIPS FOR THE SOCIALLY AWKWARD

WRITER KENNY KEIL
ARTIST A PERSON

Don't procrastinate! Ask your date to confirm their availability no later than the 3rd grade.



Worried about making eye contact with your date? With a big enough corsage, you won't have to!



Bored? Smuggle in some "party enhancers" to use when the chaperones aren't looking, such as *Stratego* or *Magic: The Gathering*.



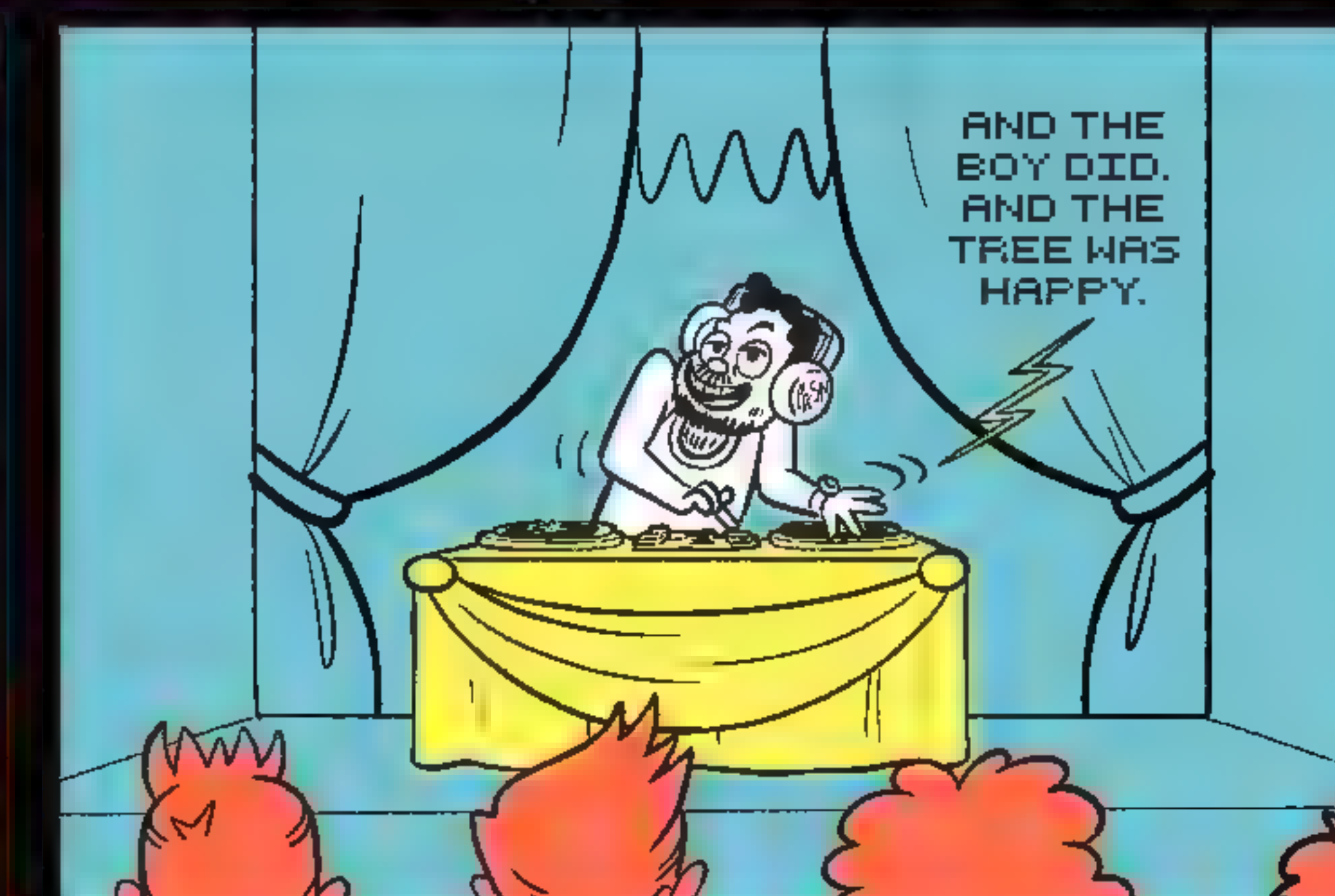
Be sure to invest in some really nice shoes, since you'll be staring at them all night.



If you're worried about your deodorant not making it through the night, grab one of those Yankee Candles your mom keeps in the bathroom.



Scared to dance in public? Politely request that the DJ play an audiobook instead.



NOTHING LASTS FOREVER

Being left at the altar is no excuse to leave Aunt Pattie waiting for a thank you card! Your marriage might be over, but you'll love these stamps till death do you part.



VINTAGE BIG TOP UH-OH'S

Step right up! We've got the best never-before-seen circus moments right here!



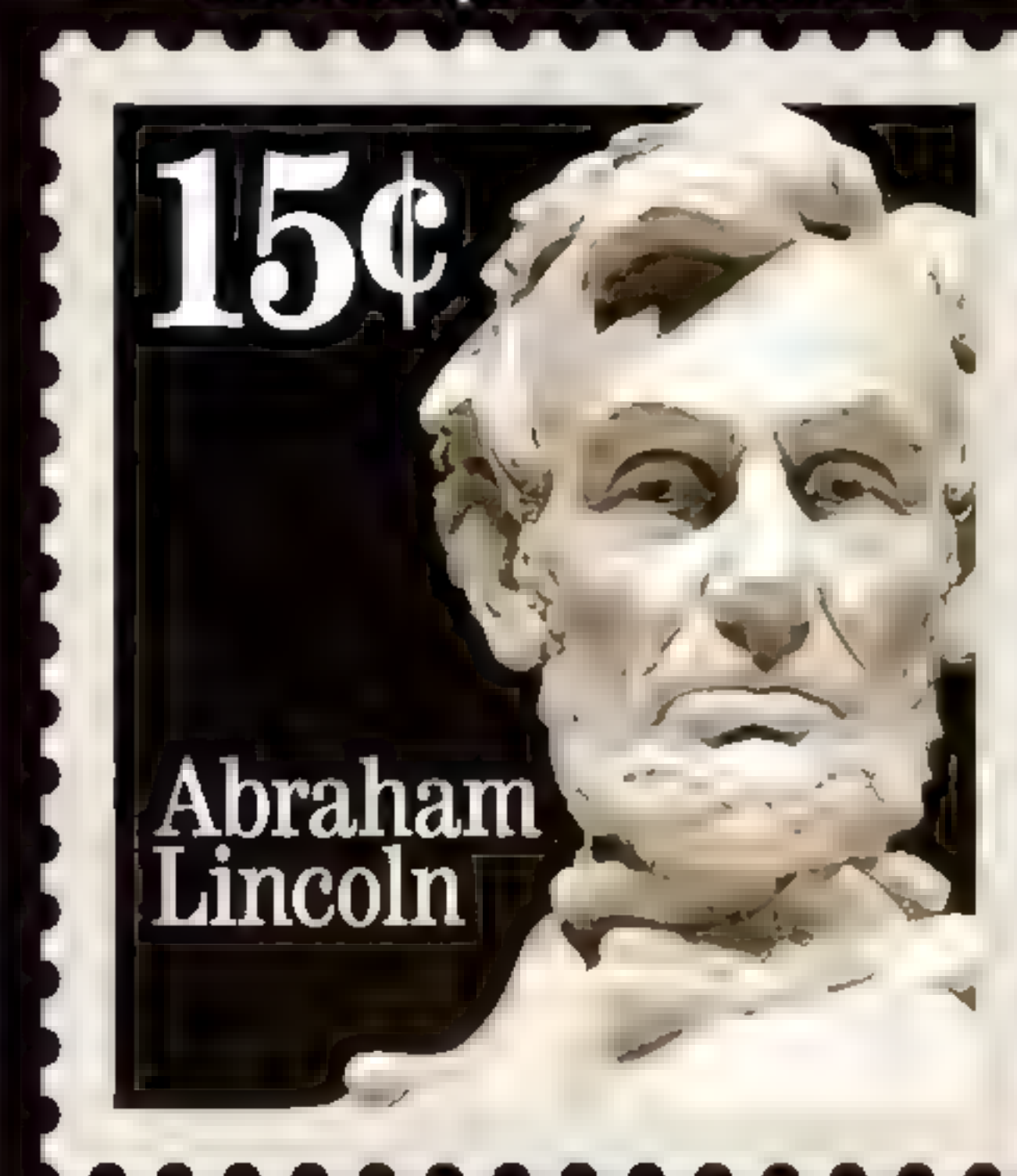
NOT-SO-HOT RODS

Once the envy of every driver on the road, this rusted-out death trap is now home to a family of raccoons!



SALUTE TO LOWER POSTAGE

For the low, low price of \$45.95, be whisked back to a time when stamps were 15 cents!



JUST EMAIL ME!

It's 2019 and nan still doesn't have email. Drop a hint that you'd like her to join this century with this tastefully passive-aggressive statement.



C'EST LA VIE

Tell friends and family across the world, "Hey, we're all in this together."



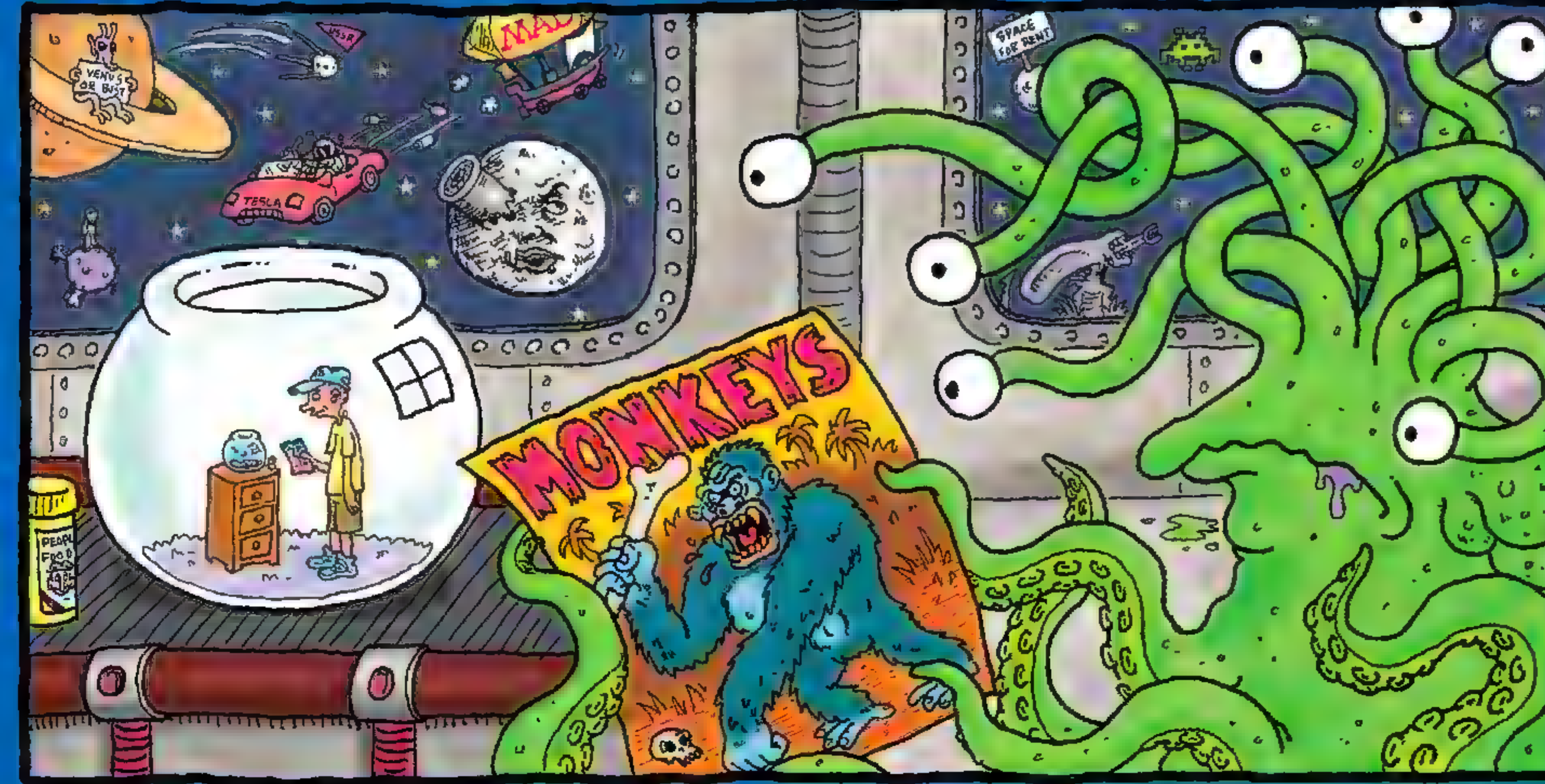
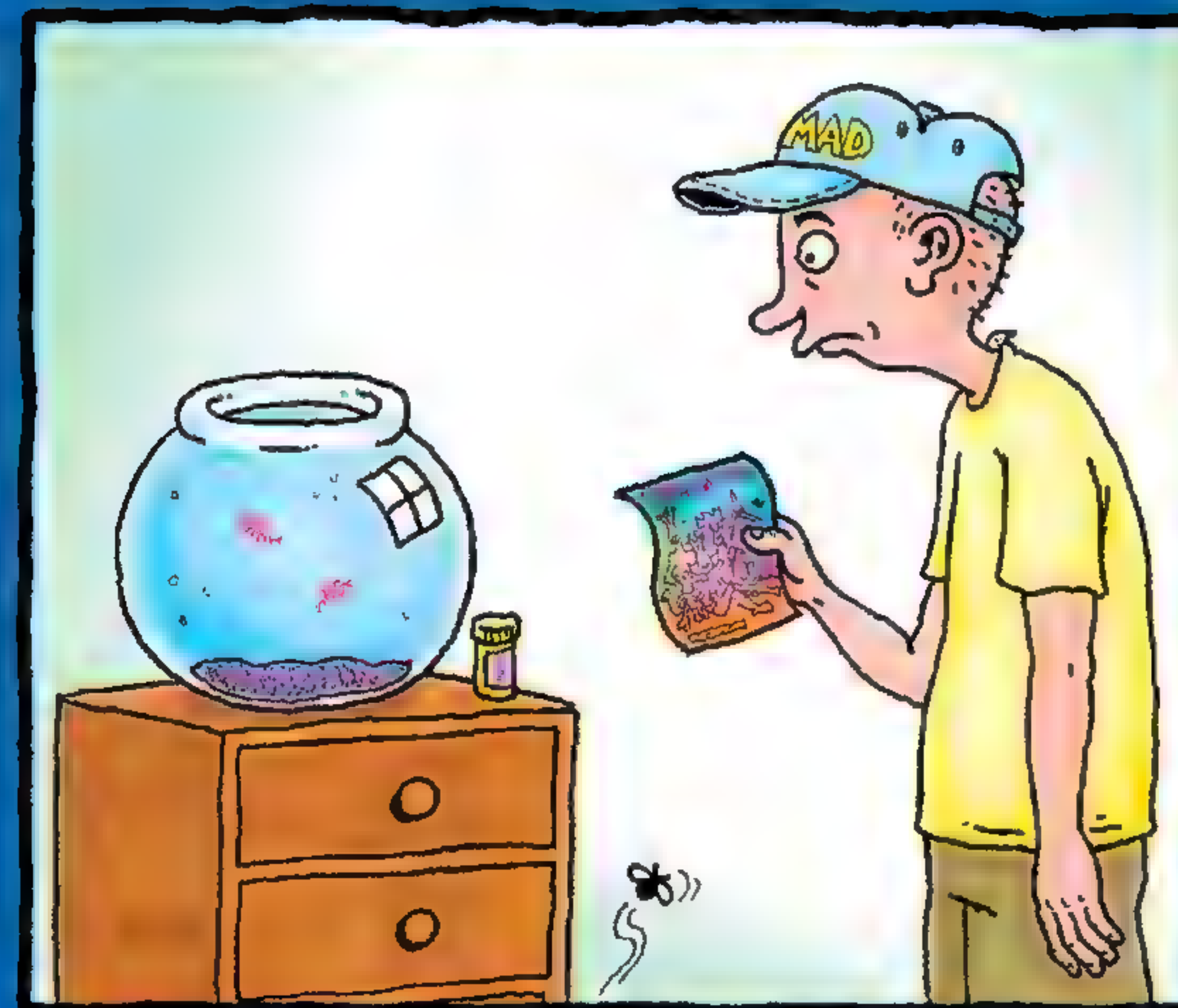
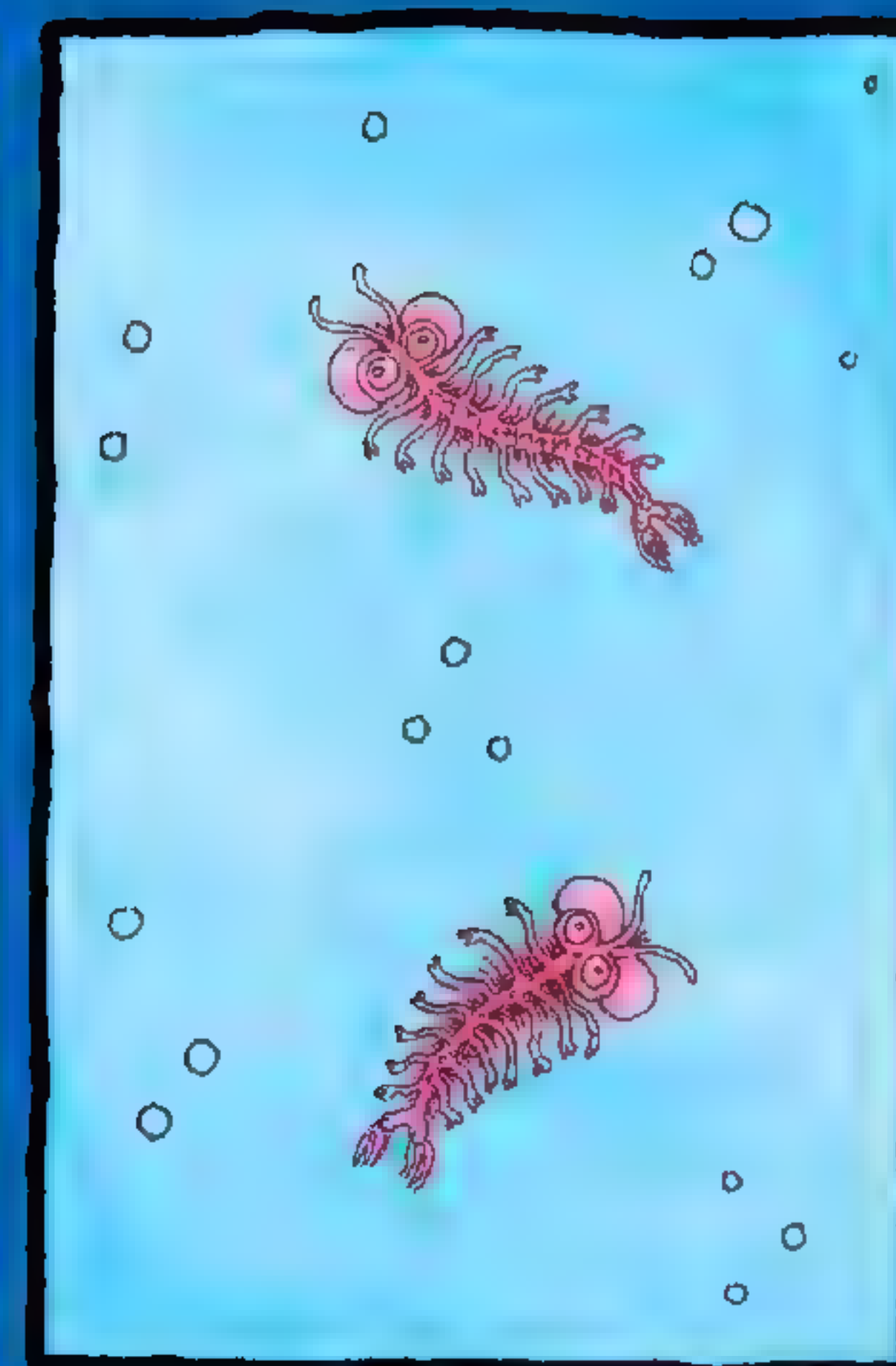
WRITER / JEFF KRUSE
ARTIST / SARAH CHALEK



WRITER & ARTIST P.C. VEY



WRITER & ARTIST
LARS KENSETH



WRITER & ARTIST KYLE BRIDGETT

THE BAD ROOMMATE

WRITER ARIE KAPLAN

ARTIST DAVID DEGRAND

Hey, you're back! Welcome to the rave!

Can you wake me up if I sleep through my 4am alarm?

I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! Ooof. Okay. Aura cleansed.

Do you want me to die of dehydration? Then give me the shower for the next three days.

Your boyfriend came by and I told him it's over. You're too good for him.

Let me know if you find my Diva Cup? Last time I saw it, it was full.

You should thank me. Those books I KonMari'd were a fire hazard.

That stain on the couch? Hmm. I'm gonna say...Nutella.

Wear boots. My solution to the rodent problem escaped...

I got a job interview! Can you pee in this for me?





DEMEANED IN DES MOINES

I've been reading MAD for over 50 years, and know that MAD strives for accuracy and truth. **I was surprised, therefore, to see two glaring errors on the cover of the Feb. 2019 issue, No. 5.**

Donald Trump is shown with a much flatter abdomen and much larger bulge in his underpants than the public knows to be real. Is this your attempt to put him in a better light, or was it an oversight?

Mark Lindahl,
Des Moines, IA

Snarky Mark—Hey, that's our president you're talking about! Did you also notice his perfectly proportionate (if not slightly large) hands? Our Dear Leader is an ideal physical specimen who is beyond reproach, much like his contemporaries in North Korea and Mother Russia. He is also smart, brave, honest, merciful, and tenacious, and you should be very careful about criticizing him, because he is literally 50 feet tall.

—Alex Tafer,
MAD Intern and
Chief Letter Answerer

SAY "UNCLE"!
ZAK WARD'S IN-OFFICE VISIT

I grew up treating my big brother like he farted gold. (He didn't, but he did light them on fire, which was better than 70's TV). He was my hero and he read MAD Magazine. Of course, he wouldn't let me read his copies until he'd finished. Only then was I allowed to touch the treasured remains.

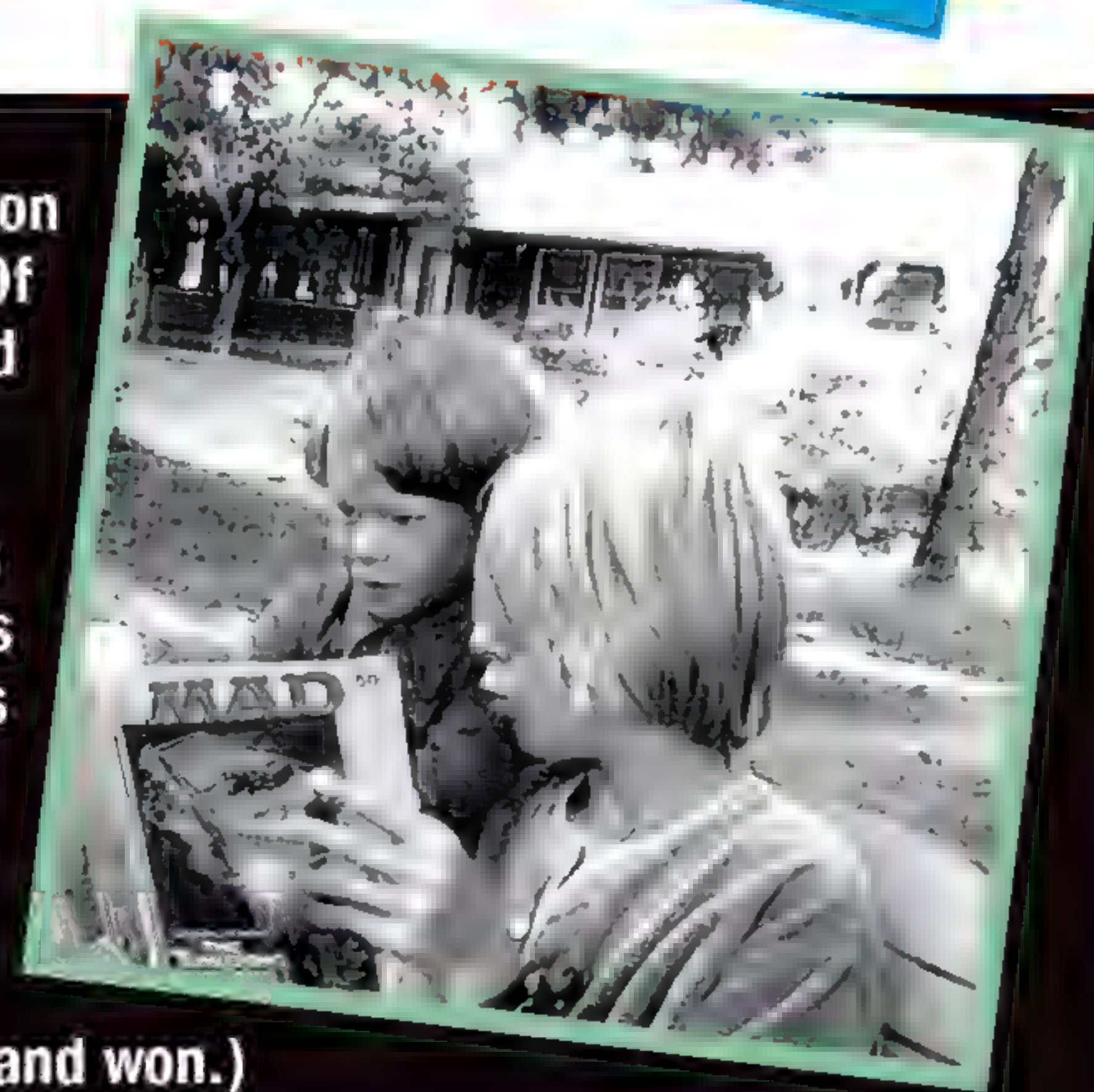
In the summer of '75, there was no greater joy than reading over his shoulder, laughing at Sergio Aragonés cartoons or "ooh"ing over the Fold-Ins while slurping Freezies or making a mess out of a Choco Taco. It's because of him, Carson Thaddeus Foster, that I fell in love with MAD and became an actor. (He argued with our Mom about it and won.)

So when MAD spoofed "A Christmas Story" and turned Scut Farkus into Snot Carcass...the holy grail of brilliantly idiotic, sublime stupidity dubbed us worthy of their sacred pages! Bro, WE MADE IT! One of the greatest experiences in my life is to be included in these these pages as the lovable bully jerk I am, and I share it with my big, goofy-goombah of an older brother.

Thank you, MAD. Thanks, Carson. (Now, light those farts!)

Zack Ward, Los Angeles

We will, Zack. We will. —AT



ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

This issue's Envelope of the Month comes from **Hannah Sabata** in York, Nebraska! *Wolf whistle* That looker in pink has us turning red! We can't put our finger on it, but there's something about that smile that drives us MAD!

A TRANSATLANTIC TRANSFER
On a recent trip to Hungary,

I had a layover at the Warsaw airport in Poland. After reading your fine mag there, I left it in a prominent spot for other fools to read. So, if you start getting subscriptions from that part of the world, you can blame me.

Steve Bertolo, Dayton, OH

Sneaky Steve—Warsaw has always been number one on our list of cities for increasing MAD's international circulation. In fact, we booked flights to hand-deliver a few issues, but instead of Poland, we wound up in Warsaw, Missouri. When we arrived, we realized we forgot to pack any issues, so we had nothing to share with either Warsaw, regardless! You may have done some of your part by sharing MAD with the Poles, but now you must take MAD to the Missourians. —AT

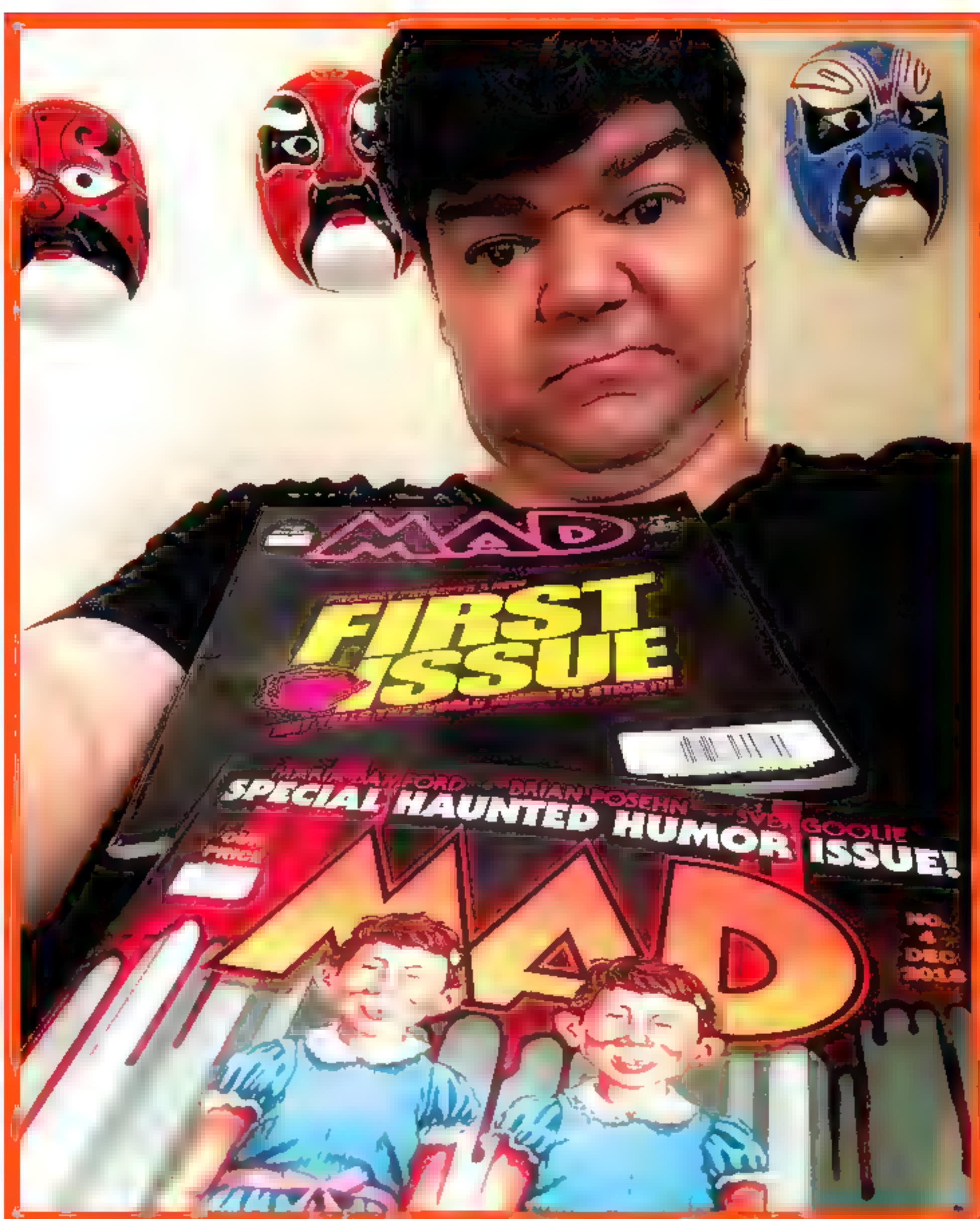
ALFRED LOOK-ALIKE

This issue's look-a-like comes courtesy of

Allie "Neuman" Goertz

who, to the concern of her team, came to work dressed like this out of nowhere. When asked about the getup, she replied, "I wish I knew about tooth paint before I pulled his sucker out!" Fortunately, MAD offers a competitive dental plan!





Greetings from Panama! I'm **Nelson Hernández**. I am a great admirer, reader, and fan of your magazine! I just got the latest issue today! I'm also a MAD collector, though it's sometimes difficult to have items sent in the mail to Panama. My favorite characters are the spies in "Spy Vs. Spy."

Con mis atentos saludos,
Nelson Hernández, Panama

Notorio Nelson—¡Qué maravilloso que leas la revista MAD en Panamá! Queremos abrir las oficinas sudamericanas de MAD, pero hemos encontrado un problema. Nuestro presidente, el Sr. Trump, ama tanto a MAD que está construyendo un muro para mantenerse MAD para sí mismo. También hemos sospechado que se convirtió en presidente solo para controlar la oficina de correos y, por lo tanto, todos los envíos de recuerdos de "Spy vs. Spy." Algunos dicen que es un hombre muy egoísta, pero lo entendemos. —AT

A PARODY UNIVERSE

To the editors and creators of MAD Magazine,

I really enjoy the content you guys make. I look forward to getting a new magazine every month. I really think you should make a comic about *Rick and Morty*, and share your opinions on the show.

Thanks, **Tanner Colatosti**, via email

Fleeb Cola—Oh, you didn't know? You're actually living in a MAD parody of *Rick and Morty*. Someone is playing the Roy VR game, and right now Roy is playing a game called *Tanner*. This was all explained in an Easter egg hidden in *Morty's Mind Blowers Part 6*, but maybe you...gruk...missed it! PS: This is all also inside a Zygirion simulation, of course. PPS: EVERY month? We'd love to live in the timeline where we're monthly! —AT



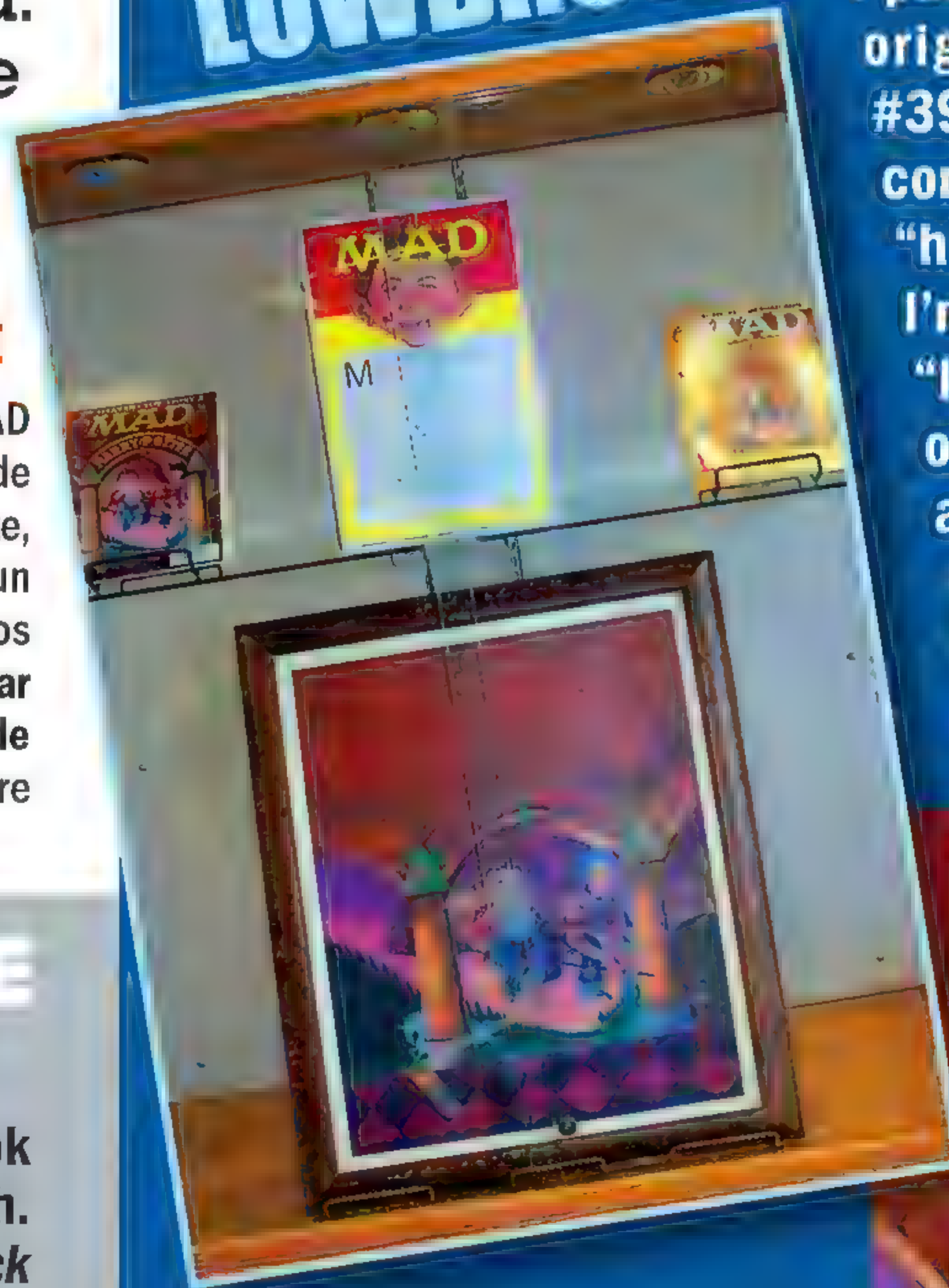
REMEMBERS ONLY CLUB

Really enjoyed "It's a Wonderful Death" (Feb. '19 issue). There were many members of the 27 Club. Another was Grateful Dead keyboardist Ron "Pigpen" McKernan (1945-73). He lived 27 years and six months. I've always enjoyed MAD, but especially liked it about 35 or 40 years ago. All the great artists: Woodbridge, Clarke, Berg, to name but a few. I understand Jack Davis died last year; I'll certainly never forget him.

Sincerely, **Gary Kerns**, via email

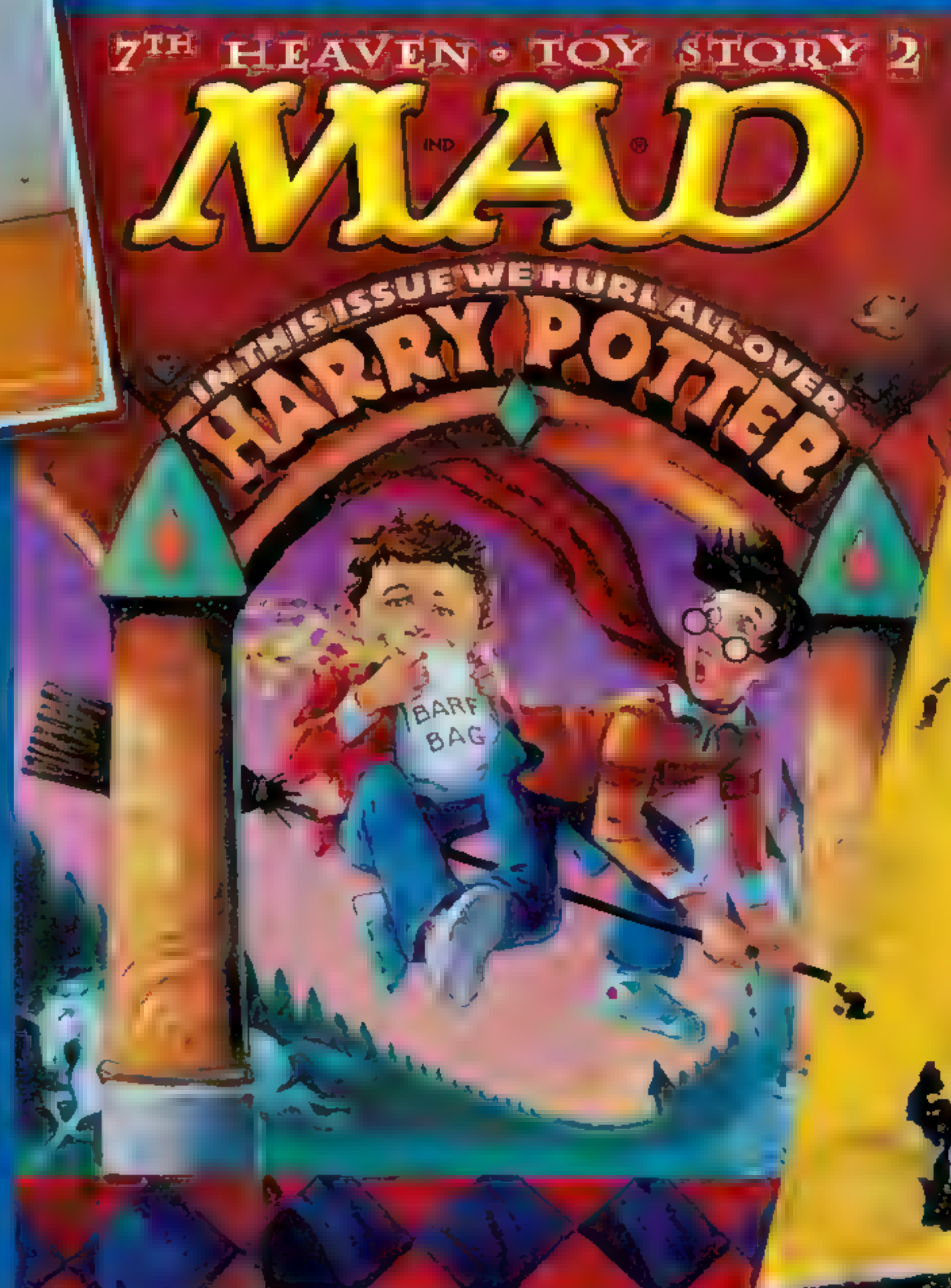
Groovin' Gary—It's true Jack Davis joined the **91 Club** a few years back, and is fondly remembered. Be on the lookout for our forthcoming comic, "**The 28 Club**," starring popular music's Tim Buckley, Avicii, and the Big Bopper. And if you haven't read it already, please check out "**The 26 Club**," featuring Otis Redding, Gram Parsons, Nick Drake, and Mac Miller. (Apparently women are only allowed in the 27 Club.) —AT

ACCIO LOWBROW!



Dear MAD,
For the month of December '18 at the Plainview-Old Bethpage Public Library, I put on display the Richard Williams original cover painting from MAD #391, in which Harry Potter gets his comeuppance. Instead of the usual "highbrow" displays at the library, I'm glad that, for once, they went "lowbrow" by displaying a painting of Alfred E. Neuman vomiting into a BARF BAG.

Robert Cariola
Plainview, NY



Reference Section Robert—We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted to the letters portion of MAD! We await your owl. (He was supposed to deliver our food hours ago. What gives?!) While many look down on "lowbrow" comedy, you understand that it's humor for the sophisticated! After all, we're featured in your library! —AT

Each day we receive dozens of letters ranging from "barely legible" to "we should report this to the proper authorities." And though most are doomed to be fed into the MAD intern's shredder, occasionally we stumble upon a perfect candidate for...

THE MADIFESTO

Dear MAD,

When, pray tell, did your rag become so rough on guys? Has having so many female editors made you forget that not all men are bad? Take me, for instance. I'm such an ally that I'm willing to admit it's possible that, in throwing a tantrum about it, I was almost as bad as the pregnant lady who stole my seat on the subway.

Let's go over my case:

- I was there first. (That was my sweat on the seat.)
- My feet hurt! (I haven't replaced my Nike socks since cutting off the logo.)
- She wasn't **that** pregnant. (Late second trimester, tops!)

I remember how attacked I felt when she asked, with pseudo-deference, "May I please take your seat?" Yes, MY seat! I can't tell you how quickly "Gone Girl" flashed before my eyes. Putting aside my hurt feelings, I helpfully explained that at this stage of pregnancy, she ought to be capable of standing. "It's 2019," I explained, "and you're so much stronger than you realize."

What happened next is a bit of a blur, but I know my crying was justified. "Have you no **empathy**?" I asked, as some of the seat thief's cronies carried me away. Though, the more I think about it, I wonder whether slapping myself repeatedly in the face while shrieking "**THIS IS HOW YOUR DISRESPECT FEELS!**" was the right move. While accurate and evocative, it did not foster a constructive dialogue.

And in retrospect, one might credibly argue that I needn't have written and recorded the original rap-rock single "Pregnant Princess Needs a Seat (Give Me a Goddamn Break)" while on the train, nor handed out download cards to all the passengers. Even if I **WAS** determined to record the song, maybe it shouldn't have had so many curses, or wished scurvy upon her unborn child—who did not himself steal my seat, and is not responsible for his mother's misdeeds.

With the benefit of hindsight, I can acknowledge that my reaction may have been disproportionate, and I am willing to humbly ask forgiveness for my behavior, if the pregnant woman who stole my seat apologizes first.

Sincerely,
Dr. Melvin Roger Allen
Psychology Professor
New York, NY

Sometimes it's not enough for us to have your fan mail—we also want your SOUL. Well, we finally figured out a way to take that from you: Just send us a true story about something STUPID you actually did, and acclaimed cartoonist **Mike Holmes** might make it into a comic strip! It's...

REAL, DUMB



This issue's story submitted by **Tom Salemmé**.

Have a real, dumb story that happened to you? Want to share your shame with the world by having it illustrated in MAD? Write it up and send it to realdumb@madmagazine.com! If it's dumb enough, we'll make it into a comic!

All stories submitted to realdumb@madmagazine.com may be edited (including changing the names of people or places mentioned in the story), illustrated at MAD's discretion, and published in MAD's Real, Dumb feature or in any MAD publication in any format and will not be returned.

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**WHAT INEVITABLE
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HAS MANY
PEOPLE SICK TO
THEIR STOMACHS?**

ORIGINALLY CREATED FOR THE JUNE 2013 MAD, ISSUE #521. PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED.

HERE WE GO WITH A CONTROVERSIAL **MAD FOLD-IN**

Every year, there are rounds of endless sequels that America must endure. Despite a weary public, there seems to be no end to these senseless events. One violent hit follows another at a frightening clip. The upshot is that there is little chance that this will ever stop—after all, the aim is for already-loaded businesses to make even more money. To find out what sequel is so upsetting, fold page in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A



B

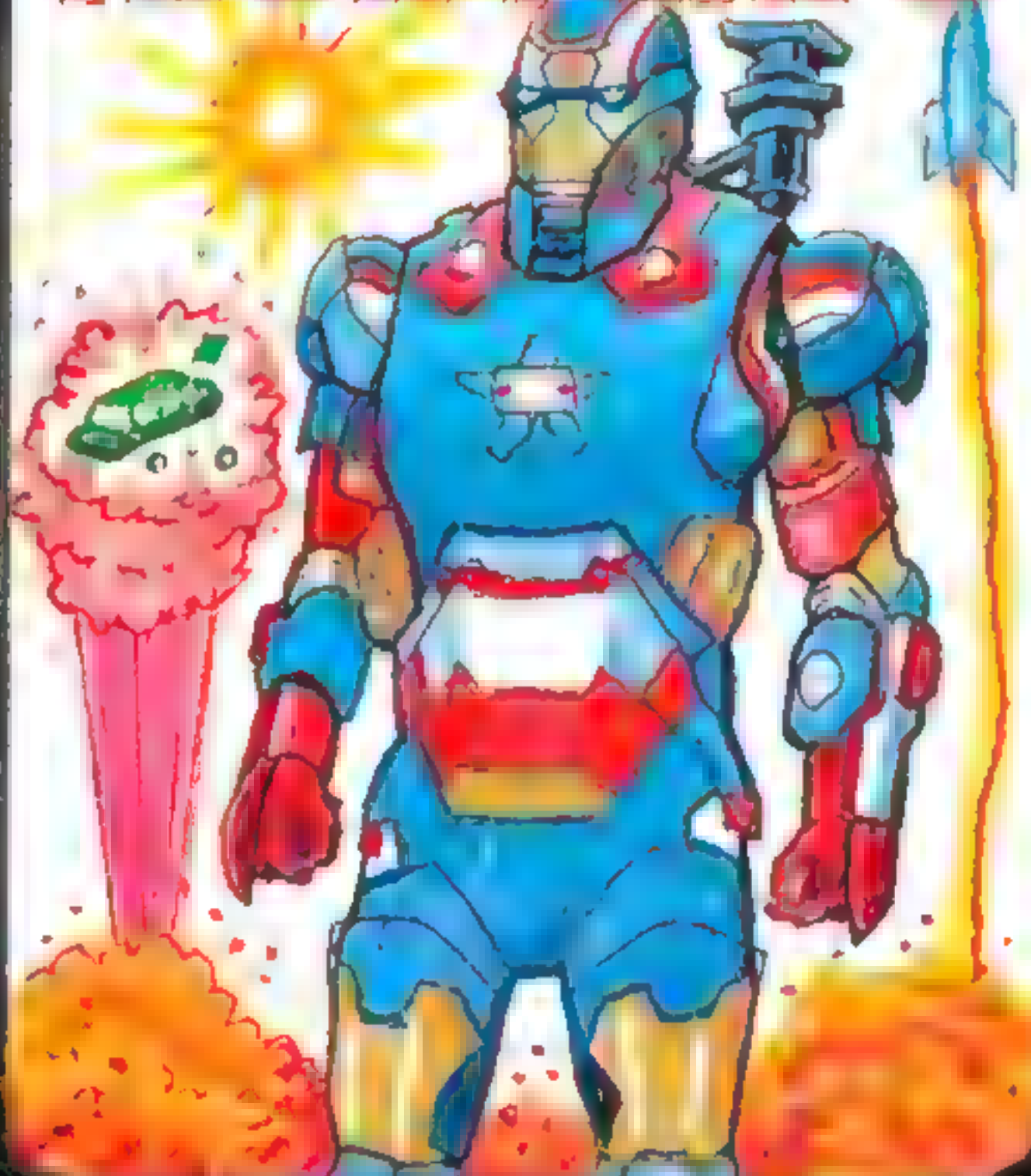


COMING SOON TO THIS THEATER

HANGOVER
PART III



IRON MAN 3



STAR TREK INTO DARKNESS



**DOWN
WITH
SEQUELS**

THE NEXT CROP OF SEQUELS WILL INEVITABLY SPREAD
MASS GUT-WRENCHING EMOTIONS. WE'LL ALL BE AGAIN
SHOOK UP WITH ANGER. NO ONE WINS IN THIS SETTING.

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

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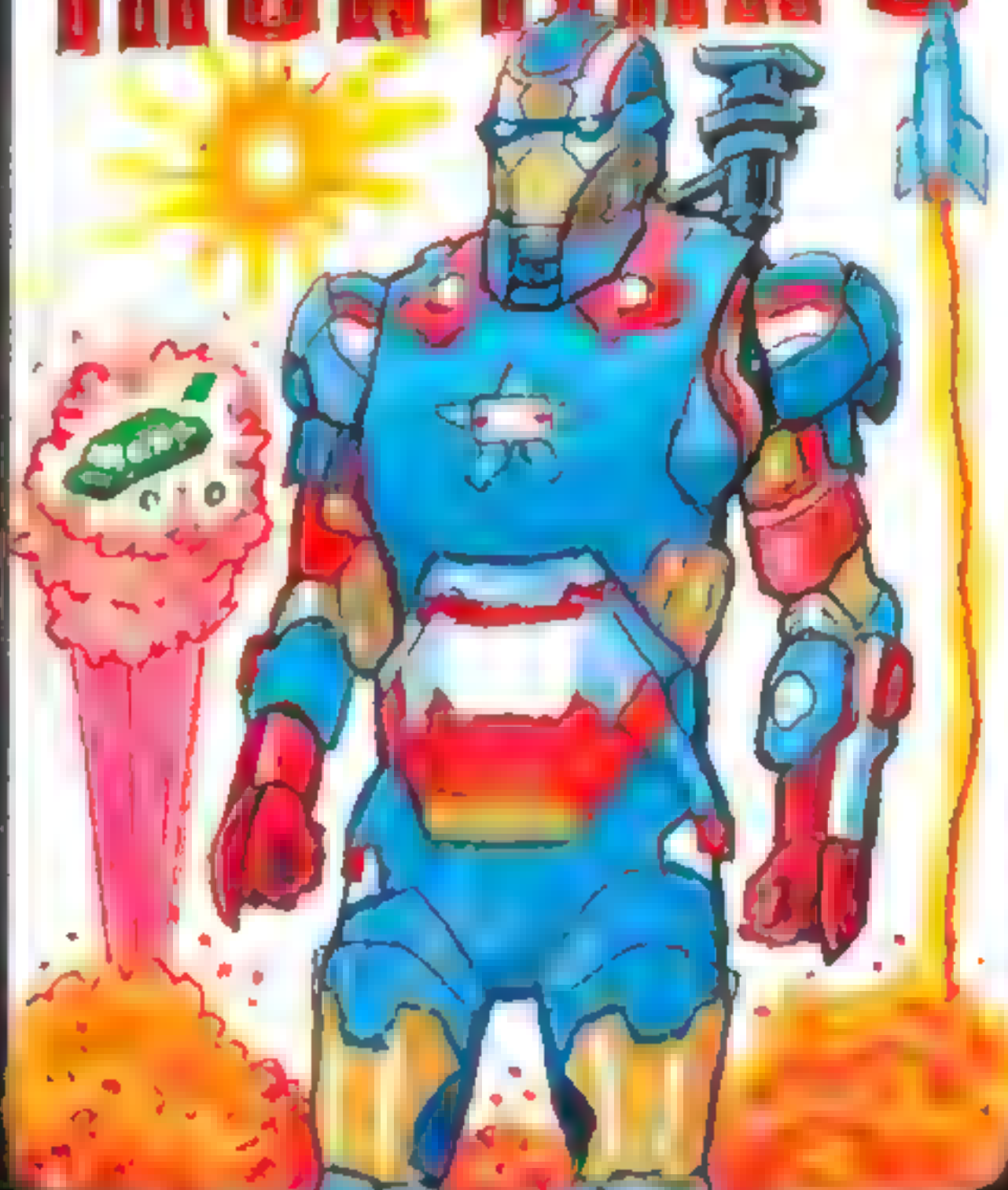
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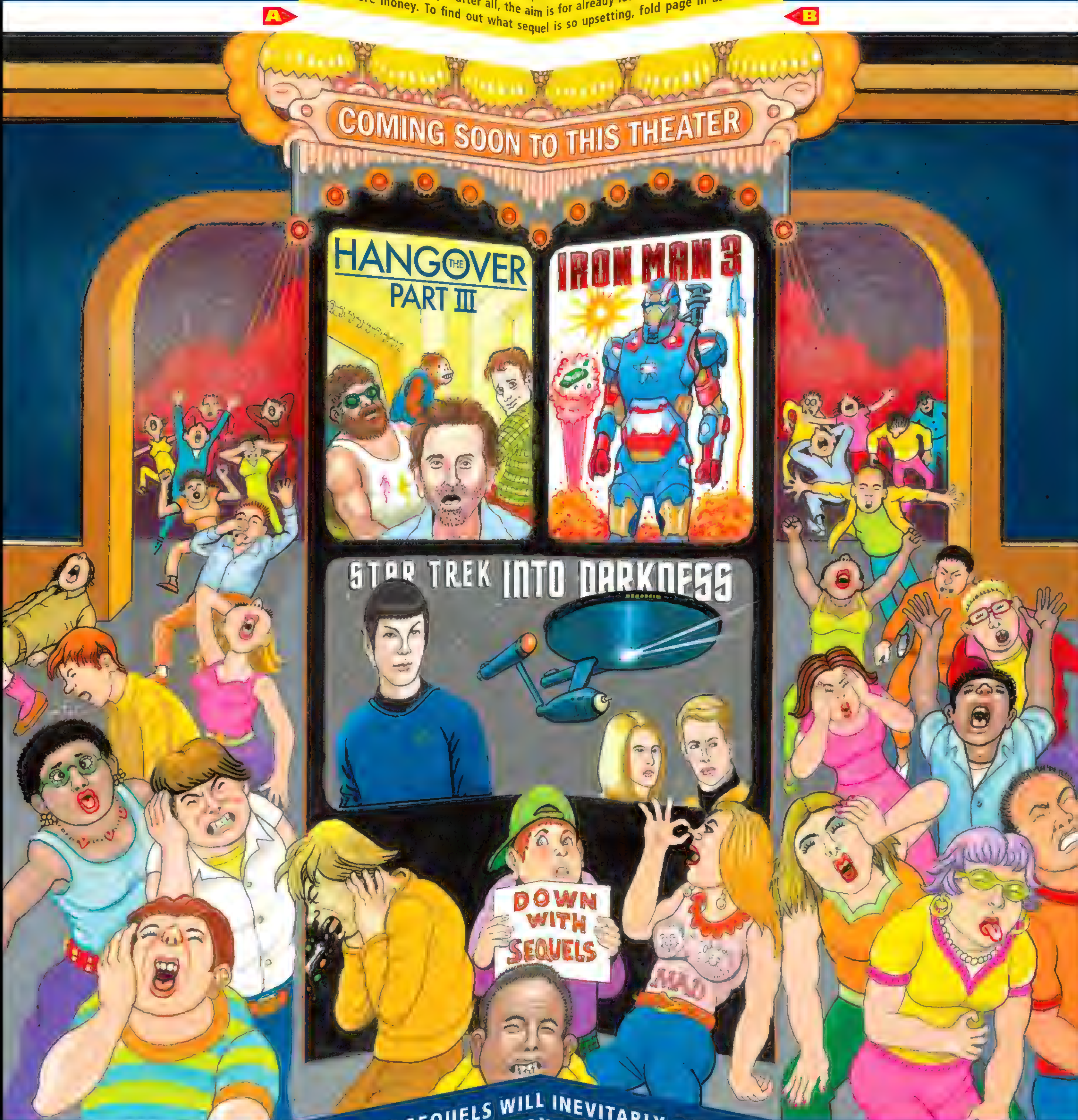
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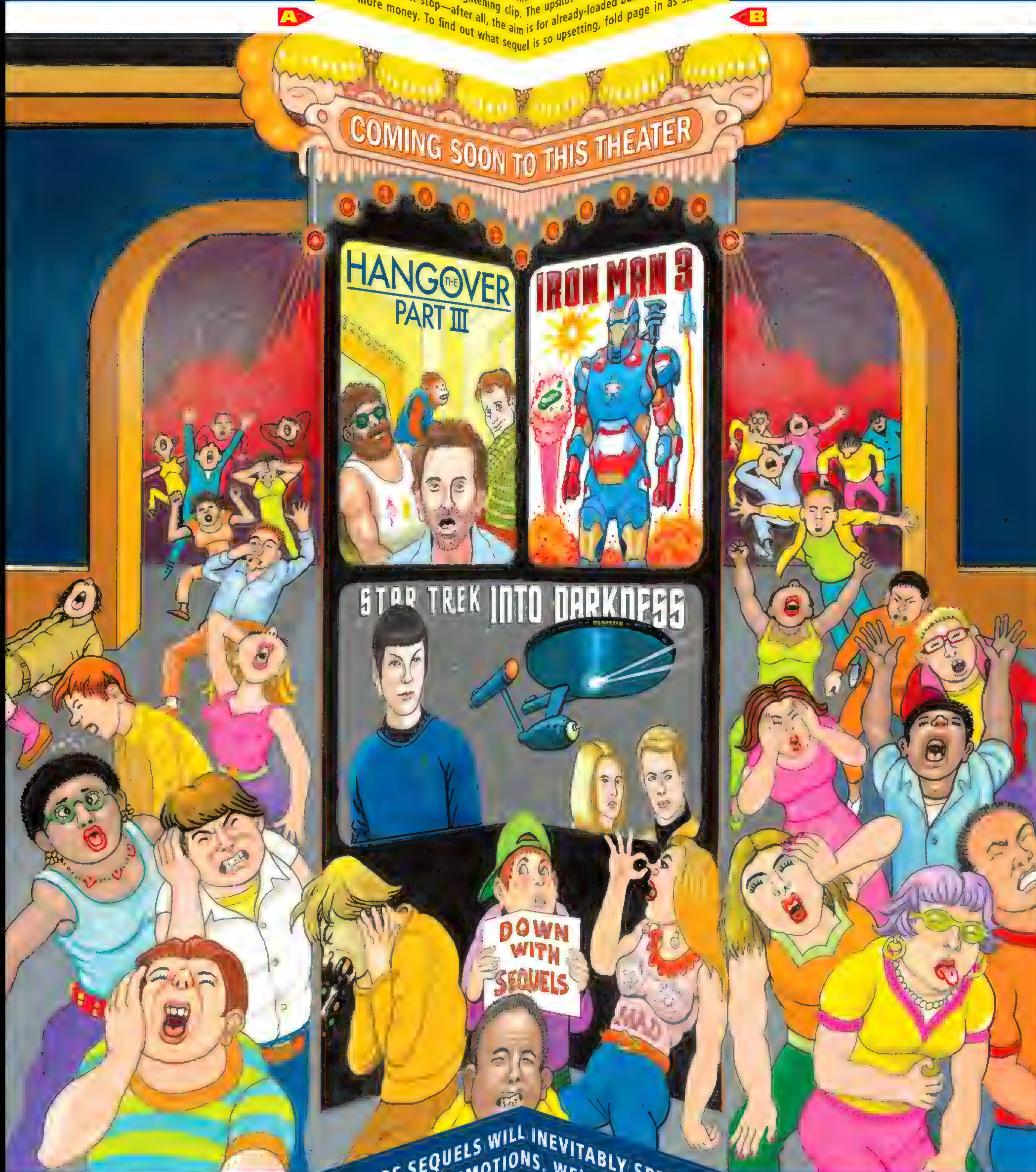
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ORIGINALLY CREATED FOR THE JUNE 2013 MAIL ISSUE PAGE 1, PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED.

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Every year, there are rounds of endless sequels that America must endure. Despite a weary public, there seems to be no end to these senseless events. One violent hit follows another at a frightening clip. The upshot is that there is little chance that this will ever stop—after all, the aim is for already-loaded businesses to make even more money. To find out what sequel is so upsetting, fold page in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



**THE NEXT CROP OF SEQUELS WILL INEVITABLY SPREAD
MASS GUT-WRENCHING EMOTIONS. WE'LL ALL BE AGAIN
SHOOK UP WITH ANGER. NO ONE WINS IN THIS SETTING.**

WRITER & ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

WHAT INEVITABLE
SEQUEL ALREADY
HAS MANY
PEOPLE SICK TO
THEIR STOMACHS?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A

B



A

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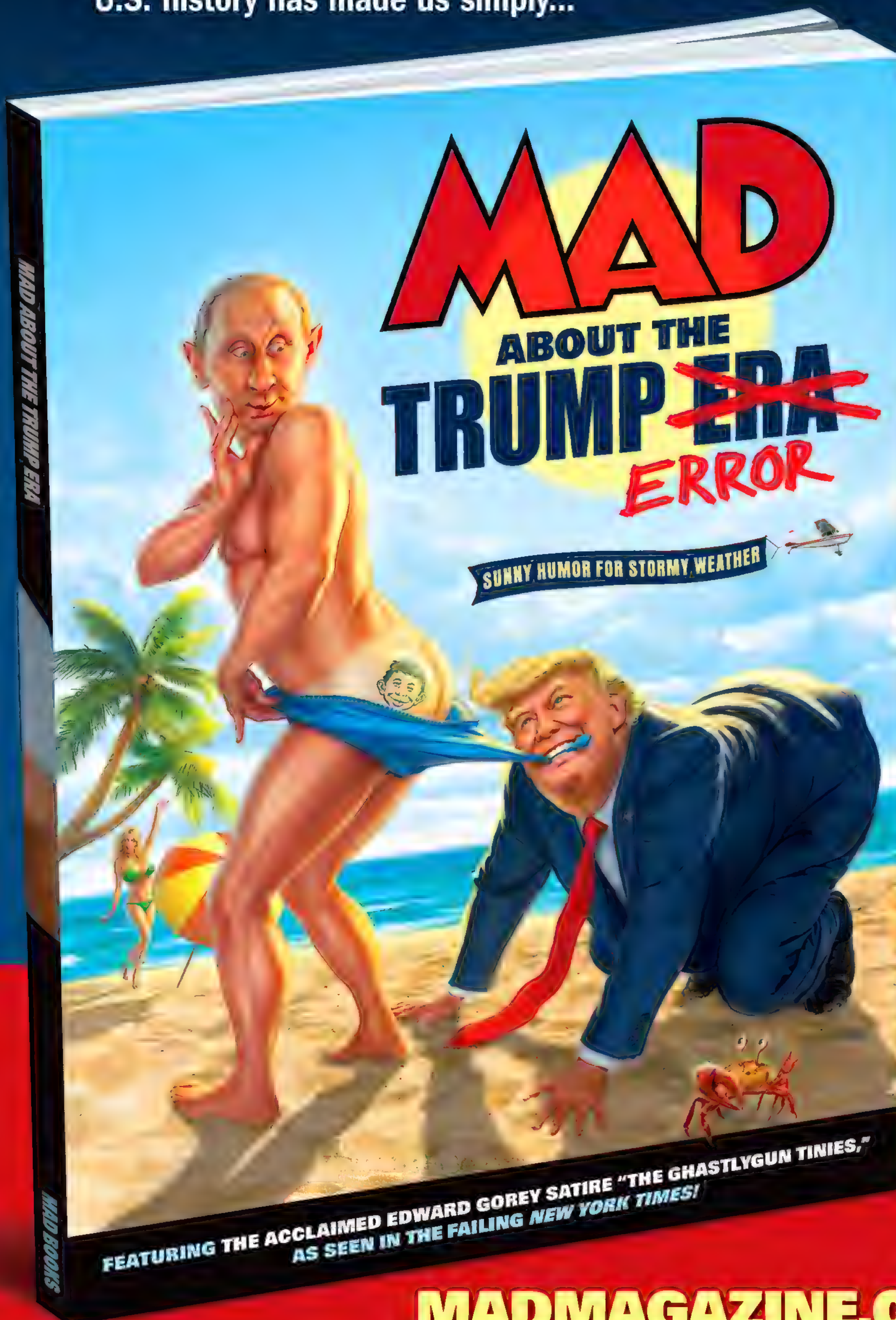


**THE NEXT
MASS GUN
SHOOTING.**



LOOK BACK ON THE LAST TWO YEARS AND LAUGH, BECAUSE IT'S BETTER THAN BAWLING!*

Lifting our spirits with some of the most downtrodden moments in recent U.S. history has made us simply...



**128
PAGES**
OF SATIRIZED,
STABLE GENIUS!

FEATURING
THE ACCLAIMED
**EDWARD
GOREY**
SATIRE "THE
GHASTLYGUN TINIES"

AN ENTIRE
SECTION OF
COVFEFE,
WHATEVER
THAT IS!

**ON
SALE**
MAY 7, 2019

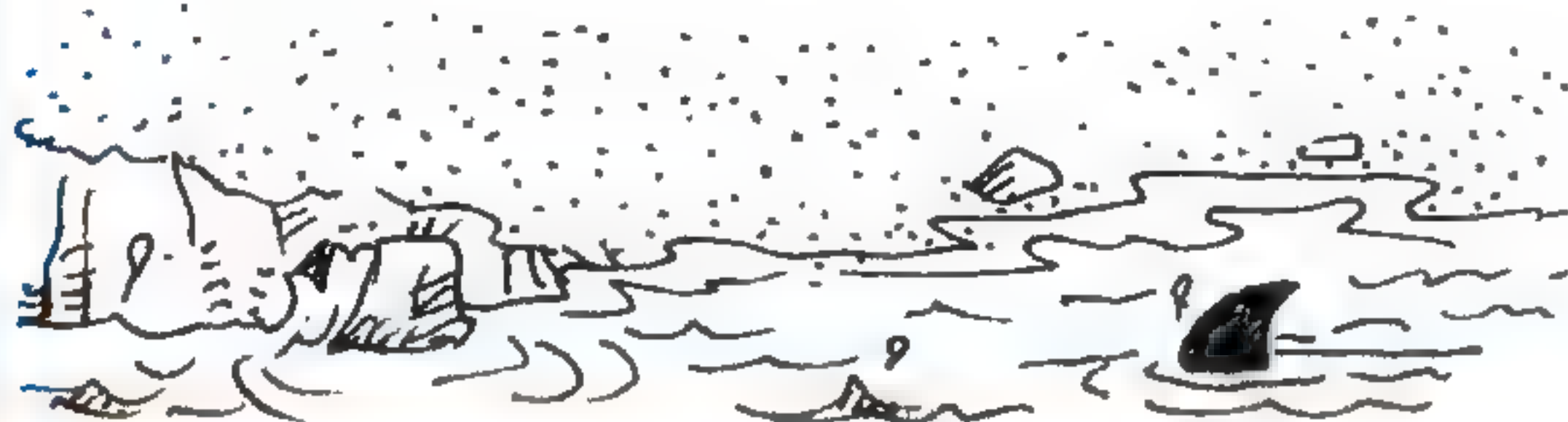
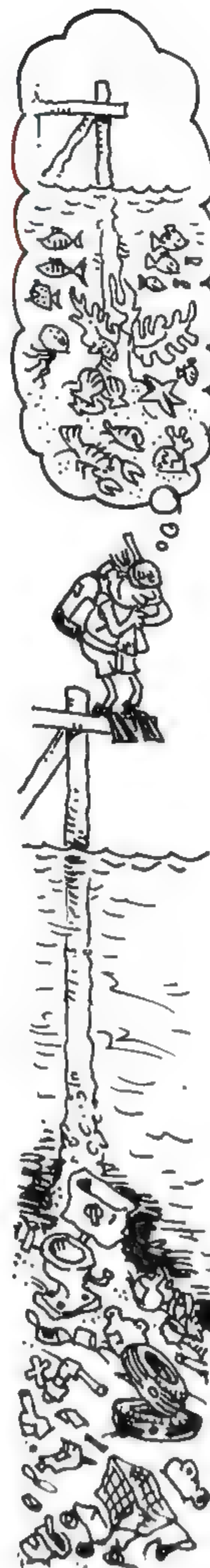
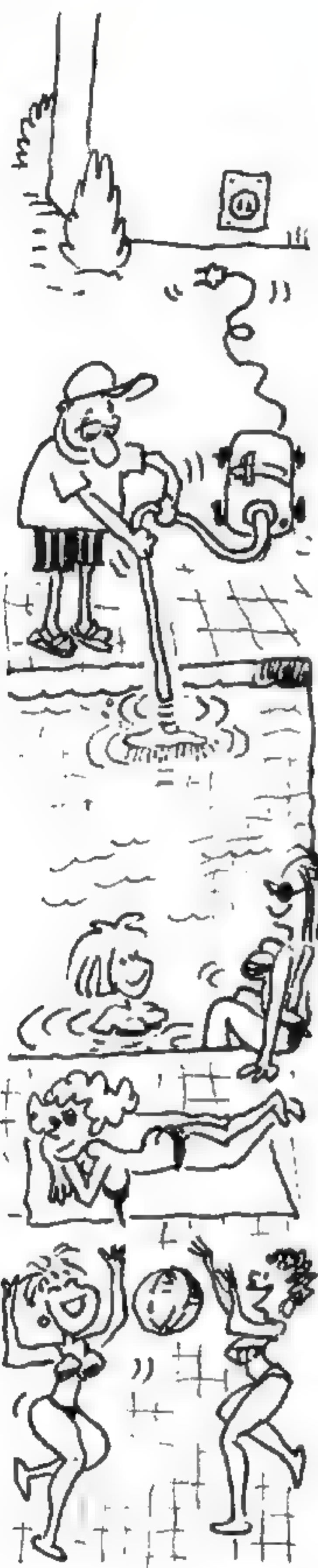
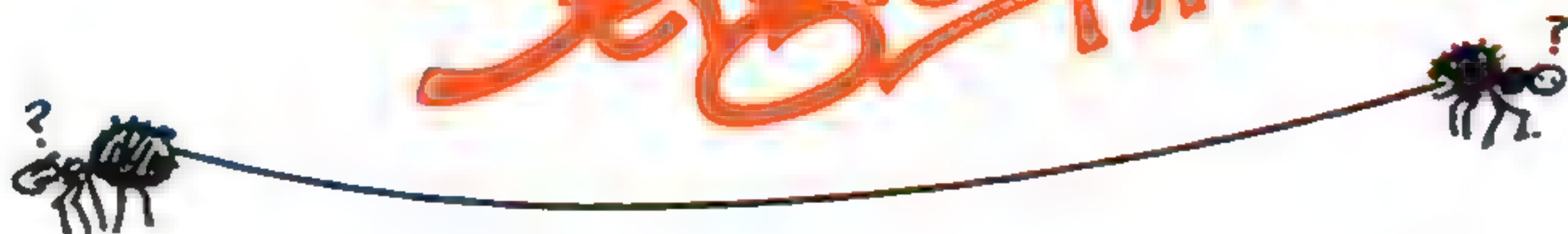
BUY YOURS AT

MADMAGAZINE.COM/BOOKS

*Pages double as Kleenex, in case your tears are involuntary. Watch out for paper cuts.

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY *SERGIO ARAGONÉS*



**THOSE FIVE LITTLE WORDS
THAT DRIVE HER WILD...**

MAD

**DIGITAL EDITION
BONUS MATERIAL!**

Ah, spring! Is there any time as sweet to get badgered by police? If you get stuck serving time, why not savor it by reading this vintage piece from the one and only Don Martin.

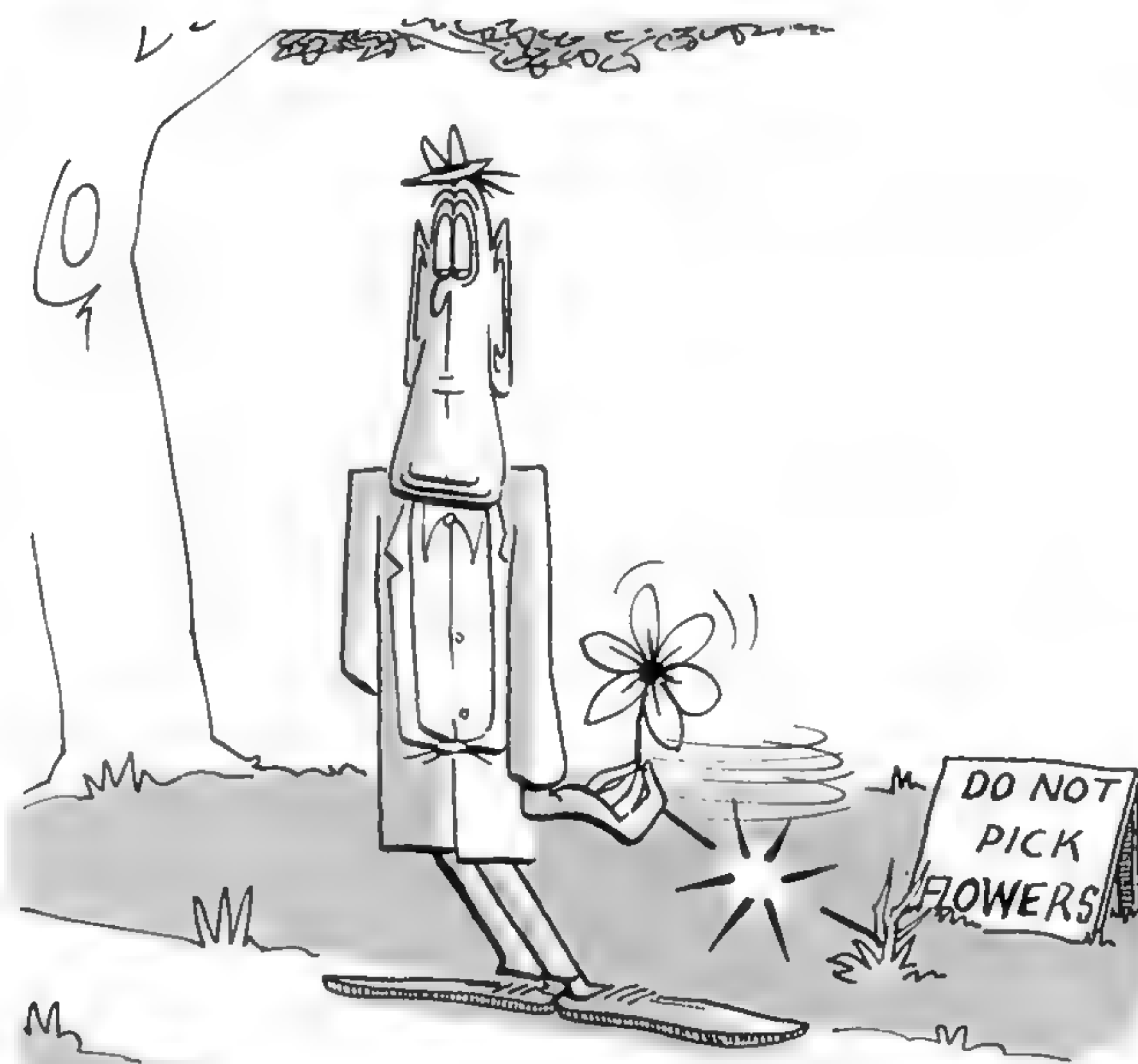


If you haven't yet filed your taxes, consider this your warning that it's too late! Solve this classic Fold-In from Al Jaffee before the IRS repels through your windows!



For his parting shot this issue,
Don Martin downs three fingers
of Jack Daniels, and leaves us
with his sensitive observations

ON PICKING FLOWERS



**WHY IS A
TAXPAYER
LIKE A
BOTTLE
OF WINE?**

ANOTHER (YECCH) MAD FOLD-IN RIDDLE

One way or another, we are all taxpayers. To find out what we have in common with bottles of wine, fold in the pages as shown at right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**BOTHERING TO COMPARE A TAXPAYER TO A WINE WILL GET
SCORES OF READERS UNHINGED. THE CONFUSION BREWED
IN THIS RIDICULOUS "RIDDLE" WILL NO DOUBT PUZZLE
EVERY PERSON WITH ANY KIND OF A DECENT MIND**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

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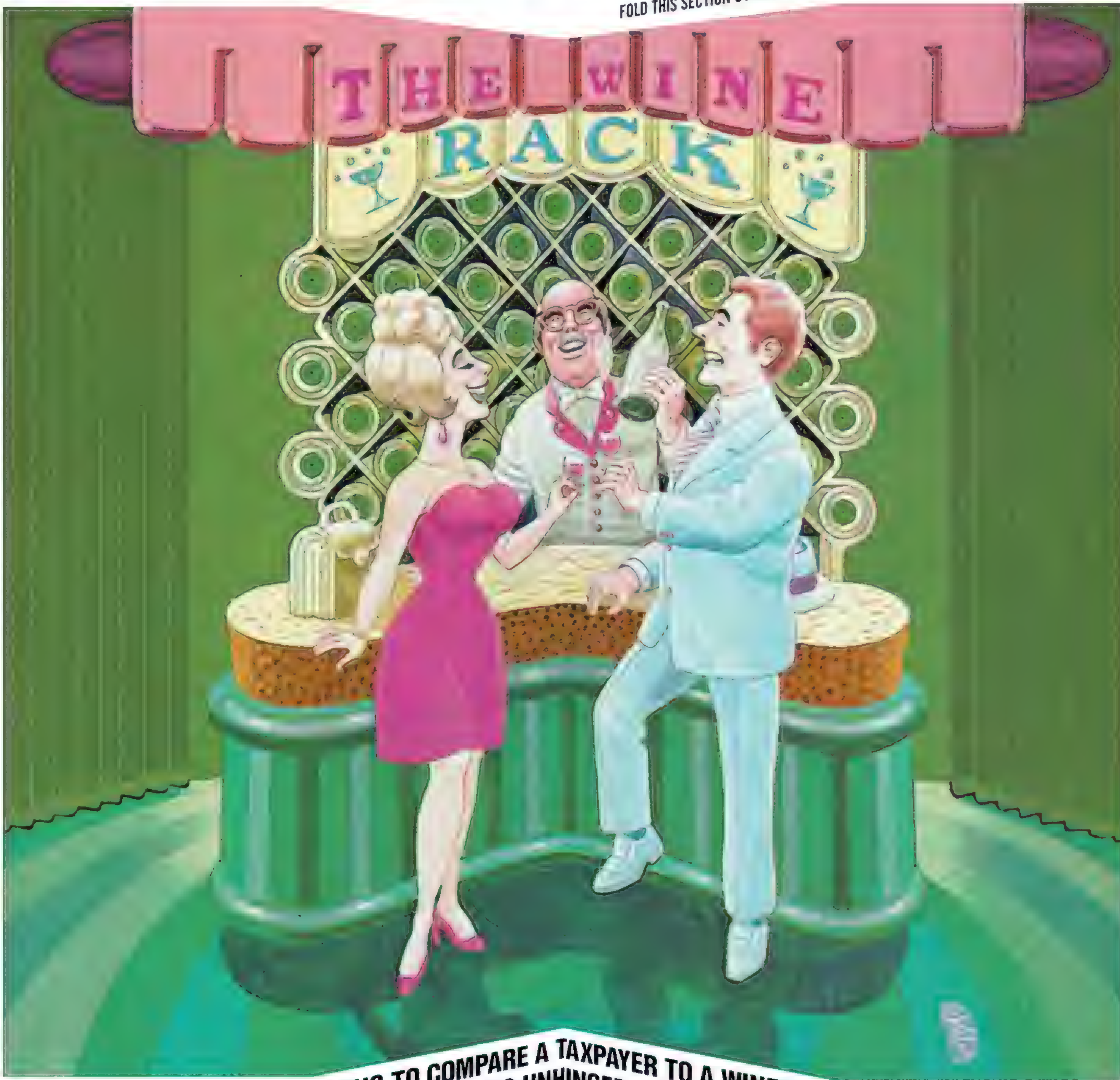


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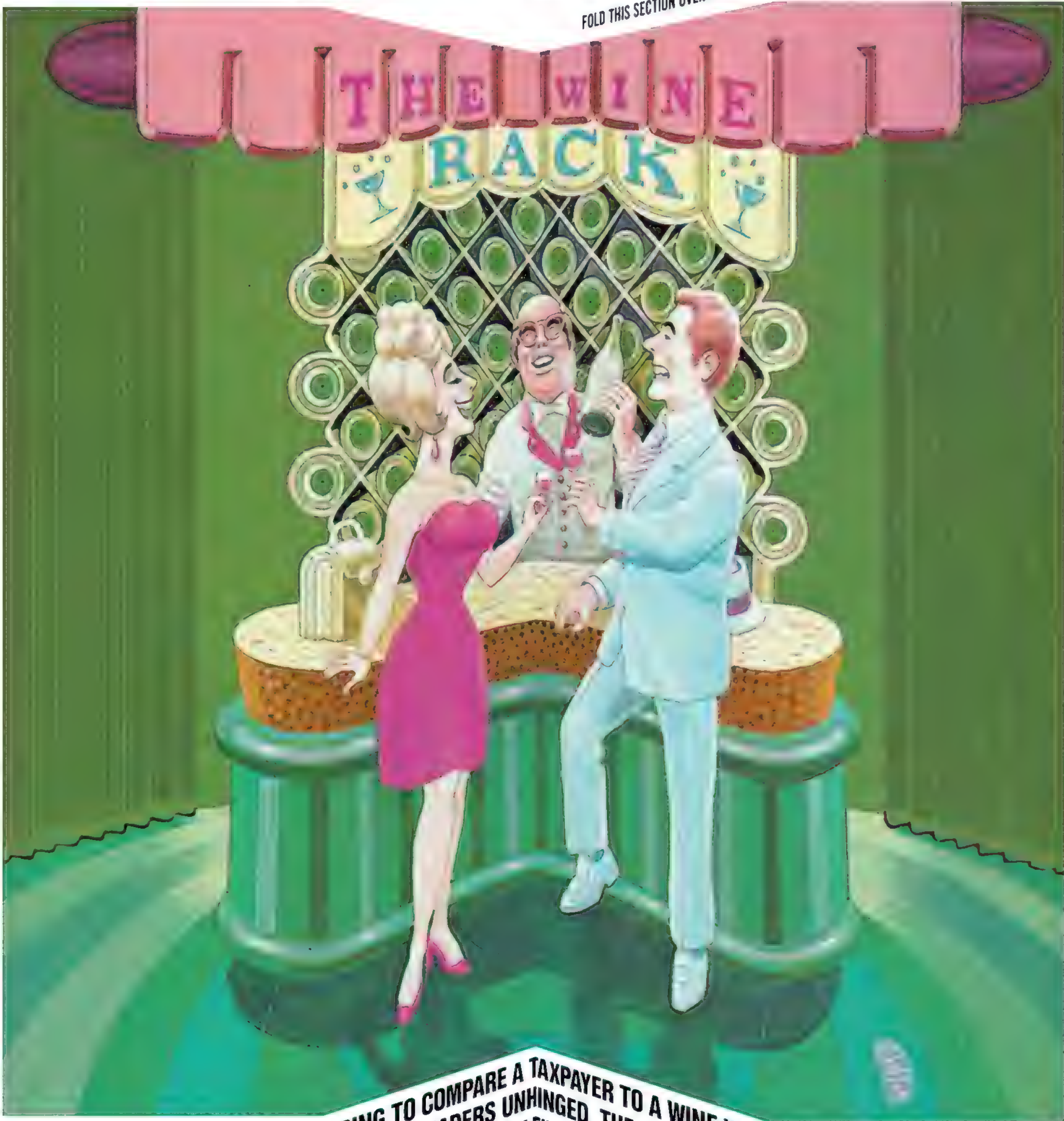
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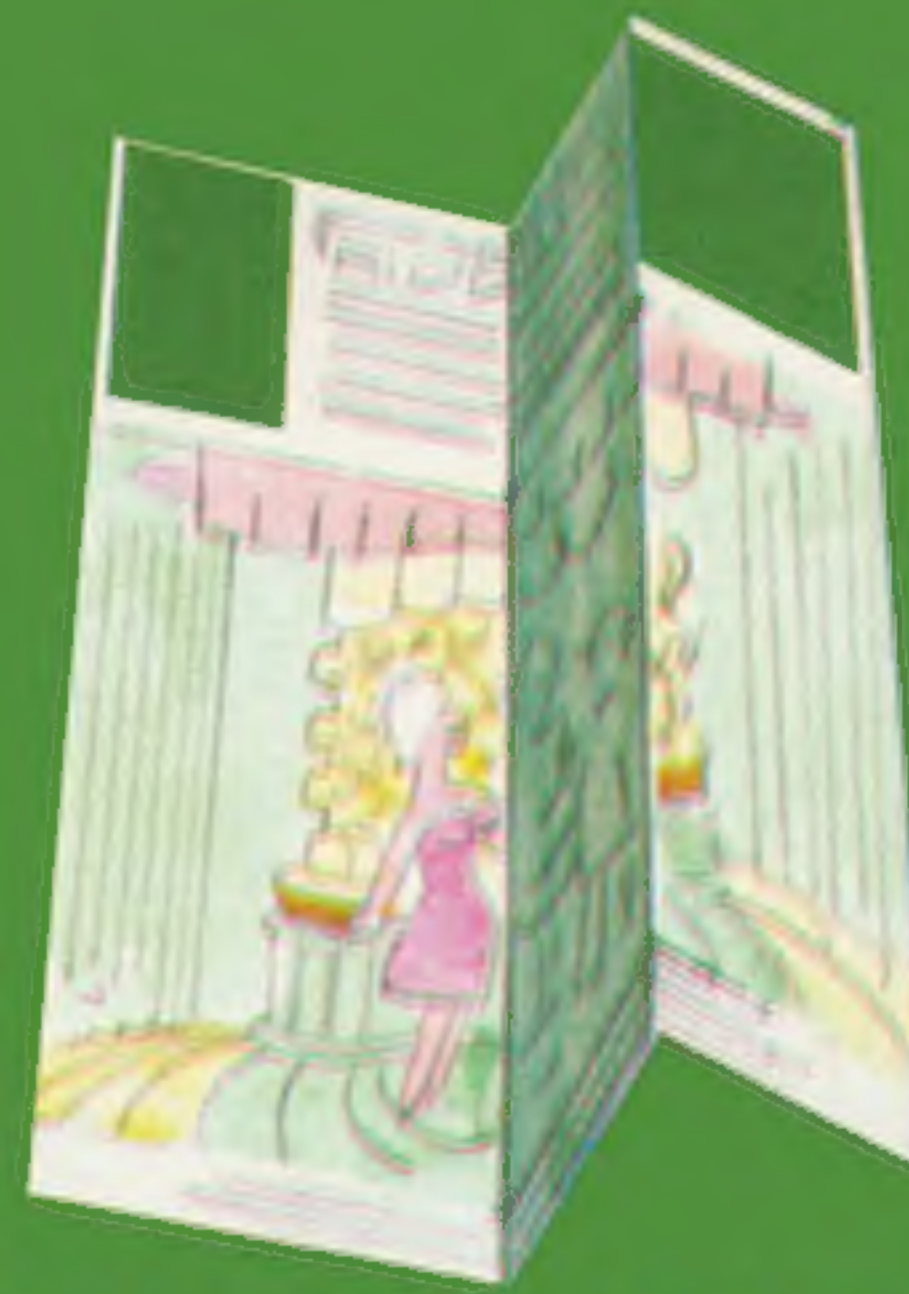
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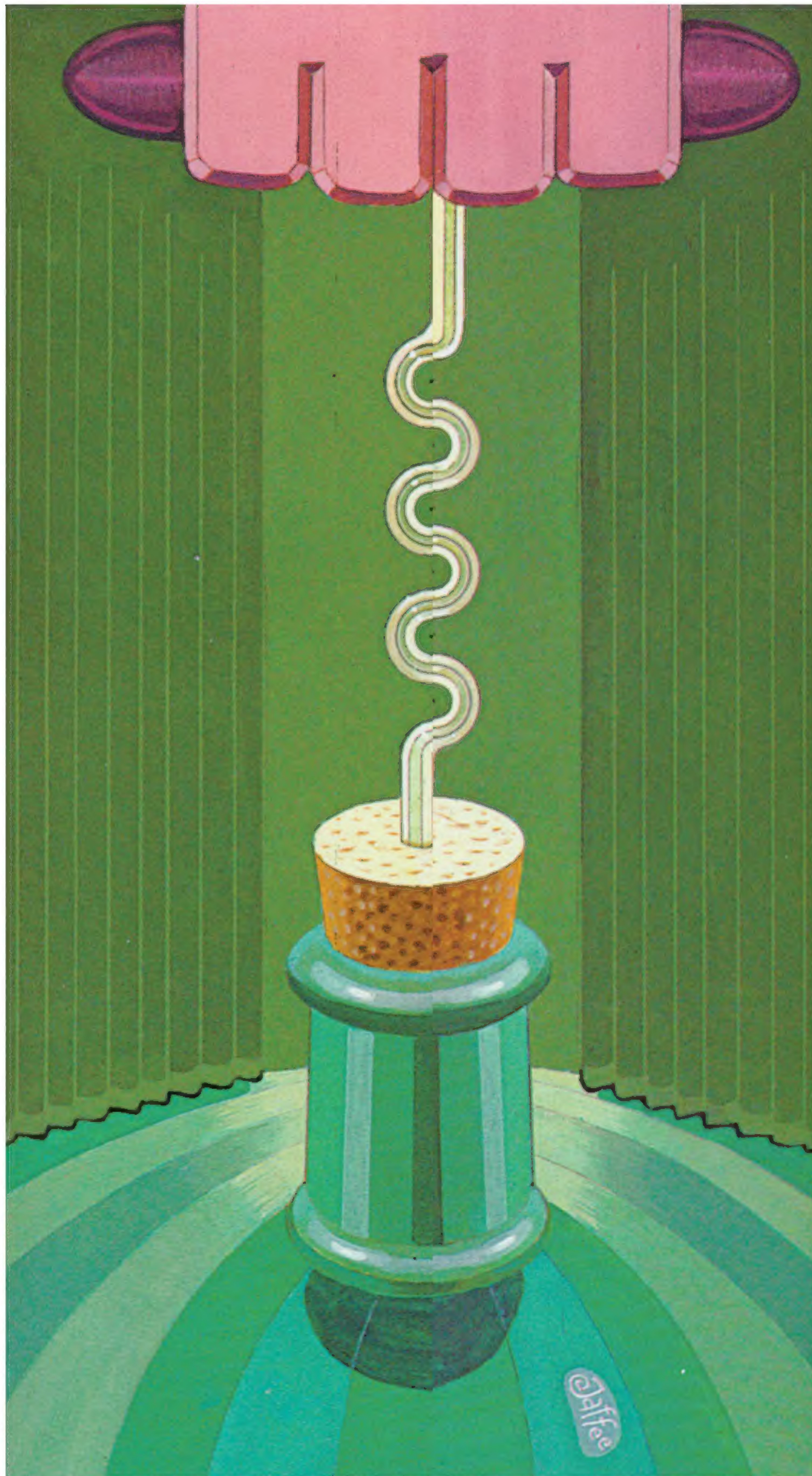
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A ▶ ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



BOTH GET
SCREWED
IN THE
END

A ▶ ◀ B

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

MAD

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

